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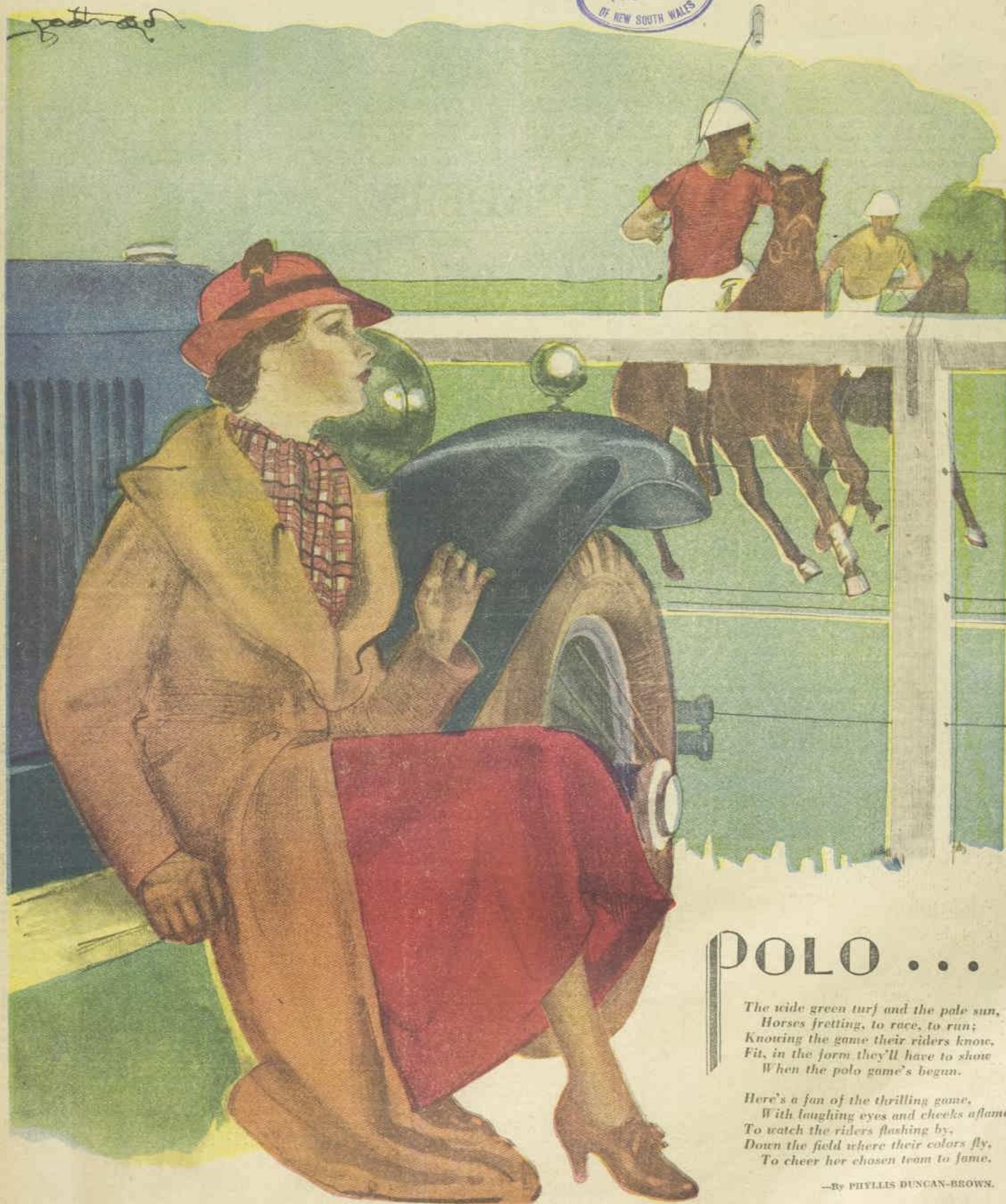
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52 PAGES

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SYDNEY

13 JUN 1935  
OF NEW SOUTH WALES



## POLO . . .

The wide green turf and the pale sun,  
Horses fretting, to race, to run;  
Knowing the game their riders know,  
Fit, in the form they'll have to show  
When the polo game's begun.

Here's a fan of the thrilling game,  
With laughing eyes and cheeks aflame,  
To watch the riders flashing by,  
Down the field where their colors fly,  
To cheer her chosen team to fame.

—By PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.





JEAN PATOU, the great Parisian designer, whose name is famous in the fashion world. Patou is to write a special article for The Australian Women's Weekly shortly.



HER SERENE HIGHNESS, the Princess de Rohan, who is known in the Paris couture world by her Christian name of Dilkusha. She now specialises in sports clothes.



MADAME LOUISEBOULANGER, gifted fashion creator, who, since she opened her establishment in 1923, has become world-famous for the elegance of her designs.



JEAN CHARLES WORTH, head of the famous establishment which is the oldest dressmaking house in Paris, and was founded by his grandfather. An exclusive article by Worth will appear in next issue of this paper.

## WORLD FASHION LEADERS Now Writing FOR US!

Worth, Patou, Schiaparelli, Chanel, Lelong and Other Brilliant Creators

Commencing this week, a notable addition is being made to the splendid fashion services already featured by this paper. This is a series of articles by world-famous fashion designers, lavishly illustrated with photographs.

These articles are written expressly for readers of The Australian Women's Weekly by personal arrangement with Mr. George Warnecke, Editor-in-Chief of this paper, who is at present abroad.

Writers include Schiaparelli, Worth, The Princess de Rohan, Chanel, Marcel Rochas, Patou, Louise Boulanger, Lavin, Mme. Agnes, Lelong, Suzy, Robert Piguet. The first of the series, an article by Madame Elsa Schiaparelli, appears on page 9.

NEVER before have any of these great fashion writers written expressly for Australian women, as well as to the influence of The Australian Women's Weekly, that they have now consented to do so.

New fashion information which they are embodying in their articles will not be released by them to anyone else in Australia for a period of six months after the articles have been published by us.

Ever since its inception, this paper has maintained offices in London with a special fashion representative on the staff, who regularly visits the leading dress shows of London and Paris, and sends latest fashion news and photos by cable and air mail. The securing of the special brilliant gallery of fashion creators to write special articles, in addition to the cable and airmail service, makes a fashion service for our readers of unparalleled value.

The popular "Fashion Parade" page, conducted by the talented Australian fashion expert, Jessie Teit, and illustrated by our special fashion artist, Petrov, will be continued as usual.

### Personal Sketches

READERS will be interested in personal details of some of the great fashion creators now writing for us.

Madame Elsa Schiaparelli, author of this week's article, is the daughter of a famous scientist and niece of a noted astrologer. This charming and vivacious Italian exerts more influence on the mode than any other designer in Paris.

Starting her business in her own small apartment in a poor quarter of

the city, she first made hand-knit sweaters, and in less than five years has worked up to magnificent new salons in the Place Vendôme, and a house in Upper Grosvenor Street, in London, and gets more publicity than any other couturier, because she is more original and daring.

Childishly superstitious, a creature of temperament and contradictions, Mme. Schiaparelli confesses that she gets most of her ideas while driving fast in her car. The harness of a dray horse, the bobbing and weighing on a fisherman's nets, safety pins and paper clips are some of the ordinary things that inspire this extraordinary genius.

She confesses that she loves heat, water, modern furniture, plain food, and great expenses of white. Her salons and her homes, both in Paris and in London, have white walls and just a few modern pictures in brilliant colors to relieve them.

Stark modernist that she is, building most of her clothes on the bony structure of the body rather than on the soft, undulating curves of femininity, this year she has turned to more feminine lines.

Next week's special illustrated fashion article is by Worth, the present head



MADAME ELSA SCHIAPARELLI, who is said to exert a greater influence on the mode than any other designer in Paris. An article by her appears on page 9.

of the famous establishment which is the oldest dressmaking house in Paris. A brief sketch of Worth's interesting history will be given in the issue.

Exclusive life stories of the other famous fashion creators who are writing for this paper will accompany the publication of their special articles in later issues.

LONDON, PARIS AND SYDNEY

**ATKINSONS**  
FACE POWDER



Infinitely soft and semi-transparent, leaves your skin petal smooth but without a trace of powder visible.

Atkinson's No. 24

... created for England's prettiest beauties.

Black Tulip

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Also in these ever-pleasing perfumes—Atkinson's FACE

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## MAKE YOUR Holiday Plans through Our BUREAU

### Women's Weekly's New Free Service

A service unique in the history of Australian newspapers is now being provided by The Australian Women's Weekly, which has established a Travel and Information Bureau for the benefit of readers.

Many people who wish to travel will, we feel sure, warmly welcome the establishment of this bureau, which will provide them with full, reliable information of any trip they wish to undertake.

THE bureau will have its headquarters at Radio House, 300 Pitt St., close to The Australian Women's Weekly office.

By arrangement with Mr. A. E. Martin, the whole of his Round-the-World Travel Exhibition, the largest of its kind ever held anywhere, has been taken over, and the tremendous number of fascinating posters, photographs, and items of special interest to those who are planning to travel are now made available to readers of this paper. Mr. Martin is in charge of the bureau.

Whether you wish to travel from Damascus to Bagdad, to sail up the Irrawaddy to Mandalay, to visit the spot where Martin said "Yes" to her Royal lover, or discuss a modest local holiday to fill in your annual two-weeks' vacation, our bureau will be anxious to help you.

The exhibition of posters which occu-



MR. A. E. MARTIN, who organized the Round-the-World Travel Exhibition, and is now in charge of The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, at Radio House, 300 Pitt St.

ples part of the huge area of 8000 square feet of floor space included in The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau is of absorbing interest. There

is no charge for admission to this section of the bureau. Thus you receive from The Australian Women's Weekly the opportunity to see as often as you like a travel bureau unique in the world. For nowhere is there one so extensive in character and offering so much interest and entertainment.

Not one country has been overlooked in this wonderful travel exhibition—the gift of The Australian Women's Weekly to its readers. If you are about to travel, if you are thinking of travelling, if you are only hoping to travel, it will help you. It will reveal to you the wonders of our own and other countries. It will give you friendly, personal help.

If you live in the country or in another State and contemplate a visit to Sydney, write to The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, Box 2607ER, G.P.O., Sydney, and accommodation will be arranged at hotel or boarding-house to suit your requirements.

Everything possible will be done to make your stay in Sydney happy and comfortable. You may safely leave the arrangements to the bureau, which will plan trips for you, arrange theatre tickets, attend to baggage, and generally save you from wearisome details which detract from the pleasure of your visit.

The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau is now planning some fascinating holiday trips which will offer its readers many unusual and delightful features. Details of these will be announced later. In the meantime, visit the big bureau, which is located at 300 Pitt Street, one door from Bathurst Street towards railway, and only a moment from The Australian Women's Weekly offices.



# WHEN WE Are Able to Read THOUGHTS

"Thinkies" and "Dreamies" May Be the Next Things!

By F. W. L. ESCH—Illustrated by WEP

Imagine a world in which we could all read each other's thoughts!

What would happen? How would we get on? In fact, would we ever succeed in getting on together at all?

The idea is not as far-fetched as it sounds. Recent news from scientific circles shows that definite progress is already being made in this direction.

One scientist, Prof. E. D. Adrian, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has discovered a method of detecting thought movements in the brain, and another says that a method may soon be found of making telepathic communication of general use.

There is nothing impossible in the suggestion that thought-reading may be a common practice of future people.

The discovery of how to use a sixth sense might be made at any time.

NO new knowledge becomes available to everybody all at once. Reading and writing were arts practised by a small minority in the Middle Ages. It has taken centuries for them to become of general use. Even now, there are millions of people who can't read or write.

The same thing would apply to thought-reading. At first only a few people would be able to do it, and no doubt they would exploit their knowledge.

There would be a great demand for qualified thought-readers. Every business would employ one. The law courts would simplify their work by having them on their regular staffs. Perjury would become impossible.

Some political party would win an election by introducing a bill inabiting on the presence of a thought-reader at every parliamentary debate.

No international treaty would be signed without one of these experts to



POORTRAIT of a wife making hasty departure after first effort at reading her husband's thoughts. The expression on the face of the husband is due to the fact that the wife, even as she departs, is having a few "last thoughts."



see that the nations concerned did not work points on each other.

The police would employ thought-reading detectives to anticipate crimes before they were committed.

This, at first, might lead to a little confusion. The most unexpected people would be found to have criminal tendencies.

A thought-reading detective standing outside a picture theatre where a gangster film had been shown would need a dozen "Black Marias" to cart off the potential crooks as the audience came out at the end of the show.

Thought-reading house detectives in big stores would have a busy time, for who is there who has not, at some time or other, stood before a shop counter and thought how easy it would be to pick up something and walk off?

Such ruminations, innocent though they may be, would no doubt be misunderstood at first.

The real fun would begin when the system became of general use. Some people think it would be the end

WHAT IS THIS lovely lady doing lying so peacefully in bed? She is dreaming she is "Greta Garbo," and is enjoying all the fun of being a famous film star, thus satisfying a lifelong craving per medium of a "Dreamie."

of all things; that life would become impossible, and that people would just run round killing each other off.

On the other hand, it might be the beginning of a better world. Insincerity and deceit would become impossible, and with these vices eliminated progress could be rapid.

One can imagine the revelation it would be to husbands and wives to discover for the first time what they really thought of each other.

The effect would be devastating. Homes would totter on all sides. Almost every wife would walk out on her husband after the initial spell of thought-reading.

But, in the end, the thing would probably even itself up, because for every unpleasant mental observation on

the part of a husband the wife might discover a pleasing and affectionate one she did not know was there.

Out in public, travelling in a tram, for instance, the wife would have to exercise a good deal of self-control.

She would soon discover, once and for all, that her husband was, at any rate mentally, polygamous. The husband might also get a few surprises about his wife.

## Habits Change

AS the general use of thought-reading developed, so would our social habits change.

To-day it is not considered the thing to talk to strangers, and it is even illegal, in some places, for a man to address a woman without being invited. But you can't stop people thinking about each other, and if everybody could read each other's thoughts these customs for the preservation of individual privacy would soon vanish.

"Good Lord, I hope this fat person isn't going to sit next to me," a careless tram traveller might think, and he'd probably get his hat knocked off.

A luxurious-looking blonde, opposite whom three young men were sitting, might deem it necessary to rise with frigid dignity from her seat and remove herself to the other end of the car.

No tram conductor would be safe among his passengers, for it is hardly likely that after a hard day collecting fares he could think sweet thoughts about the travelling public. Of course, the person who looks the other way and pretends he has paid wouldn't have a hope.

If you saw someone in a tram whom you liked the look of and wanted to talk to, you would only have to think this, and, if the feeling was reciprocated, the conversation would be as good as started.

SILENT communication would lead to all sorts of developments.

It would be useless for a politician to get up and address a meeting, making promises which he had no intention of keeping, because the whole audience could rise in a body and denounce him.

It might scarcely be necessary for him to address the meeting at all. If he had a sore throat and did not want to speak all he need do would be to sit on the platform and think. Perhaps the audience would be silent, too, expressing



THOUGHT-READING on a tram leads to a slight fracas between a young blonde and a gentleman sitting opposite. Note the dreadful child in right-hand corner, who evidently thinks such incidents are all part of the fun of tram travelling.

their approval or disapproval in thought form.

In this case, an attendant might walk up and forcibly eject some silent member of the crowd who had been making a nuisance of himself by thought-hecking.

The telephone would rapidly go out of use, for thought-reading implies thought-transmission. It has already been demonstrated fairly conclusively that distance has little to do with telepathic communication.

## Tune-in to Anyone

SOME system would be evolved whereby you could tune-in to anybody you wanted to. Such communication would have to be by mutual consent, otherwise people like Hitler and Mae West would have a thin time of it.

Experiments with telepathy have shown that two people must be receptive to each other in order to receive messages. If one of them doesn't want to receive them, he need not.

Also, an individual can make himself receptive to a group of people; so it might be possible for a person to sit at home and "think-in" to a play being performed some miles away.

NO doubt, in time, the talkies would be ousted by the "Thinkies." One would just sit at home and concentrate the mind on some given focus point, the clue to which would cost what ordi-

narily would be the price of admission, and the play would begin.

SCIENCE might take this idea a step further and introduce the "Dreamies," a marvellous variation of telepathy whereby a person could replace his own rather mixed and sometimes embarrassing dreams by specially written and beautifully-acted dreams ordered to suit each individual by expert psychiatrists.

A spot of hypnotism before going to bed would probably be all that was necessary to focus the mind on the right point to receive the "Dreamie" while the person was asleep.

One of the objects of dreaming is to compensate us for what we miss in life, and the "Dreamie" would play an important part in making us happy and normal.

Happy, healthy people don't go round thinking evil thoughts. It would soon become the custom to rush people away in an ambulance to the psychic clinic at the public hospital if they started to think evil things. A jab with a hypodermic syringe and back they'd be where they came from, full of glowing thoughts about everything.

At present we cannot even read what is beneath the surface of our own minds, let alone other people's. Everyone is a mystery to everyone else. But the time may soon come when such things are no longer a secret.

## Develop a Beautiful BUST

Add 1 to 5 inches — or it COSTS YOU NOTHING!

ARE you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm? NOW it is so easy to have the full, firm Bust that Fashion demands!

IN JUST 30 DAYS

Yes, in just 30 days you can increase the size of your bust—mould them into firm, shapely lines that are so smart and alluring. Hundreds of women everywhere have developed this greatest of feminine charms by following my simple method. Let me tell you how easily you can have the added attraction of the fashionable figure.

TRY THIS TO-DAY

TEST this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't increase you—it costs you nothing. I want you to try it; I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that to increase your bust this way is marvellous!

SENT FREE!

IF you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amaze you—at no cost or obligation to yourself. But hurry!

SEND THIS AT ONCE!

MARY MONROE, DET. W.W., 107 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "something." I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.

Name .....

Address .....



## GENUINE PROOF!

DEVELOPED 2 INCHES

"I was very small in the bust. Have now developed nearly 2 inches."—Mrs. A.M. (L.N.S.W.)

WONDERFUL!

"I am just thrilled at seeing my bust take on its own-time firmness—the lovely, attractive curve and roundness I used to be rather proud of. The treatment is really wonderful."—Miss J.H. (P.T., Vict.)

GAINED 3 INCHES

"I am very pleased with the results. My breasts are becoming larger. Before I started using your cream my bust measurement was 30 inches, and now it is 33 inches."—Miss A.L. (C.N.S.W.)

THESE LETTERS AND MANY MORE CAN BE INSPECTED AT MY OFFICES AT ANY TIME.



# JOAN HOPES to Play Against Helen WILLS-MOODY

Her Comments on Wimbledon Prospects:  
Fashion Changes from Shorts to Frocks.

From JOAN HARTIGAN, by Beam Wireless

The eyes of all tennis enthusiasts are turned at present towards the Kent championships, where a most formidable galaxy of women will be gathered.

Prior to the Wimbledon championships, Dorothy Round, Helen Wills-Moody, Helen Jacobs, Kathleen Stammers, and other leading players have entered for these matches.

Mrs. Hopman and myself will be the only two Australian players participating.

IT seems that Helen Wills-Moody will be seeded or ranked number three in the Kent championships, and will, therefore, probably meet Dorothy Round or Helen Jacobs in the finals, unless, of course, some enterprising player beats either of these two in the earlier rounds.

I have never had an opportunity of playing Helen Wills-Moody, and, therefore, hope that I will meet her in these championships. Helen Wills-Moody

will also probably be seeded number three at Wimbledon, although Frau Sperling has strong claims for being seeded into third position.

Her recent victory in France, when she annexed the French singles title, proved she is a force to be reckoned with at Wimbledon.

She is like lightning on the courts, and is a much better player than she leads spectators to believe. She has a marvellous tennis brain, and, without hitting terribly hard, can put an opponent out of position and make her own openings.

I would say that whoever beats Frau

Sperling at Wimbledon will come near winning the women's singles.

HELEN WILLS-MOODY made her first appearance at St. George's Hill tournament in Surrey. She still retains her attractiveness on the courts. She wears an eyeshade, smiles more frequently, and has shown us less of the traditional poker face.

She wears short, pleated frocks in preference to shorts, which, although they will be seen much at Wimbledon this year, are not as popular as formerly. I am returning to short frocks, which I find cooler.

Helen Wills-Moody had a hard fight against Mary Hardwick, who is one of England's most improved players. Indeed, it seemed that the ex-champion was going to meet defeat at one part of the game. The courts were terribly slippery, and Miss Hardwick wore socks over her shoes. Helen Wills-Moody finally had to adopt the same expedient, and then went on to win.

In the semi-final she beat Miss Billie Yorke easily, in a game that blew away the umpire, net, and the whole outfit.

To the final she beat Mrs. Pittman 8-6, 6-4, showing flashes of her old Wimbledon form. The power to drive has not deserted her. Mrs. Pittman was accurate and resourceful, but was beaten by pace and sheer power.

According to critics here, I am in the running for No. 8 seeding at Wimbledon. I certainly hope that it's true.

Everyone will regret to hear that Betty Nuthall has had to withdraw her nomination from Wimbledon.

It is only a week ago that she told me she thought that the strained muscles of her back would be well enough to enable her to play, but the doctor has decreed otherwise.



THIS FESTIVE TRAM, commemorating the second birthday of The Australian Women's Weekly, created quite a stir in the city last week. Gaily bedecked, it had as "passengers" a bevy of pretty girls displaying posters of special features in the paper's big birthday issue.

## BOOK OFFER Extended but you MUST HURRY! "Illustrated Family Doctor" so Popular ... Readers Ask for Time to Reserve

Owing to the amazing response to our sensational book offer, The Australian Women's Weekly has decided to extend the scheme for a further strictly limited period. This will apply only to the "Illustrated Family Doctor."

So many letters have been received asking for a further opportunity of securing this book that we have decided to hold the offer open for a further ten days.

ALREADY the presses are taxed to capacity printing the enormously popular "Silver Jubilee Book" which, due to its costly and intricate publishing process—it is printed throughout in rich, velvety photogravure—cannot be offered to you again at its original privileged price.

Still, if you hurry, there is yet time to secure the "Illustrated Family Doctor." This splendid family health book should be in every household. Again and again in emergencies this volume may prove worth its weight in gold to you. It is a book you should have ever at hand to answer every question involving the health or hygiene of yourself or your family.

### Reserve Now!

PARTICULARS of the extended offer are published on pages 25 and 26. This enables you to secure this great

## PRINCESSES as GARDENERS

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLARE.

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, the charming little daughters of the Duke and Duchess of York, are marvellously keen gardeners.

EACH little girl has her own particular plot of ground in the lovely garden at the rear of their home in Piccadilly, and no one is allowed to interfere with what is grown there, though advice is always welcomed. They have both now grown out of the rather devastating habit of pulling up the plants to see how the roots were progressing.

Everyone says that they inherit this love of gardening from the Queen, who is tremendously interested in everything that grows—babies, kittens and flowers included.

THE other day the small Princesses went with their parents to the Royal tournament at Olympia. They were both dressed in coats of a very pretty new pale blue-green color. They enjoyed themselves enormously and were so engrossed that at the end they seemed to wake from a trance—then how their tongues wagged! It was a delight to see their pleasure.

### Where to Find

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medical treasure for the privileged price of only 4/-.

But you must take advantage of the offer at once.

The extension in closing date is for ten days only, and unless you apply before Saturday, June 22, you will be too late. Remember, there is no possible chance of a further extension.

Turn to the special announcement on pages 25 and 26. Complete and post the urgent Reservation Form immediately and then turn to the inside back cover for the first of your tokens. You may commence to qualify with any token—with this week's, or next week's, or the week after.

It does not matter so long as at the end you have ten tokens out from not more than thirteen consecutive issues.

Token No. 6, which was inadvertently omitted in the rush at preparing the early copies of last week's big birthday issue, is reprinted in this issue on page 51, together with Token No. 7. Cut out these tokens now and, if you have not already reserved your copy of the "Illustrated Family Doctor," fill in the forms on pages 25 and 26.

Remember. No application will be accepted after Saturday, June 22. To be in time you must act promptly. Take advantage of this special extension right away.



Less than  
a minute  
to blend & boil.



SALTS, SEASONS  
THICKENS and  
BROWNS, instantly  
making Rich Brown  
Gravy for Soups, Stews,  
Pies, Puddings and all  
Savouries.

GRAVOX MAKES  
NO LUMPS

**GRAVOX**  
The Ideal  
GRAVY MAKER

Made by KLEMBRO PTY LTD.  
RICHMOND, VICTORIA



## Lose Your FAT as these 4 Trained Nurses did

### Quick, Safe Way Eat Big Meals

Trust a trained nurse to recognize the best way to lose her fat. Above we show the photographs of 4 of them whose professional knowledge showed them that BonKora is safe, harmless, pleasant and quick. Reduce as they did. Take BonKora.

One of them, Mrs. Francis Rudolph, Trained Nurse (full address on request) writes: "After remedial failed to reduce me. But I lost 40 pounds in 6 weeks taking BonKora. It improved my health too. I look 10 years younger than I did."

### Doctors Try It. Lose Weight

Dr. R. F. Blumberg, head of the famous San Anselmo Sanatorium, San Anselmo, Marin County, Calif., says he lost 7 pounds in the first 10 days taking BonKora. He began to advise it for stout patients at his sanatorium.

### Loses 70 lbs. in 14 Weeks

Mrs. F. W. Moran (full address on request) writes: "I took BonKora and lost 70 pounds in 14 weeks, at the rate of 5 pounds a week. I used to weigh 210 pounds, now weigh only 140. My health has improved too."

### Why You Lose Fat So Quick

BonKora treatment reduces fat in 3-stage way. Triple action, triple speed. It has returned fat for people who say they had tried other methods in vain.

Just take a little BonKora daily to remove heavy wastes and moisture from fatty tissues and help body function normally. LAX BOWELS of delicious foods, as explained in BonKora package.

Reduce fat all over if you wish. Or, if you are fat all around waist, hips or thighs, this fat goes first. When it is gone, you can stop if you don't want to reduce elsewhere.

### Lose Fat. Look Years Younger

No dangerous drugs in BonKora. In fact the treatment builds health while reducing fat the quickest way. Many say they look YEARS YOUNGER since they lost fat this healthful way.

No don't be fat any longer. Get a bottle of BonKora from chemist to-day.

### NO THYROID—No Dangerous Drugs.

BonKora reduces by a natural and SAFE process. Unlike most other preparations, it contains NO THYROID. Its ingredients are pure and health-promoting. They purify the blood stream and eliminate excess moisture and poisonous matter from the system. With BonKora you can reduce quickly and improve your health at the same time. Obtainable from all chemists. 6/6d. per bottle.

You are 60 pounds  
Overweight. Take  
BonKora as my Nurse did.



Lose Fat. Gain Health. Take BonKora, the treatment used by nurses and men and women everywhere.

MAIL THIS COUPON—  
SCHAFER AND CO., Box 2661, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Please send me your FREE BOOKLET giving full details of BonKora treatment.  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note for 4/6 and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper.  
W.T.C. 12/6/35



# BLACK ORCHIDS

Illustrated  
by  
Boothroyd



Continuing our dramatic new serial of love, adventure, and intrigue, with a woman's wit playing for the safety of nations.

By  
**F. V. W. MASON**

.. To be ..  
completed  
.. in four ..  
instalments

**I**AN GRAY, First Secretary to the American Minister to Austria, and his friend, Leonard Holt, are sitting with a group of officers on the terrace of the famous Hotel Duna-Palota, when the conversation turns to the fascinating Countess Lolita von Waldeck. Several broken hearts are attributed to Lolita, and d'Armonot, one of the officers, claims that a fatal duel was fought on her account. Leonard cannot stand the insinuations and comes to Lolita's defence. Ian wonders at his friend's interest, for Leonard is engaged to Ilya Zichonyi, charming daughter of a Hungarian Minister.

That night, Leonard borrows 1000 dollars from Ian, who wonders what his friend wants with such a large sum. Arriving early for dinner at the Austrian Ministry, Ian waits in the conservatory. After a short while, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen appears. Unobserved from his vantage, Ian sees her cry. From the house a man calls "Lolita," and, drying her tears, the girl goes inside.

Later, Ian sees her surrounded by eager gallants and asks for an introduction. He is stunned to learn she is the notorious Countess von Waldeck. But, despite this, he is dazzled by her beauty and naivete.

Leonard arrives late and has eyes for no one but Lolita. He contrives to sit next to her at dinner. Ian notices an officer of the Bulgarian Royal Guards, sitting at the far end of the table, glaring at Leonard. There is a cruel, tight expression about the officer's lips. After dinner, the ladies leave the dining-room.

## CHAPTER V

**A**T once cigarettes and cigars were produced and the air became blue, first with cigar smoke and second with the things Ian Gray told Leonard Holt when he took the latter aside and read what he called the Riot Act.

"You triple-dyed ass! You blithering idiot, what's gotten into you? If you're not to go mooning around the von Waldeck girl, for lord's sake don't be so infernally brazen and public about it! First thing you know, Ilya's brother will be pulling your nose in public, there'll be a scandal, and that will be the end of your career as a diplomat."

Leonard Holt's handsome pink features hardened. "Shut up," he snarled. "Not even you can talk to me like that—I'm free, white, and twenty-one."

"You don't act like it," was the other's bitter retort. "And if you haven't got sense enough to save yourself, I'm going to do what I can. You owe something to Ilya. Have you gone crazy?"

For the first time since they had met during the dark days of 1917 the two men stood glaring at each other, faces flushed and hands clenched. Then, as usual, the weaker gave in.

"Oh, damn it, Ian, don't look at me like that! I can't stand it. I—I'm queer these days—all upset. I'm sick-tired up with the whole business. Truth is—I love Lolita—worship her—adore her! I know I'm a cad to say this when I'm engaged to Ilya but—damn it—I can't help myself—she carries one away—like a drug almost!"

Leonard fell silent, staring miserably at the tip of his cigarette. Instantly Ian softened. "Look here,

You heard what was said at that cock-tail hour? This Lolita's lovely and simple appearing, I'll grant, but you've got to get a grip on yourself. Don't throw away the love of a really sweet and clever girl like Ilya. I tell you she is one in a thousand and she worships you."

"That's the worst of it!" sighed the shorter man. "I feel like a perfect swine. I've told myself so a hundred times a day for the last two weeks—Ilya's so damnably loyal." He raised stricken grey eyes. "But—I can't help myself—there's something about Lolita that just disorients me, she annihilates my sense of values—I know it's ruinous to play with her, but I—I—damn it, Ian, I am crazy with love for her!"

"You're not," snapped the big man in evening clothes, the miniature decorations sparkling with the vehemence of his negation. "Anything so fierce and quick as this silly infatuation of yours is bound to burn out even quicker. Then you'll wake up to find your career at an end and the girl you loved hating the thought of you. Think it over, Len, is it worth it?"

**F**ROM the far end of the room sounded the laughter and voices of the other men guests who, in a brilliantly-uniformed throng, had gathered to listen to Captain d'Armonot's latest story.

"Tell me," said Ian suddenly, "who's that fellow in the dark green uniform—the little fellow with the long nose and the black moustache?"

When Leonard's eyes encountered that faintly menacing figure, he stiffened and bit his lip.

"That," said he, "is Colonel Sobeloff, a Bulgarian bird of some sort who fell in love with Lolita when she was in Sofia a couple of months ago. She's told him a dozen times to stop following her, but he won't. He's a crazy sort, swears he'll kill her and himself some day if she won't marry him."

"He looks quite capable of it. Remember, Leonard, a Bulgarian isn't troubled half so much about killing a supposed enemy as the next man. Watch out, and for lord's sake get back to earth before it's too late!"

The younger man's face lit in a pathetic admiration. "I will—and you're a mighty good egg, Soldat!" And Leonard impulsively squeezed his hand, then strode off, ever followed by the smouldering regard of the stocky Bulgarian.

"Of all the crazy idiots!" growled Ian Gray as he unobtrusively approached the group of listeners to the French artilleryman's story. His attention, however, was not on d'Armonot's cleverly-ripped anecdote as he edged around the circle until he found himself directly behind the dark-browed Colonel Sobeloff. As he had feared, there was indeed a certain ominous bulge under the Bulgarian's tunic back.

"An automatic," he decided. "Probably a .32. Well, well." And forthwith he determined to pay close attention to the movements of the short but powerfully built officer in green and gold.

Presently Ian made an opportunity to again address that mad-dazzlingly beautiful enigma who went under the name of Lolita von Waldeck. Something like a duellist who approaches the field of honour and studies his opponent, he viewed the white-clad girl with a thoroughness and clear-headedness that surprised him. But the more he scanned her unpainted, unlined and placid features, the more utterly at sea he felt. Lolita von Waldeck seemed as utterly fresh and unspoiled as Coleridge's "Sea-born

Cythera," and her eyes, when they met his, were as clearly blue as the waters of the Mediterranean.

Could it be this girl who had led d'Valasto to a suicide's grave? Could this laughing and fragile creature really have been responsible for that young British diplomat's disgrace at Bucharest? It seemed utterly impossible yet—here was the morose and dangerous Sobeloff brooding in the background—and here was Leonard in the act of ruining his career for love of her.

Suddenly a thought struck him. All this strange girl's victims or near-victims were, in some degree, connected with international affairs. The inference was as inescapable as it was unpleasant. Suddenly he determined to see for himself; so—very tall, well-groomed, and casual—he drew near and presently managed to shake off her persistent entourage.

"You are to be long in Budapest, Mademoiselle la Comtesse?" he inquired.

She answered with a charming little shrug. "Heavens alone knows, Monsieur Gray. I hope so, for I think Budapest is the last truly gay city in Europe. London is too full of unemployed and, besides, as some deep thinker once remarked, the British always take their pleasures sadly. Paris has lost her old charm to become a commercial and business centre, enfin hopelessly bourgeois; Berlin always was cold, brutal and dismal; but Budapest—"

Ian's heart lifted a little as a slow smile parted lips that resembled scarlet ribbons laid across a white marble table. Her eyes were very direct and somehow appealing.

On reaching a sudden determination he said quite clumsily, "Don't you think it's warm in here. Would you care to go out into the garden?"

## Lady of the Black Orchids

"Is it not still a little chilly?"

"Then does the conservatory appeal?"

It seems a pleasant spot," he felt her eyes flicker quite suddenly to his, but was satisfied that he had made the suggestion in an entirely natural way.

"Very well," she smiled, making skilful play with the fan she had abstracted for her evening bag. "I should like it. It does look very restful out there. Why do people have to talk so much?"

## CHAPTER 6

**B**OWING, he offered her his arm and, like a bronzed centurion in evening clothes, led the way among couples who stood or sat about, waiting more or less restlessly until the dining-room should be cleared and the musicians should appear. He guided her to a bower which was sufficiently screened to afford privacy, yet which was not so hidden as to afford ground for comment.

"I think your friend Leonard Holt

"Mademoiselle," he began firmly, "as Leonard may have told you, we are very old and very good friends."

is very charming," she remarked, as she sank a little wearily into a huge Chinese garden chair. How small she looked in it. "Leonard is so thoughtful, so generous, so devoted. But what is it, Monsieur?" Over her face swept an expression of faint astonishment for Ian, his ruddy features set, was bending towards her.

"Mademoiselle," he began firmly, "as Leonard may have told you, we are very old and very good friends."

"But yes." The shapely blonde head inclined several times and the tapering fingers toyed absently with the white ostrich fan. "Men are fortunate that way—we women seem incapable of such lasting friendships. A chance remark, a stolen smile and—poof!—all is over, and the claws are out."

He ignored her obvious invitation to generalise to say, "I only mention this in order to make my position clear."

The perfect arches of her eyebrows rose a perceptible half-inch.

"And why," she demanded, in appar-

ently frank curiosity, "should you have to justify your position to me, whom you have just met?"

"Because—" He faltered—dear heavens, how distractingly lovely she was! "Because—" Cursing himself, he fumbled to recover his train of thought, "because Leonard is doing a very foolish thing."

Beneath the expensive simplicity of her Lanvin ball gown, the girl's little body seemed to contract a little. Her eyes became very direct.

"Foolish? I do not understand. In he foolish? because he has fallen in love with me?"

"No! No man would be foolish to do that," he blurted out, and then cursed the banality of the remark.

"If you don't mean that," said she calmly, "then I'm not sure that I am interested to hear. Shall we—?" She made a distinct motion to rise, but Ian's broad brown hand shot out in a gesture at once pleading and commanding.

"No, no. Do you really care for Leonard?"

The resentment which shone in her features dimmed him. She said icily, "I fail to see that it is any affair of yours, Monsieur. And now if you will excuse—"

"No," he said sharply. "It is an affair of mine. I don't know whether you know it or not, but Leonard is engaged to one of the sweetest girls it has been my good fortune to meet—and their wedding is less than a month off."

The expression which next stamped her facile features baffled him. He sensed, rather than saw, that she was taken aback; then she laughed with a curious discordant little note in her amusement.

"I fail to see why that is any concern of mine. All I know is that Leonard is very good to me and I—I am very fond of him."

Said Ian bitterly: "If you were fond of him, you would not let him make such an ass of himself." He changed his note to the confidential. "Would it interest you to learn that Leonard is risking his career by his open attentions to you?"

"You are very kind, Monsieur, to so interest yourself in my affairs," said she, and her soft rather lip disappeared momentarily between her teeth. "But—I—well—"

All at once her manner changed, permitting Ian to glimpse a different girl; one who by choice or under pressure of circumstances was thinking along practical lines, a girl who was very much a cosmopolitan. Almost at once the expression passed from Lolita von Waldeck, and she was once more the pathetically-confused, half-remembered jeune fille she had been a moment before.

"Really," said she coldly, "you are being fantastic, Monsieur Gray, and almost insulting when you imply that your friend risks his career in paying me attention. Leonard Holt must decide his own problems, and I—the sorrow of a woman I do not know interest me not at all. Perhaps it is better," she added, swiftly, "that Leonard's fiancée learn how many sorrows can come to a woman."

"Then you won't send Leonard about his business?"

Please turn to Page 39.



# SPILT MILK



**W**HEN Letitia Carr of Studio-land married Burn Meredith of Marfield Dale, in the heart of the Fell country, her friends said she was mad. Letitia was a gay, inconsequent, little laughter-lover, Bohemian by instinct and circumstance. She loved the voice of the city; and the song of the nightingale gave her the creeps.

It was because Burn Meredith, thirty years of age, tall and broad, and suggestive of wide apices, who had spent his life on his farm fighting the elements for a living, had touched some hidden depth in her nature that she had consented to marry him. Those who knew her best wondered how long Letitia would stand the wear and tear of Arcadia.

Now they had been married six months, and already the strain was beginning to tell. Burn, loving Letitia with all his soul, was dimly conscious of something amiss. He guessed gravely that she was finding the atmosphere of Fell-land depressing after the effervescence of Bohemia; but deciding that she would shake down into existing conditions before long, he let things take their course, and gave his mind to his farm work.

But although work on his straggling holding kept him from her side for the greater part of every day, his mind was always with her; and one evening in early September he was riding home from Landstone Market and pondering how he might best brighten things up for her, when the sight of a roughly-clad man leaning over his boundary fences caused him to check his hack abruptly.

"Hi, Jacob! I want a word with you," he called.

Jacob Daw, poacher and general countryside loafer, shambled forward, a sheepish expression on his face, and touched an unkempt forelock. His big-boned frame had the marks of undernourishment and over-work; his clothes had obviously been made for a better-fed man, and his eyes held the pathetic look of a stray dog on a wet night.

Burn Meredith noted all this, and there was a kindly smile in his grey eyes and on his firm-lipped mouth as he returned the salute.

"Want a job, Jacob?" he asked.

"A job, guv'nor?" The pathos in the man's eyes was streaked with hope as he spoke. "I've tried to get a bit of work in most places since I come out, sir; but all the folk around here know

## Who Are You?

If God is love, then who are you,  
Whose sweet, unselfish spirit

My manhood from its apathy?

That time I stood upon the edge  
Of nothingness, you bent to me

And all the old inhuman stuff  
Of men's strange ways were not

enough.

To turn your eyes, nor every  
pledge.

Given and shattered as a dream,  
That all the love of heaven must

seem

To wither as the rainbow's hue.

If God is love, then who are you?

—E. B. NEALE.

as I've just done five years for accidentally stiffening one of Mr. Thornley's keepers in a bit of a bother, and won't have no truck with me."

Burn's lips tensed for a second, and then his teeth gleamed in a smile.

"Well, I'm not frightened of you, Jacob. I heard from your mother that you were about again. If you like, you can start herding for me to-morrow. Old Joe Lennox needs help. Is it a deal?"

A light of renewed self-respect came into Daw's face.

"Why, yes, sir," he breathed. "I never thought as you'd..."

"Take the risk?" supplied Burn. "Well, it's for you to show me whether I'm a fool or not. Good night."

Continuing his homeward ride, Burn's thoughts swung back to his wife. He recalled the four years immediately after his father's death, during which time his farm had been his parents, his wife, his all. He smiled in the recollection of how Letitia had come smiling and dancing into his life. With another girl artist she had taken a cottage in the neighborhood, to paint, and to Burn she had appeared as a blinding ray of joyous sunlight. Her golden hair, blue eyes and ready laughter had swept the lonely young farmer off his feet, just as his hand-

*Letitia Carr, a beautiful artist, is loved by two men ... She marries; did she choose wisely? Read this intriguing story of her fight for happiness!*

some, rugged personality had attracted the town girl as something fresh, and infinitely more alluring than the men of the city, to whom she was accustomed.

Only recently, and so vaguely as almost to defy definite consideration, had he sensed an atmosphere of make-believe in Letitia's attitude towards him. Time and again during the last few weeks he had glimpsed an expression of disillusionment in her eyes; almost as it was the expression of a child weary of a toy, the mechanism of which had lost its wonder.

"I must brighten things up for her somehow," he mused as he rode into the stable yard and slipped from the saddle. "But how it's going to be done Heaven alone knows!"

**L**ETITIA awaited his coming in the old oak-paneled sitting-room. In that setting, surrounded by the dark furniture and woodwork, the smooth-polished pewter, and quaint accoutrements of a bygone age, the little girl of the city had the appearance of a golden-haired fairy who, having broken her wings, was forced to remain on earth.

"Hullo, Letty, old girl!" said Burn, kissing her. "Had a dull day? Lord! but I'm hungry. Haven't had time for a bite since I left home this morning at six."

The smile on Letitia's face was obviously forced; and there was ennui in her eyes as she glanced at her husband.

"Yes, Burn," she said. "But you've seen people. You've talked to them. You've seen houses and shops. I've been alone—I'm always alone. If it's not market day at Landstone Market, or Garth, it's work on the other side of the farm, which keeps you out all day. Oh, I hate it. I shall grow dumb if I don't have someone to talk to!"

The acerbity of his wife's tone startled Burn. Never before had she voiced the grievance which he had come to suspect. Now his heart gave a jolt.

"Sorry, Letty," he said, a look of contrition in his eyes. "But you know a farmer has just got to get about; besides, Emma Daw is as good a gossip as she is a housemaid, once you get her wound up."

"I don't find servants interesting," snapped Letitia.

Burn raised his eyebrows. "Emma is something more than a servant, Letty," he said. "Her mother was my mother's maid, and Emma has been here ever since she left school. Oh, by the way, I've given her brother Jacob a job. Poor chap, he's just come out of quod—"

"Burn!" Alarm in Letitia's voice made it harsh. "You don't mean the man who killed the keeper—the murderer?"

"Why, yes," smiled her husband. "He was just unfortunate. It was a pure accident; otherwise he'd have been hanged."

Letitia buried her face in her hands. "How could you employ such a man?" she murmured. "Oh, I think the country loathsome. It's cruel—it's harsh—and its people are savages."

Burn Meredith's eyes went hard for a second.

"Steady on, steady on, little woman!" he warned. "You'll understand us in time. We're just the same as town people really, although we haven't the habit of varnishing our thoughts before speaking them. Let's change the subject. Any letters this morning?"

At the question Letitia raised her head quickly, and with an effort regained her composure. There was a lighter note in her voice as she answered.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Austin Clare wants to come here and learn to be a gentleman farmer."

Sitting down to the meal Emma Daw had just brought in, Burn looked across the table at his wife.

"Who?" he asked, noting the expression of pleased anticipation in Letitia's eyes.

"Austin Clare. You know, I've often spoken of him to you. He and I were great pals in the dear old days."

Burn smiled, a little bitterly, at the affectionate adjective.

"The days before you spilt the milk by marrying a farmer, Letty," he said,



*Springing aside, Letitia's eyes fell on Burn's gun resting against the wall and, snatching it up, she smashed the barrel into Austin Clare's leering mouth.*

"Is he the chap who believed himself in love with you?"

Letitia flushed and smiled. All her megrims seemed to have vanished now.

**I** EXPECT he has outgrown that weakness," she laughed. "Just as he has, apparently, forsaken his artistic career."

"One of that sort, is he?" murmured Burn. "Fraid I have no time for a man who outgrows his chosen career. As soon as his back begins to ache he'll probably outgrow farming."

A petulant look came into Letitia's eyes.

"I said a gentleman farmer, Burn," she corrected.

Loading his pipe, Burn kept silent for a second or two.

"I can teach him to be a farmer all right," he said presently; "but it's up to him to deserve the adjective."

"If you mean he has to learn to be a gentleman, he's that already. He has the most perfect manners. I shall love you to see him."

Lighting his pipe and tossing the match into the fire, Burn grinned.

"Tell him to come along, then," he said slowly. "We'll see what we can teach one another. He can lodge up

and borne to her on the waves of her thoughts came the alarming question: Had she ever really loved Burn Meredith? Wasn't it that she had been just fascinated by his uncommonness, his air of bigness and strength in mind and body? At that moment she felt she had been swept from her firm foothold on the bank; the tide of her feelings had carried her into a backwater of isolated matrimony with a man for whose interests and ideas she had little or no sympathy.

She was drowning in a pool of disillusionment, and the coming of Austin Clare's letter appeared as a sail of comfort and cheer on the horizon.

**M**R. AUSTIN CLARE arrived a week later. He was handsome in a dark, somewhat flamboyant way, and prided himself on his self-assurance of manner; but in the first minute of their meeting Burn Meredith saw through the gay insouciance which lay on the surface of his personality like prismatic colors on a stagnant pond, and decided out of hand that this old flame of Letitia's was a spineless sort of creature, unworthy of any degree of jealousy.

Moreover, Burn trusted his wife to keep her old friend in order, and was

quite unworried by the fact that during the first month or six weeks of Clare's sojourn in their midst, he and Letitia spent the greater part of each day together.

But almost from the first Austin Clare had made his attitude obvious to Letitia. Within a week he had tried to kiss her twice; and when Burn's wife had laughingly repulsed him, and reminded him of her married state, he treated her reluctance as a mere exhibition of coyness.

"Look here, Letty," he had said on the second occasion. "You don't think I'm one of those stern, silent johnnies who cease to want a girl I've kissed a dozen times just because she's spliced, are you?"

Letitia's face had been as red as a rose, and she had said, "You're having a beastly dull time here, Letty's kiss and be friends, and live in the jolly old past again."

He watched her eyes as he spoke, and saw the tremor of one undergoing an ordeal pass over her face. Her voice came unsteadily.

"That's true, sir," said Jacob. "But I'd like a word with you if so be you've a mind to hearken."

## Complete Short Story

... By ...

**EDWARD  
WOODWARD**

Illustrated by  
**FISCHER**

"Austin," she said, "when I permitted you to kiss me, it was just in the way we had in studio-land. It meant nothing; it did no one any harm. But now—"

"Now," grated Clare, a leer in his bold eyes, "now, because you're bound to a cold stone, I'm to pretend I'm a stone, too."

"You're to pretend you're a gentleman."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Clare, fingering the insufficiency of his black moustache. "What's a gentleman?—A man who sacrifices his personal desires and inclinations to the great god, Convention. What's Convention?—Make-believe. What's Make-believe?—Dis-honesty to self and friends. I'm honest, and I love you."

He attempted to put his arm round Letitia, but she drew away.

"Austin," she said, "you want to be a gentleman farmer. You're not a farmer, yet; don't handicap yourself by not being a gentleman either."

"A pretty retort," complimented Austin Clare ardently. "But you'll see some day, Letty, and when you do I shall be here."

At that, Letitia walked away; but Clare returned to the attack again and again, and she had hard work to keep him at a distance.

But of all this Burn Meredith, away most of the day on farm business, suspected nothing; and it was not until Austin Clare had been fitting round Dale Farm for two months that the jolt came.

Then jogging home from Mixworth Market one late afternoon in November, Burn came across Jacob Daw sitting on the side of the track which led down to Devil's Dip.

**B**URN had seen little of Daw since he had taken him on; and now checking his hack as the herdman rose to his feet, he greeted him cheerily.

"Well, Jacob, how's the job liking you?"

"Fine, sir, thank you," returned Daw, his face grave.

"Peeling more of a man, are you?" smiled Burn.

"That's true, sir," said Jacob. "But I'd like a word with you if so be you've a mind to hearken."

Please turn to Page 30

## A Ghost from the Past

with old Mrs. Daw, and perhaps he'll teach friend Jacob to be a gentleman as well."

Impulsively Letitia bent forward; but on the point of kissing Burn the covert sneer in his words checked her.

"Thank you, Burn," she said. "It will brighten things up a good deal for me."

Getting to his feet, Burn stretched his long arms above his head.

"Oh, that 'spilt milk,'" he laughed, and stroled off to his den to write up his records.

Left alone, Letitia fell into a reverie. The feeling of joy she experienced at the prospect of Clare's coming, frightened her. Ought she to allow him to come? He had been very much in love with her. Was she sure of herself? Sure of Austin confining his behaviour to that of good friendship?

Sitting there in that stony old room, her mind fled back across the lonely days she had spent since her marriage;

quite unworried by the fact that during the first month or six weeks of Clare's sojourn in their midst, he and Letitia spent the greater part of each day together.

But almost from the first Austin Clare had made his attitude obvious to Letitia. Within a week he had tried to kiss her twice; and when Burn's wife had laughingly repulsed him, and reminded him of her married state, he treated her reluctance as a mere exhibition of coyness.

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By...  
**Barbara  
WEBB**

Author of "Three Who  
Were Strong"

# AMATEUR LADY

Can LOVE overcome the  
barrier created by WEALTH  
and TRADITION?



Illustrated by  
Boothroyd

**D**R. GILEAD GRANT, veterinary - surgeon, who talked in Bible texts, his wife Kate and her herb garden and the babies she nursed back to health, his son Sandy, and the girl Christine, who had been left with them as a baby, were perennial topics of conversation in the country town in which young Philip Ransome set out on his career as a civil engineer.

Christine, Philip thought, was the most curious and fascinating girl he had met. Her lack of background contrasted sharply with Philip's family life, his aristocratic parents - Sir John and Lady Ransome - their centuries-old house, his debutante sisters.

Then Philip met Simon Fielding, an elderly and influential widower with four children, who was reported to be practically engaged to Christine. He disliked him immediately, and determined to win Christine away from him.

Simon, used to regarding Christine as his, felt anxious. He begged her to marry him. But Christine refused to give a definite answer till autumn. She knew, too, that Gilead hated Simon for reasons she did not know.

She did not mean to let Philip make love to her, but one evening, as they walked together, Philip said suddenly: "I love you, Christine," and took her in his arms and kissed her.

He talked to her, urged the force of their love for each other, and obtained Christine's promise to marry him, but she insisted that if at any time he believed they were making a mistake to marry he would tell her so.

Philip then arranged for Christine to visit his family at their stately town house. Lady Ransome, Philip's mother, received her courteously, but coldly.

Lady Ransome subsequently extracted a promise from Philip not to see Christine alone for two months, as a test of their feeling for each other. Simon seized this opportunity of renewing his courtship.

Christine and the Grants have been invited to a party at the Rogers'.

"My gracious, Christine, you look as if you'd been seeing ghosts!"

**C**HIRSTINE and Sandy were the first guests to arrive. A quick glance round as she dismounted told Christine that Philip was not in the group busy building an outdoor fireplace for the picnic supper. The Rogers' and the Godwins she knew, of course, but the fifth figure that came to meet her was a friend of John's, Donald Matthews, a small man with pleasant, friendly eyes.

Sandy hung back shyly during the introductions, but almost at once was drawn into the conversation by Donald, who had a way with people.

"We're not making this fireplace right," Donald said. "As an architect, I know we're not—I build houses, you know," he included Christine in this remark. "But John and Eleanor had it started, and unless someone settles the argument here and now, there'll be only smoke for supper. Sandy, have you ever built an outdoor fireplace?"

"Lots of them," Christine answered for him. "and they always draw beautifully too."

"Then," said Donald, "the rest of you are excused. My theories and Sandy's practice will unite to give you a real fireplace—not a word from any of you."

John smiled after them as they went towards the slope of the hill behind the house, where the supper was to be cooked.

"They'll really do it, too," he said. "I'm going to get granny and grandpa now. Anyone going with me?"

**N**O one offered, and he strolled off to his car, leaving Christine to talk to Vera and Eleanor and Jerice. John returned presently with granny and grandpa, and soon after that Philip arrived. He shook hands with them all, Christine among the rest.

"I thought perhaps you'd let me bring you and Sandy up in my car," he said to her, "but Eleanor told me you were going to ride up."

"Yes—Gilead and Aunt Kate are driving up."

"I see." His eyes lingered on her face and she turned her glance away.

The fireplace was completed by the time Gilead and Kate arrived. They all sat talking until the setting sun reminded them of supper and they went to build the fire, bake the potatoes, cook the steak that John and Eleanor had provided for the meal.

It was a pleasant, jolly hour, spent round the fire, and then as the chill in the air grew noticeable, Eleanor took them all into the music-room, where Vera and Jerice were persuaded to play for them.

Donald sat beside Sandy, who had attached himself with instant devotion to this new friend.

"Will you be here a long time?" Sandy asked.

"Several weeks," Donald replied. "I don't know just how long. Probably until John and Eleanor turn me out."

"You could come and stay with us then," said Sandy. "Couldn't be, mother?"

Aunt Kate smiled at her son. "He'd be very welcome, Sandy," she said.

"You ought to stay and see the fair," Vera suggested. "It's just about six weeks off. It isn't much of a fair, really, but everybody goes, and has a good time."

"I'll stay," he answered. "I never can decide which I like better—a fair or a circus. What do they have—preserves, pickles, quilts, horses, cows, prize pigs? I love 'em all."

"The horse show isn't much any more," Gilead replied. "Time was when we had good horse shows in this country, but it's all motor cars now. Hardly any horses at the last five fairs."

"Why don't we get up a horse show this year? Is there time?" Donald asked. "You have several, Dr. Grant. Philip has his, and there are others round here who ride, surely. John, there's your chance. See if you can't start something."

Gilead nodded his head approvingly. "I'd like to see it done," he said. "It might help us to make more than expenses this year, the fair's hardly paid for itself the last two seasons."

"I'll help," John offered. "But I think we ought to have a committee, and I think the best chairman of it would be Christine."

They turned to look at her. She shook her head.

"I-I couldn't," she said. Gilead addressed her with an air of authority.

"Yes, you could, Christine. And it would be a fine thing for you to do. You know people round here—people whose dogs you've boarded, or to whom you've sold dogs; you can enter all our horses; you can get Simon to let Lydia ride Lady, that bay mare of his."

"I think Sally would ride Tuck," Philip offered. "I'll write and ask her if you'll take charge of this thing, Christine."

"Oh, do!" Sandy's voice was eager. "I'll help you, Chris."

Christine shrank back in her chair, panic seizing her at the idea of so public a task. Eleanor, who was sitting next to her, patted her hand.

"You really should do it, Christine. It's an awfully nice thing to do—think

how proud I'll be to say I'm a friend of yours."

This gentle raillery lessened Christine's hesitation, and at the end of half an hour she let herself be persuaded.

When it was time for her and Sandy to start their ride home, Philip went with them to the stable. Sandy offered to saddle, and while he was busy with the horses, Philip and Christine waited by the gate.

"Do you remember the first night we rode home from here by moonlight?" Philip asked.

"I remember everything, Philip," Christine answered evenly.

"Two weeks, a little more have gone of that two months' waiting time, Christine," he said.

"Two months or two years. It won't make any difference, Philip," she answered.

"Christine!" His voice pleaded with her, but she made no further comment.

Simon had gone away from Christine on that rainy day in a conflicting state of mind. He was immensely relieved at her declaration that she would never marry Philip. He was disturbed at what he realized to be the force of her love for the younger man. And he heard the words, "Two months," "two months" ring like a dirge in his ears. If he were to lose her at the end of that time—he could not sleep that night for thinking of it, and in the days that followed, unobtrusively but surely, he let her know that he was exercising a guarded watchfulness over her movements.

Christine sent Sandy one morning with a note to Simon, and Simon seized the opportunity for some cautious questioning.

Walking home, Sandy resolved to ask Gilead about Christine. He gave Christine Simon's note, then went in search of Gilead.

Sandy went straight to the point: "Is Christine going to get married?" he asked.

"Some day, probably," Gilead answered.

"Philip wants to marry her, but she

shone in Sandy's face. And forgetting to whom he spoke, he let his passion carry him away. "Simon would possess her, shut her in, keep all her sweetness for himself, wall her round with jealousy until her spirit fainted within her. I hate Simon's rust, but that is not the only reason I can't bear to think of Christine as Simon's wife. It is because I know men—and I know Christine. The givers—the takers—Christine is a giver—Simon a taker. The Christine we know would die if she were married to Simon."

A sob at his side interrupted this outburst, and he checked himself and tried to comfort the boy, whose tears were running down his thin cheeks.

"There, Sandy," said Gilead. "Don't take on so. I shouldn't have spoken to you as I did. I got carried away by my feelings. Christine's all right."

"I don't want Christine to die. I don't want Christine to die. I can't bear it when things die. Oh, I hate Simon, too, if he could do what you say to Christine. I hate him."

Sandy's voice rose to a shrill crescendo and Gilead laid a comforting arm about his son's shoulder.

"Never mind, son," he said. "I'll take care of Christine. I'll take care of her."

**S**ANDY allowed himself to be led away towards the menagerie, and presently forgot his tears in the pride of showing Gilead the menagerie. But Gilead's outburst, united to Sandy's love for Christine, and a lurking distrust of Simon, created in the boy's mind a confused impression that some grave danger threatened the girl.

Philip had written home to ask Sally if she would show Tuck at the fair for him, and Sally had replied that she would. She had written him a long rambling letter, full of home news, and concluding with some sentences that made Philip sit bolt upright.

"You know, Philip," wrote Sally, "Everyone here was more impressed with Christine than they like to admit. Even mother. Honestly, you can't look at that girl and believe she's anything common. There's something about her that just makes you trust her, know that she's true blue right through. And brave and fine. Well, I was prowling around the library one rainy afternoon this week and I took a book of poetry from one of father's shelves and I found these lines. They made me think of Christine—you'll see why when you read them. And so I'm sending them on to you. They're by a poet that father likes, and I think they're pretty appropriate:

"The pedigree of honey  
Does not concern the bee,  
A clover any time to him  
Is aristocracy."

How's that? Aren't I the helpful little sister? You tell Christine I'm coming over to take the blue ribbon away from her—yes, I am.

Love and kisses,

SALLY."

Philip turned the letter over and over in his hand, reading and re-reading the lines that told so exactly his feeling about Christine, a feeling he had never been able to find words for previously. Then he got up. Promise or no promise, he was going to see Christine. He had Sally's message to deliver, and there would likely be some of the Grant family about, so he wouldn't be seeing Christine alone. It was early evening, he would go at once with no announcement of his coming.

The stars unseen though they were, had conspired for him that particular evening. Gilead was out and had taken Sandy with him. Aunt Kate was busy over a newly arrived baby in the nursery. Christine, tempted by the warm evening, sat alone in the garden, on a seat just inside the wall.

Philip was at her side before she was aware of his coming.

"Christine," his voice, low-pitched, shook in spite of himself.

She sat perfectly still, and he had an illusion that she had stopped breathing, had escaped him in some way. He put out his hand and found her shoulder.

## My Favorite Poem

### If We Only Could

Ah! If we only could  
Blot out the bitter thought  
Blame life the thing we should  
And shape it as we ought.  
Turn back the brooding eyes  
From things long, long, gone  
by;  
And, looking upward, rise  
Toward a clearer sky;  
Hold fast each other's hands—  
Nor loosely let them go—  
Until each understands,  
And, loving, learns to know.  
—Mary Gilmore.

Sent in by Mrs. M. Murphy,  
43 Town Hall Avenue, Preston  
N.S. Victoria.

won't have anything to do with him," Sandy observed.

Gilead said nothing.

"I've just been talking to Simon," Sandy continued. "He said he liked Christine very much, but he had a funny sound in his voice when he said it. As if he was ashamed of something, yet proud of it, too. Is Christine going to marry him?"

"I hope not, Sandy. I hope not."

"Why not?"

"He is too old. He has had two wives. He is not the kind of man who would make Christine happy."

"Then I don't want her to marry him, either," said Sandy promptly. "But somehow—I can't tell why—but something in here," he laid his hand on his breast, "something in here tells me she might."

Gilead gazed at his son, at the childlike face with its queerly unfocused look, its gentle kindness, its wonder at the ways of grown people. Those childlike men and women, to whose childhood Sandy belonged, had intuitions, foreknowledge, sometimes, given them by some sixth sense beyond the ken of normal people.

"I would rather see Christine dead than married to Simon," Gilead said, frightened by the conviction that

Please turn to Page 49



# The Fashion Parade *by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov*

## CLEVER Ski Clothes for WINTER SPORTS



- A COSTUME from Schiaparelli in black waterproof cloth. The trousers are very long. The knitted scarf, cap, and socks are bright yellow.
- LUCIEN LELONG designed the costume in bottle-green cloth. The trousers are high-waisted and very long, the coat waist-length. The sweater, scarf, gloves, and socks are orange.
- FROM "BURBERRY'S" comes the suit of navy suede lumber-jacket, navy cap, and socks. The trousers are grey waterproof gabardine. The sweater beneath is navy and white stripes.
- A COSTUME worn at St. Moritz has plus-fours of grey flannel, knitted sweater of black with a yellow monogram, and black jacket.
- A FRENCH ski-suit in navy and white has plus-four trousers in blue whipcord. The gaiters are white canvas. White socks and sweater are hidden. A white whipcord jacket and fitted cap.

THE crisp and tingling thrill of winter sports amid the snow demands correct clothes, for if you are not apparelled in suits completely windproof, light in weight, and exceedingly comfortable, the results are clumsiness, soggy, general discomfort.

Buy your sports clothes carefully, and if you are an amateur go where you will get expert advice.

WITH ski-ing, more than any other sport, practical clothes come before attractive ones. Airtight and strong fastenings and smooth, waterproof materials are essential.

The trousers are made of gabardine or some similar fabric in dark or neutral colors, such as navy-blue, black, dark green, brown, grey. The jacket is in the same material or a skin, such as suede, antelope, or chamora, in navy, black, green, brown, grey, yellow, or white.

Bright color contrast shows in the sweaters, gloves, socks and scarves.

There are two styles for the trousers:

one is just the same as men's plus-fours, the other reaches the ankle.

The latter is better for beginners, being not so full in the legs it is easy to move in and better to fall in. These trousers flop over a band which fits around the ankle, there is then a strap which goes under the instep. First of all you put on a pair of woolly socks, then the trousers with the strap, then another pair of woolly socks which roll over the boots.

The plus-four style fastens just like men's and is slightly fuller in the leg.

SOME of the newest trousers are made with higher waists, with or without belts, and the sweater in worn underneath. Coats and jackets are very

varied. There is the lumber-jacket style, pouched over a tight band which fastens around the waist.

The double-breasted coat is waist or hip-length. A single-breasted coat, a jacket worn with a belt and having a short basque beneath.

These all have collars and lapels, if they do up centre-front, the top buttons are left undone to show the sweater or scarf.

The jacket can match the trousers in color, or contrast. Very new is the combination of navy-blue trousers and white jacket. With grey trousers jackets are navy or black; with black trousers there are yellow chamora or suede jackets; with dark green trousers lighter green or brown jackets; with dark grey trousers, pale grey jackets.

Sweaters may be sombre or bright. Many enthusiasts in Switzerland wear a sleeveless sweater in thick wool over a long-sleeved, fine wool blouse or sweater, or a suede waistcoat over a long-sleeved sweater—these, of course, both go under the jacket or coat. With a pale grey suit a yellow wool blouse and black sleeveless sweater with yellow initials. With a navy suit a red and white striped sweater.

With a bottle-green suit a bright yellow or henna sweater. With navy trousers and white coat, a red or white sweater. With a black suit a dusty pink, pale blue, yellow, vivid green or orange sweater. With fawn trousers and brown jacket, a yellow, orange, or green sweater. With grey trousers a navy coat and navy and white striped sweater. With black trousers a yellow jacket and yellow and black striped sweater. Sweaters should have high necks, polo necks which roll over are warmest, and they usually go under the trousers.

### Vivid Scarves

SCARVES are important accessories and are usually brightly colored, or white. They match the top of the socks and sometimes the gloves. Squares of silk or fine wool that can be tucked inside the coat, are preferable to long wool scarves which only get in the way when the wind blows. Ski-gloves enclose the four fingers in

one piece and the thumb in another; they are made of waterproof fabric or knitted; the gauntlets can be colored, or the whole glove match the costume.

Your second pair of socks will be the color of your sweater or scarf or coat. For example, with navy trousers and white coat, white socks. With a dark green suit and rust-colored sweater and scarf, rust-colored knitted socks.

Abroad, when plus-fours go ski-ing, the underneath socks are topped by waterproof gaiters in white or pale grey laced up one side.

The first requirement of your head-gear is that it should not blow off, and that your ears be kept warm. Caps made of suede, chamora or gabardine fit the head closely and fasten beneath the chin. There is a white one sketched above. Next best are knitted caps which cling to the head.

These latter are in color to match your sweater or scarf, or the same shade as your costume.



# SCHIAPARELLI SUGGESTS ...

This is the first of a series of articles to be written exclusively for *The Australian Women's Weekly* by world-famous authorities on fashion.



SCHIAPARELLI'S "between seasons" coat (above) is worn over a printed silk dress, and is in brown woollen with bands of snow-tipped fox around the sleeves. The hat rolls smartly on the side with a spray of paradise, also brown, thrust forward.

A DRESS from the new Schiaparelli collection (right) in black woollen with detachable cape. The white linen jabot which forms the collar has ends of lace. It is tied with a smart bow of pale rose grosgrain ribbon. Hat, bag, and gloves in black taffeta, and sandals in black-and-white taffeta, are also from Schiaparelli.

SCHIAPARELLI designed the elegant striped evening gown in pale blue and gold lame moire. Note the graceful shoulder effect.



TYPICAL of the celestial silhouette launched by Schiaparelli is this attractive evening gown. . . It is fashioned of draped black-and-white satin-backed figured crepe, and features a new draped skirt. The corset is composed of sapphire-blue rancee crepe.

## Modern Expression in Clothes

By ELSA SCHIAPARELLI

THIS year, according to the astrologers, is excellent for the workings of artistic genius and all people connected with literary, musical, or artistic work.

Therefore, I have let what some persons have called my "crazy ideas" run riot, and my new collection, I must confess, came as a great surprise even to me!

THE new evening gowns, especially, with their draped lines and the scarves covering the head and shoulders, as one prefers, are a direct contradiction to the full-skirted evening dresses which I designed six months ago.

Why? I do not know. I only know that I prefer this new silhouette. It is womanly and beautiful and should make all women—and especially those charming women of Australia who have such magnificent bodies and walk so well—look like angels.

I hope that men will say that we look "heavenly" to them, and then we shall all behave like angels. After all, what they think of our clothes is important if only because of its effect on us!

Believing in astrology, which my uncle taught me, I have incorporated stars and new moons and the constellation of the "Great Bear" in some of my new materials. I particularly like these new

materials and have designed simple frocks in them that do not spoil their design.

I am accused of being inspired by the simplest things in life. It is true, and I do not wish to deny it. This season, I have made a tailored suit, with straight skirt, only the front cut on the bias, and a little fitted jacket of striped blue-and-white mattress covering or bed-ticking, as your grandmothers used to call it in pioneer days. To this I have added a little blouse of dark blue linen embroidered with little white stars and very young new moons.

I have also used Italian hemp for many simple little suits, glazed chintz for beach costumes, either pyjamas in brilliant tones with half-length full coats belted around the figure or backless frocks with skirts shirred in the front.

THEN you may laugh, but I saw one of those fly-nets with round, soft balls of chenille on the edges, which the

horses in Marseilles wear to keep the flies from their eyes, and I have added one to the crown, letting the ball-fringe hang down the back, to a small sailor hat. I think it is chic. It certainly is amusing.

Clothes should not be taken too seriously. Life is serious, perhaps, for most of us. Then, if we can, let us have a little amusement in our clothes. Let us do crazy things, and then perhaps life will not seem so serious, for clothes have a tremendous effect on the person who is wearing them. Otherwise, why do wise philosophers advise a woman to buy a new hat when she is feeling blue?

I have also been told that my latest collection is more feminine than any I have ever done before and that my silly little hats, which look like rooks' nests, or those trimmed with tiny ostrich feathers, are suggestive of Renoir, the great French painter. Perhaps this is true, but I have not tried consciously to make them so.

I do believe that the wonderful silk muslins of India, with their stripes of silver or gold, lustrous satins, and exotic prints—all of which I have used—are beautiful, and I have used them in soft, diagonal lines, draped about the body to enhance the lovely lines of woman, but I have not tried consciously to make my clothes more feminine.

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# An Editorial

JUNE 15, 1935

## DEATH DRIVES WITH THE CARELESS



As a cause of sudden death and accident, the motor-car has a place all its own. In every civilised country this is the new "menace of the road."

For the last year for which complete figures are available (1933), a total of 777 persons were killed by motors in Australia. More than twelve times as many were injured. For the current year, the casualty list promises to be still heavier. Something like 10,000 persons are either killed or more or less seriously injured by motor-cars in Australia every year.

When figures like these are published we murmur "Terrible!" and "Something must be done!" So far nothing effective has been done.

Yet this toll of life is due in the main to preventable causes. The traffic authorities, with their inadequate check on motorists and machines, are in part to blame.

*The first and the chief cause of accidents is the driver himself, or herself. The women's part in the tragic story is mainly that of a sufferer. While women drivers are about one-fourth of those on the road, the serious accidents to which they contribute are less than one-tenth of the whole.*

It is a punishable offence to drive "in a manner dangerous to the public." But thousands of motorists drive in such a manner, and are either not punished at all or are let off too lightly.

There is the individual who rushes at crossings, speeds through congested areas, and races when another car is trying to pass. He is just as dangerous as the one who drives while "under the influence."

In addition, there is the numerous class of defectives, mental or physical, over whom there is no supervision once they have been licensed to drive.

As a second main cause of accidents, there is the badly-braked or otherwise faulty machine. Official inspection of these vehicles is never insisted on. Yet they are potential dealers of death.

In New South Wales more traffic officers have been engaged to watch for dangerous drivers. The same policy should be adopted in all States and official tests of machines should be the rule.

Hundreds of lives will be saved in Australia if traffic authorities and magistrates do their duty, and if the wanton or careless driver is treated as the anti-social menace that he is.

—THE EDITOR.

# POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by A. J. BUCHANAN

## Why Not Slow Up?

THERE are so many societies nowadays that a new one, more or less, would hardly be noticed. What about a Society for Slowing Things Up? With branches in all the States it might have an educational influence. No one knows how many lives it would save.

A few days ago, in a Sydney harbor, a girl of 15 drove a speed boat at 66 miles an hour. A new ocean liner has just done 31 miles an hour between England and America. Every second motorist is trying to drive at 70 miles an hour, and Sir Malcolm Campbell won't be satisfied until he has done 300 miles an hour. So it goes on.

With everybody—including the globe itself—travelling at rapid speed, one has a fellow-feeling for that meditative Frenchman, Lamartine, who took a boat on the Lake of Geneva and complained in melodious verse that he could not anchor Time. A pity some of our motorists don't feel like him.

## Wisdom of the Wise

I THINK it was Plato who said that the ideal form of government was that of the philosopher-king. Most of the troubles of the world, as he saw them, were due to the fact that its rulers were not philosophers. As a matter of fact, they were mostly brigands and murderers.

The philosopher who wants to be a ruler in this twentieth century has a steeper hill to climb than he had in Plato's day. Our party organisers don't know him, and wouldn't recognise him if they saw him.

When you do get a glimpse of the philosophic spirit it is usually in some lowly and inconspicuous place. That Australian worker, for instance, who was being paid by the week as compensation for injury, and asked the Judge to give him a lump sum in order to start a library!

The Judge was sympathetic and gave him £200. One admires this out-of-work man who wanted to start a library when so many turn to starting price or two-up.

## Concerning Vegetables

INTERESTING facts are disclosed by a recent inquiry into the vegetable consumption of 100 typical Australian families. The inquiry took place in Sydney, but the result would probably be the same in any of the States. You learn that three vegetables—potatoes, pumpkins, and cabbages—are miles ahead of the others as ingredients of daily fare.

There is a comparatively small demand for such things as cauliflower, pumpkins, spinach, artichokes, broad beans, and the rest of the vegetable family. Yet the average man or woman would say that any one of the last named is more interesting as an article of diet than one or all of the winning three.

The question of price has no doubt a lot to do with it. If people bought more of such delectable articles as cauliflowers and artichokes they could be sold cheaper—which would be good for the vegetable growers and good for the community.

## "Wowserism" Justified

WITH the dancing season in full swing, the anti-liquor party is fighting a brave but losing battle against intoxicants in dance-rooms. "You may call us wowser," said a clergyman the other day, "but we intend to go on fighting." And why not? Defeat in a contest of this kind is more glorious than most victories.

The ballroom is surely the one place in the world where strong drink isn't necessary, and where it shouldn't be allowed. If the youth of to-day isn't exhilarated enough with the rhythm of movement, the glitter of color, and the smiles of the pretty partners, there is something wrong with him.

There was a time of real romance about the dancing of other days, when they could say to a new arrival—

"Come you in peace, or come you in war?  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar!"

Sounds much better, doesn't it, than the modern form of inquiry: "Did you bring a hip-flask with you?"

## Marriage in Haste

SOMEONE has been expressing alarm at the revival of Gretna Green marriages. There were 300 of these runaway matches last year, and 117 in the first four months of this year. "Dreadful," says an English patriarch, who wonders, as all his ancestors wondered, what the young people are coming to.

There is no Gretna Green in Australia, but there are many ways of cheating the safeguards against imprudent marriages—chief of these being the parents' consent for celebrants under 21. Some young couples overstate their ages, and take the risk of a prosecution for perjury. In New South Wales the law helps in another way.

In this State if the parent or guardian refuses consent it is now possible to go to a local magistrate, put the case before him, and



THE COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD is one of the five British peeresses in their own right. She is one of the richest women in England. See article on this page.

get his permission, which thereupon makes consent of the parent unnecessary. An obliging magistrate gave such permission last week.

Experience tells you there should be MORE restraint on juvenile marriages, not less.

## Maligned Mothers-in-Law

FOR the comedian of a generation ago the mother-in-law was a fair mark. In most of the novels of the day she was a caricature. With a plentiful lack of originality they depicted her as a freak, a tramp, an interfering busybody, or a virago.

All very foolish, and ridiculously untrue to life. Most married men would tell you that they have received nothing but help, understanding, and encouragement from the mothers of the women they have married. But now and again you come across the old and mostly outworn point of view.

"Men make up their minds before marriage that they are not going to like their mothers-in-law," said a woman to an Australian Judge the other day. She was speaking from experience as the mother of a married woman who had had a lot of domestic trouble. She admitted that she had "flipped" her son-in-law with a tea towel, "because he was kissing a girl in the kitchen."

There are men who would think themselves lucky to get off as lightly.

# England's Richest and Loveliest Young Countess

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

*One of England's richest and loveliest and most aristocratic young women is the Countess of Seafield. At one time it was thought she would marry into the Rumanian Royal Family; but she chose an English soldier instead.*

A YOUNG woman, who owns more of Britain than anyone of her sex, landed a monster salmon from her own river, the Spey, the other day. Although the Countess of Seafield is one of the five British peeresses in their own right she has recently retired to the country and did not figure at any of the Jubilee functions.

Her marriage in 1930 to a young Guards officer, Mr. Derek Studley Herbert, who is now with her at their Scottish home, Cullen House, was a very quiet though romantic affair.

This girl, said to be the richest woman in Britain, slipped away to a little London church and was on her honeymoon before the social world knew she was married.

Lady Seafield owns no less than eight hundred square miles of the British Isles. The lovely home where she is staying at the moment is close to the sea in Banffshire, and the other residence which she inherited with her title is Castle Grant, in Strathspey, one of the grandest and most famous of Scottish castles.

Its walls are built of solid stone and are fifteen feet thick—planned to withstand the raids of the rival clans with whom the Grants were in feud, Grant being the family name.

King Edward was a very frequent visitor at Castle Grant. He always enjoyed the fine shooting on the estate.

## Many Talents

NINA SEAFIELD is very talented. She plays the piano, sings, plays the cello, and paints; she is a splendid horsewoman and a fishing enthusiast. In appearance she is shortish and slight, with the red-gold hair of the Grant family.

When she was presented she caused quite a sensation by her likeness to Queen Victoria. She brightened this resemblance by wearing a long Victorian picture frock at a Court when short frocks were still the fashion.

The young Countess' life has not always been as serene as it is to-day. There have been family wrangles. There were claimants to her titles and estates; and jealousy among the male relatives who were cut out of the title by the fact that this is one of the few peerages which descends through the female line.

Lord Strathspey who, incidentally, is married to one of the Hope Johnstons, of Christchurch, N.Z., is now heir to the title, for as yet Lady Seafield has no children.

Under the will of her great-great-aunt Caroline, she does not come into the full possession of her estates until she is thirty-five. This Caroline was a wonderful woman. When her husband, the Victorian Earl of Seafield, died, he left rather impoverished estates, which she pulled together by starting one of the most amazing timber-planting schemes that Scotland has ever known.

A German expert said that her wooded country was as fine as any of the forests in Germany.

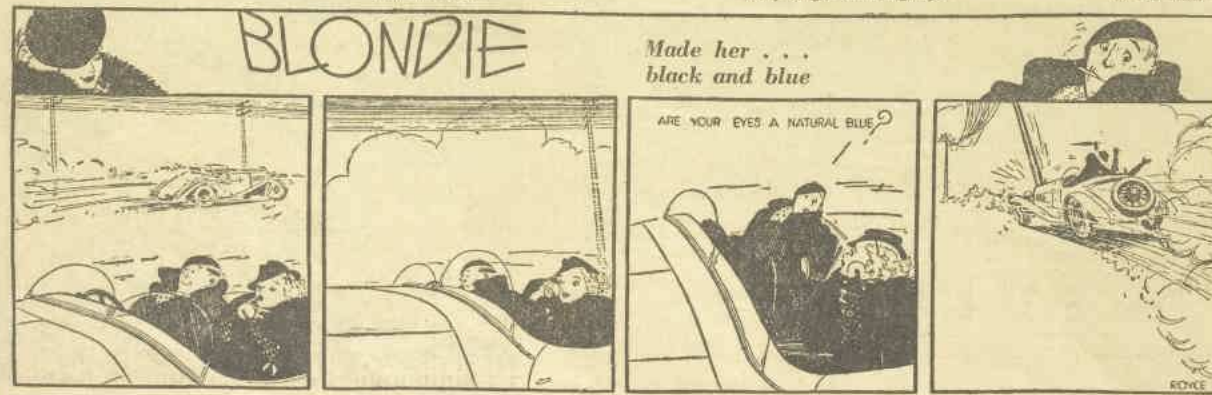
## Left Everything

THE reason that Caroline had so much power was that her husband had, with the consent of the other heirs, devalued the estates with the exception of the two ancestral homes of Castle Grant and Cullen House; and he left her everything when he died.

One of these heirs, who became Earl of Seafield without inheriting the vast estates, lived nearly all his life in New Zealand.

In 1905, when Nina was born, her great-great-aunt, Caroline, took the child under her wing, and subsequently left her most of her great possessions. The present Countess' father was killed in the last war.

Lady Seafield has travelled extensively, and at one time her name was coupled with that of Prince Nicholas of Rumania, younger son of Queen Marie and brother of the present King Carol.





# DIZZY Artistry of DENTISTRY

*My Architectural Dentures make  
Toothache a Painless Matter*

BY L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated  
by

:: WEP ::

I was proud when I first put up my brass plate, LENNIE LOWER, DENTIST. Painless Exactions. Step Inside and Be Dented.

I was even more proud when my first patient came along. I ushered him into the surgery. "Now then," I said, bedside-ishly, "what's the matter with us, eh? Open wide."

He opened all the front of his face and I nearly fell in.

"HMM," I said, "You've got a very bad ulcer on your left bicuspid. There's a couple of teeth there need filling, too."

"Harg gar gar urg gog harg," replied the patient.

I took my arm out of his throat. "What was that remark?" I said sternly.

He gulped a couple of times and said, "I don't want them filled! I don't think they need filling."

"Of course they don't for the time being, but as the years go on they'll get holes in them which will have to be filled, so why not let me bore a couple of holes and fill them and get the job over?"

He said "No," so I said, "All

right, don't come whining to me in a few years' time and saying that you weren't warned."

"That tooth will have to come out," I remarked, after we'd finished the argument. "Will you have gas or would you rather be electrocuted?"

He said he'd rather have a local anaesthetic. All my anaesthetics came from foreign parts, and I had no local stuff, but I didn't tell him this, I just gave him a couple of squirts of cocaine and got out my forceps. I'm the man who put the force into forceps. I got hold of that tooth and heaved twelve or thirteen times while the patient screamed at the top of his voice and I had to sing "Annie

Laurie" just to reassure anybody who might be in the waiting-room. They'd probably think they were listening to a duet on the wireless.

At the fourteenth tug I pulled the chair over on myself, but when I emerged and replaced the unconscious patient, there was the tooth! I found out later that it was the wrong tooth, but the patient was in that kind of state that he didn't know, or else he didn't care. I got him round and said "Spit into this."

I let him gargle for a while, and then charged him a dollar and threw him out.

## Doulton Fillings

LOOKING into the waiting-room I was just in time to detect a patient sneaking out.

"Come here, you coward!" I cried. "Is this the spirit that helped us storm the heights of Gallipoli?"

I dragged him in and jammed him into the chair.

"Open wide, damn you!" I was very annoyed.

I put the mouth-gag on him so he couldn't answer back. You know that nickel-plated thing that stretches your mouth out about two feet and keeps it there.

"You've got four teeth there that require filling," I told him. "What will you have; gold, amalgam, or porcelain? I recommend the porcelain. You can have Doulton or Dresden."

I went out and knocked a couple of pieces off a cup to fill his teeth with, and then turned on the drill.

## Intriguing Work

THE idea of a dentist's drill is to bore huge, unnecessary holes in teeth or to make two holes where only one grew before. After about ten minutes I had become so interested in my work that there wasn't much of the tooth left, and I started on another. It was hard work, holding the patient down and holding the drill, and he struggled so much that occasionally the drill slipped and went into his tongue, but I soothed him as best I could by humming to myself things like "The Minstrel Boy" and "Mammy's Lil' Alabama Coon."

I had to drill the holes to fit the fillings, but after a lot of trouble I got the porcelain glued in and let him loose.

"Three guineas," I said.

"It's worth more," he replied, feebly. "but I'll take it," and he held out his hand.

"You misunderstand me," I said. "I am charging you three guineas for filling your teeth."

"I didn't come here to be treated," he shouted. "I was only waiting for a friend! That chap who was screaming."

So I got him down and took my



*I became so interested in my work that there wasn't much of the tooth left.*

fillings back and let him go. Anyhow, it was all experience.

I had a little trouble with one patient I made a set of false teeth for.

When he came to me his cheeks were sunken in and he looked quite gaunt. When he left me his cheeks were so filled out that he had to take the teeth out to talk. But he wasn't satisfied, and

kept coming back to have them altered. At the finish I made him an entirely new set. Unfortunately, I got the top set mixed up with the bottom set somehow, and he came back complaining again and said that he had to stand on his head to eat. I advised him to go into the show business and flung him from the surgery.



## RICH AND POOR

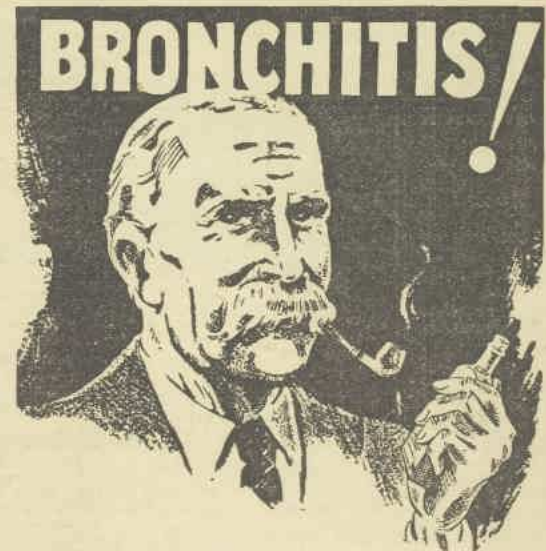
Both Use Dr. Morse's  
Indian Root Pills

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are to-day more extensively used by all classes of the community than any other such remedy sold in Australia. Male and female, rich and poor, town and country dwellers, all use them. The merchant, the miner, the lady of society, and the girl in the factory—they all find in this remedy just what is required to keep the system in proper working order.

**Headaches, Biliousness,  
Indigestion, Constipation**

caused by improper or too much food or drink, are quickly banished by a dose or two of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. They are a safe, sure and reliable remedy, sold at a moderate price.

**DR. MORSE'S**  
**INDIAN ROOT**  
**PILLS**  
MADE IN AUSTRALIA



## This will fix it



Give the bottle a shake, take a sip or two—it's all that's needed! It is people who are subject to a periodic Bronchitis who appreciate the qualities of Bonnington's Irish Moss. All irritation is removed, it is SOOTHING, it "cuts" phlegm, it makes troubled BREATHING easy, it stops all coughing!

IMITATIONS: Reject all these get "Bonnington's"—1/9 & 3/-

**Bonnington's**  
**IRISH MOSS**  
FOR COUGHS and COLDS



## "CONSTIPATED SINCE HE WAS BORN . . . BUT NOW Bowels work freely" —writes a Gippsland mother

"MY LITTLE ONE—18 MONTHS—  
HAS BEEN CONSTIPATED EVER  
SINCE HE WAS BORN

I TRIED LAXETTES, NOW HE  
IS ALMOST RIGHT AND HIS  
BOWELS WORK FREELY



I WOULD ADVISE EVERY  
MOTHER TO USE  
LAXETTES"

BUT THEY MUST BE GENUINE  
LAXETTES—THE SQUARE  
TABLETS—SOLD ONLY IN TINS



When all other medicines, even the most drastic, fail to correct constipation, Laxettes assure immediate relief . . . without pain or purging, or deranging the system. Wholesome and delicious, Laxettes will be readily taken by children.

**SAMPLE** We will send you a Free Sample. Send the Coupon to The Laxette Mfg. Co., Dept. W212 Melbourne, C.t.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

# LAXETTES

Laxettes are not expensive. Any chemist or storekeeper can supply you in generous sized tins at 1/6. Laxettes are never sold loose or in cardboard packets. ONLY IN TINS

**FOR INTESTINAL WORMS**  
Use BAXTER'S WORM TABLETS

The only SAFE worm treatment. Does not contain calomel or iodoform. Send for FREE Booklet to The Laxette Mfg. Co. Melbourne.

Sold by all chemists

### New Hope for Sufferers

The latest German Remedy (internal) for healing Varicose Ulcers and Eczema without interruption to your duties is available now. No need to lie up. Guaranteed never to break out again. Bad cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive.

Guaranteed never to fail.  
Write or Call for Wonderful Book. Treatment by mail a specialty—distance no object. You will be delighted with my treatment—no pain from start.

C. WINTER

62 WELLINGTON ST.,  
K.W.,  
M. VICTORIA



Lots of things had mysteriously disappeared from the works, so the boss sent for the Irish foreman.

"Look here," he said, "if anything more goes, just stop the men as they are leaving at night, and search them."

About a week later, the boss passed again, just as the knocking-off hooter was sounding. There was the foreman, with all the men lined up.

"Take yer coats off!" he ordered, in an aggressive tone.

"What's disappeared now?" whispered the boss.

"A wheelbarrow," was the husky reply.

# The MYSTIC Mirror

A Ten-Minute  
Story

THE antique shop stands in an obscure quarter of Venice, reached by way of a bewildering maze of winding alleys, small bridges, tiny arches, and steep flights of steps. A stranger unaided would doubtless never find it, but the visitor had been guided to the spot.

He now stood within the shop's dim interior, his eyes alight with the collector's hunger and his whole bearing suggestive of suppressed excitement as he peered about him at the heterogeneous wares that filled the room to overflowing.

Another man, brown and bent and showing signs of age, rose from a stool and shuffled forward. With wrinkled eyes he stared at the visitor, then croaked an inquiry:

"And what may the signore desire?" "I am told," said the visitor, "that you possess a Venetian mirror that has an interesting history; they say that it once adorned the walls of the Palazzo Guaranini."

"Ah!" A warm glow showed in the dealer's eyes. "So, it is the Guaranini mirror that the signore would inspect? Ah! Then the signore must be an artist that he traversed many mean streets to seek out the genuine article. And the signore is wise; nowhere else in Venice is there such a treasure. The big shops! Venga! They are filled with rubbish. Here in my little shop I have a real treasure."

"Well, show it to me!" The tone was eager.

"Ah!" A croaked chuckle followed. "The true artist is always impatient. If you will but look, signore, you will see that the mirror hangs upon the wall behind you."

The visitor turned swiftly and drew an audible breath as his eyes fell upon the mirror. Cunning hands had fashioned the glass for it bore the stamp of Byzantine craftsmanship. Some artist had fashioned the exquisite lines of the border and traced the smooth engraving of those octagonal panels. To examine the glass more closely in that dim light the visitor took a step forward, and a cry of disappointment escaped him.

"Why, it is cracked!"

"True, signore, but that crack but adds to its value for it proves its tragic history. That crack was made by the long-since-dead Duke of Mestre's sword. It is an old story and they say that a spirit haunts the mirror." He shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot say as to that, for although I have spent many hours peering into the mirror nothing have I seen, even though I stood to one side so that my own reflection would not show. But I am just a plain man and not, like the signore, blessed with the imagination and soul of the true artist."

The visitor considered this, then: "Tell me the story," he said.

"Nothing loath, the dealer began:

"Many years ago, during the days

of the Doge Giovanni Pesaro, the mirror hung in the bedchamber of the last of the old Dukes of Mestre. The Duke was young and married to one Elena, a young woman so beautiful, signore, that even in Venice, a city world-famed for its lovely women, she was outstanding." He sighed deeply and shook his head. "But her beauty was also a curse and brought tragedy in its train, for even though she was wed to the Duke other men sought her favors."

"And, so the story goes, Elena did not discourage these lovers, for the Duke was away much of the time and the husband's neglect is ever the lover's opportunity. The Duke learned of her actions, and the destroying fires of doubt and jealousy commenced to smoulder in his heart. The evil flames

"A terrible curse escaped his lips and he leapt across the room in his madness and lunged at the mirror with his sword, making the crack you see. Sword in hand he then hurled himself into Elena's bedchamber. When his frenzy passed, signore, his wife and her lover were both dead; his sword had drunk deep of their life-blood. He himself became a victim of the living death; he loved his wife, and her faithlessness drove him mad."

"And that is how the mirror became cracked, signore, but I doubt if you believe my story, for many are the fastidious rogues whose shops are filled with false antiquities and relics." He shrugged his shoulders and his tone became resigned. "But I have enjoyed telling the story to a man of sympathy and understanding whether the signore buys the mirror or not. After all, I am old and my wants are meagre; just my frittos and spaghetti and wine." He paused and peered up with wrinkled eyes. "But it would please me if an artist and a gentleman would tell me that he believed the history of the Guaranini mirror."

The visitor stroked his chin, stared hard at the dealer. The wrinkled brown eyes did not waver.

"I believe your story so far," said the visitor; "but it is not yet finished. What of the spirit that is supposed to haunt the glass?"

Again bowed shoulders were shrugged and brown hands were outspread.

"I have told you, signore, that I have seen nothing, but they say that those fortunate ones who are blessed with the gift of sympathy and vision can sometimes see in that mirror the reflection of Elena, the gloriously beautiful and faithless wife of the last of the Dukes of Mestre." The dealer got to his feet. "I cannot vouch for that, signore, and I would crave your excuse me for a few minutes."

The visitor appeared not to notice the other man's departure; eyes glowing with eagerness, he was staring again at the mirror.

FOR minutes the visitor stood there, standing slightly to one side and staring into the glass at an angle—and then happened an astounding, marvelous thing.

Deep beneath the mirror's surface a radiant glow appeared, slowly it increased in intensity until the whole mirror seemed bathed in some rose-hued light. The glow parted in the centre and there appeared a face, the face of a young woman. A gasp escaped the watcher's lips and his eyes and nostrils dilated as he saw the wondrous beauty of the young face. Eyes of the deepest violet, wide-set beneath a marble-white brow. Masses of hair of titian-red piled atop a lovely head. The round, young throat and milk-white, smooth shoulders were fitting support for such lovely features. Scarcely daring to breathe the visitor stood rooted to the spot, unable to tear his fascinated eyes away from the vision of gloriously radiant and lovely young womanhood.

All this, and then, as suddenly as it had appeared it was gone; and only the dull surface of the glass remained, disfigured by the long crack.

A cry forced itself from the visitor's lips and he whirled suddenly, his eyes darting in all directions. He saw only the gloomy interior of the small shop. The dealer came shuffling back. The visitor grasped him by one shoulder.

"Are we alone?" His voice trembled with awe and eagerness.

The other man's face expressed amazement.

"Why, of course, signore. You can see for yourself there is but this room and my small living-room. But—"

His eyes suddenly blazed and he laid trembling brown hands upon the other man. "Signore! You are one of the blessed? You have seen something? Maladetta! Have you been so fortunate as to gaze into the lovely eyes of the beautiful Elena? Ah! And I who have lived with the mirror for many, many years have seen nothing. Signore, you are indeed fortunate!"

The visitor drew a quivering breath; his eyes were smouldering with some intense emotion.

Please turn to Page 32

**'BRAN TUB' No. 8**

USUALLY, JELLY-FISH LIVE ON 60 SECONDS

WN 2 TURE

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763 376 637 1776

CLAVE DEPT H

2750

**'BRAN TUB' No. 5**

**MUST BE WON**

### Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about a JELLY-FISH, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "Usually, jelly-fish . . ." will tell you what it is all about—and for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three.

Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:—"BRAN TUB" No. 5, BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

**READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY**

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, 21st JUNE. The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided but the full amount will be paid. Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth" Ltd., Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry and attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, 6th July.

**£50 WON**

**RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 5**

The winning competitor in this contest is:—  
**MRS. MCARTHUR.**  
Swan Hill Road, Ultima, Victoria.

Her solution, containing four errors, was the most nearly correct one received, and the PRIZE OF £50 IN CASH is therefore awarded to her. Prize money will be posted on Friday, June 28th.

**SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 5**

"But it is in some tropical countries that the phosphorescence of fungi is most noticeable. An agaric which grows in Brazil on the decaying fronds of a palm is found at night to emit a bright light somewhat similar to that of the larger fireflies, having a pale greenish hue."

**ROSS for HEIGHT!**

Height, age, sex, weight, etc. in 6 weeks

21 - 24 - 28 - 32 - 36 - 40 - 44 - 48 - 52 - 56 - 60 - 64 - 68 - 72 - 76 - 80 - 84 - 88 - 92 - 96 - 100

See E.E.T. Convincing Testimony.

Wid. stamp.

A. W. ROSS, Height Specialist.

(P.O. Box 15), Scarborough, England.



# Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"You paid five hundred pounds for that—just to show how much you care for Art!"  
"No, to show how much I don't care for five hundred pounds!"



HUSBAND: You're always talking about going back to your mother, why don't you go?  
WIFE: I wouldn't give her the satisfaction of making me come back to you.



"Have a heart, Captain, it's raining outside."



DROWNING MAN: Quick! Throw me a lifebelt.  
RESCUER (a tailor): Yes, sir, what size round the waist?



SHE: That song I sang last night haunts me still.  
HE: No wonder, you murdered it.

## What does your child WEIGH?

Healthy development is shown by weight, and weight depends on appetite. If your child won't eat, if he is pale and sickly, or has a coated tongue, he is suffering from stasis. That means a sluggish, waste-clogged colon. No child suffering from stasis can be really healthy. "California Syrup of Figs" overcomes it in twenty-four hours. Then you will see the listless, cranky boy or girl begin to eat—and gain.

### Hospitals advise LIQUID LAXATIVE for children

Doctors and hospitals prefer a liquid laxative for all patients. For children they use nothing else. The reason is simple: a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement without any discomfort. Liquid laxatives can be regulated to a drop; pills cannot.

Follow the hospitals' example. Give your child a liquid laxative. Give him "California Syrup of Figs". All children love its delicious fruity flavour. You have the assurance of knowing that "California Syrup of Figs" contains no synthetic chemicals, and is not habit-



IMPORTANT. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/3 times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "C. L. F. Co."

## Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used.

WAITER: This coffee is nothing but mud.  
"Yes, sir, it was ground this morning."

LADY VISITOR: And what brought you here, my good man?  
Convict 534: Well, Madam, my father said when I was a boy that he hoped I would marry beauty and brains, and I wanted to please him.  
Visitor: Yes?  
Convict: Bigamy.

AUTHOR: I am writing my memoirs and progressing well.  
Friend: Have you arrived at the year when I lent you £5?

"REG is awfully annoying at times. He made me so angry to-day that I picked up a book."  
"What! You surely didn't throw it at him?"  
"Oh, no; I remembered in time that we weren't married yet."

"WHERE is that beautiful canary of yours that used to sing so clearly and so sweetly?" asked Mrs. Weatherbee.  
"I had to sell him," Mrs. Butlam said tearfully. "My son left the cage on the radio set and he learned atmospherics."

MRS. BROWN: Did your husband go to the club last night?  
Mrs. White: Too right, he did!  
Mrs. Brown: Did he make a speech?  
Mrs. White: He must have done so, because when he came home he was speechless.

BILL: Where's old Tom been lately? I haven't seen him for months.  
Jim: What! Haven't you heard? He's got three years for stealing a car.  
Bill: What did he want to steal a car for? Why didn't he buy one and not say for it, like a gentleman?

## THIS Beauty Secret GAVE HER LIPS Natural Loveliness



MANY beautiful women never realize that ordinary lipsticks give their lips a conspicuous painted look that men dislike! Of course, to be your loveliest you must use lipstick—but not paint. Sounds impossible, but it can be done by using the lipstick that isn't paint. This lipstick, known as Tangee, intensifies the natural color in your own lips.  
In the stick Tangee looks orange. On your lips it changes to rose. The one shade of blush-rose most becoming to you. Tangee lasts all day too... and its cream base soothes and softens.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.  
POINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.  
TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



Sole Distributors for Australia: R. G. TURNLEY AND SON, Melbourne.



# ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY ?



MANY a case of ragged nerves has started at the feet... sore and over-tired at the end of a day of tripping back and forth, from room to room, in the common round of household tasks.

No wonder you don't feel like going out in the evening. No wonder you're irritable and weary at night. Who wouldn't be... with sore feet. But here is something to give you wonderful relief.

Bathe the feet in warm water, then gently rub in Zam-Buk over the soles and between the toes and massage the swellings. As it is absorbed you will experience a feeling of ease and comfort such as you had not thought possible. Soreness is removed, swelling reduced, hard skin softened and the toes and joints made supple. Do this regularly and be entirely free from the strain of tired, aching feet.

So simple and inexpensive, it is surely worth a trial. Start the treatment tonight.



Sold Everywhere  
1/6 & 3/6

## ZAM-BUK

for tired feet



Protect the  
Beauty of your Smile

Beauty's most vicious foe, teeth's stealthiest enemy, is Germ Acid. It forms in every mouth and, if allowed to have its way, may do incalculable harm. It causes decay and gum irritations.

Squibb Dental Cream combats this menace scientifically. It is alkaline and counteracts Germ Acid. It leaves the teeth beautifully clean and the mouth refreshed. Its taste is delicious. And you need never fear harm to enamel or gums for Squibb Dental Cream contains no grit, no astringents, no bleaches. It is SAFE. And you will also find it economical.

Use Squibb Dental Cream daily. It is the product of a House that for more than three-quarters of a century has specialized in the manufacture of medical preparations of the highest quality. In two sizes, 1/3, 2/-.

Efficient—Non-Irritating—Deliciously Flavored—Protects Scientifically

## SQUIBB

DENTAL CREAM



# NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

## Two Russian Translations, Travel and Love

Two interesting translations from the Russian have just been published: "Moved On," by P. S. Nazarov, and "Grammar of Love," by Ivan Bunin.

Widely separated as these volumes are in subject matter, they are linked by something more than the nationality of the authors: appearing in English seventeen years after the Revolution, they are both quite untouched by the new spirit of the Soviets, that restless, dynamic quality which has been so apparent in translations of recent Russian work.

M. NAZAROV'S "Moved On" is one of the most interesting travel books that has appeared during recent years. Condemned to death by the Soviet Government, this Russian engineer succeeded in escaping to Kashgar, in Chinese Turkestan, where he lived for four years.

The early part of the book is taken up by a description of this strange land, its romantic history, former cultures, and present rulers and inhabitants. The picture that unfolds is a rich one. The author is not only a cultivated man, but one with a fine faculty for observation, so that the reader of these fascinating pages sees not only the people with whom he has mingled, but also the flora and fauna of this hidden country and the monuments which have been left by vanished civilisations.

Forced to leave Kashgar because of a treaty which was concluded between the Chinese and Soviet Governments, M. Nazarov decided to make for Kashmir, British India. To reach this province, he had to organise a caravan that would take him through Yarkand, through the desolate heights of the Kuen Lun, over the Karakoram—the Roof of the World—and thence, via Ladak and Western Tibet, down to his goal.

The story of this journey is a record of danger, hardship and eventual triumph. The caravan route, winding in places 18,000 to 19,000 feet above sea-level, was marked by the remains of horses, camels and asses that had perished by reason of the high altitude and

extreme cold. In places, the difficulty in breathing was so pronounced, and the effect on heart and lungs so bad, that only judicious doses of strophantins saved the writer and members of his caravan from succumbing. Here is one picture:

"My lips, swollen and blue, cracked, and blood oozed out. My eyes were inflamed. I tried to wrap my mouth up, as the Kirghiz do, but it was useless. The wind blew through everything. My whole body ached; my heart was pounding violently, and the taste of decay in my mouth grew worse and worse."

In spite of all, however, M. Nazarov got his party through without losing a man.

"Moved On" is a book that covers a great tract of country, territory that is virtually unknown as yet to Western Europe. Kashgar is still a province where railways are not, and the mode of travel is either horse or camel-back, while the wild region traversed by the author on his way to India is even more primitive in its small settlements and overwhelmingly savage and majestic when habitations are left behind.

Admirers of the unusual will enjoy this unusual record written by one who has done things and has the ability to write about his experiences.

### Nobel Prize-winner

IN 1933, M. Ivan Bunin was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. "Grammar of Love," a volume of short stories, most of them translated by John Cournos, presents an opportunity for English readers to form a closer acquaintance with his work.

Judging by the content and style of



MARGARET KENNEDY, the popular novelist, in private life Mrs. David Davies.

the stories chosen, all of them, with one exception, were written prior to the Russian Revolution. Either that, or M. Bunin has allowed the upheaval in his country to pass over his head, preferring to live artistically in the past, rather than to express with a new technique, the malstrom of national feeling and striving into which Russia was transformed at the end of 1918.

Some of these stories, "A Night at Sea," and "An Unknown Friend," particularly, show unmistakable signs of Tolstoy's influence; they do not suffer for it. All of them, "Comrade Doorny" excepted, belong to the main stream of pre-revolutionary Russian literature.

"Grammar of Love" contains some fine work, notably the two long stories which conclude the volume. These two tales of peasant life—"A Simple Peasant," and "On the Great Road"—are excellently wrought, moving pieces of art, although the theme, in each case, may be a trifle too uncompromisingly "Russian" to suit all palates.

"Moved On," by P. S. Nazarov, (George Allen and Unwin Ltd. Our copy, The Roycroft, 18/6.)

"Grammar of Love," by Ivan Bunin. (Boarh Press. Our copy, Moore's Bookshop, 7/6.)

## SHORT REVIEWS

### "PENDULUM SWING." Mary Mitchell.

Miss Mitchell, the Victorian novelist, has not repeated the success of "Warning to Watsons" (her first novel, published last year) with "Pendulum Swing." The book drags. It is the story of two cousins—one rich, gay, popular and clever, and the other quite clever, but morbid, gauche and disagreeable. The poor girl, Christina Macpherson, is supposed to possess all these unpleasant qualities because of her extreme pride and consequent rebellion at the knowledge that most of the good things in her life are the outcome of her aunt's bounty, and she takes her revenge on her cousin Alison by being as rude and disagreeable as possible. The book details the lives of the two girls from school days until they are sedate matrons, and its moral is apparently to be found in Christina's ultimate recognition of the fact that "Alison had nothing—because she had everything; she (Christina), because she had had so little, had much." (William Heinemann. Our copy, Swains.)

### "THE GLASS FISH." Glen Stewart.

To relieve the monotony of a drab country story which she has been ordered by her editor to write, Sylvia Benwell follows the dictates of the moment and courts adventure by ordering a surprised taxi-driver to follow a car.

When in actual contact with crime Sylvia soon loses a desire to write of it. She ends by saving the life of a young man who relieves her of the necessity of writing by marrying her. (John Long. Our copy, Swains.)

### "THE DOOR OPENS." Mariel Bine.

Mariel Bine may not be inspired with a desire to champion the cause of the modern girl, but she has certainly achieved this purpose in "The Door Opens." In Phillida Pirnie she portrays a modern type not as rare as alarmists would have us believe. Phillida is sophisticated, but she has admirable qualities of loyalty, common sense, initiative, and is devoted to her father, whose delicate health demands her closest attention. This story is of the type that will make a widespread appeal, for it has an interesting plot, plenty of action, and numbers of well-drawn characters. In addition to Phillida, (The Bodley Head. Our copy, Swains.)

### "RANDWICK TO HARGICOURT." Eric Wren.

The history of the illustrious 3rd Battalion, A.I.F., has been recorded in a most attractive way by Mr. Wren, who combines accuracy of detail with an easy flowing narrative style of writing. The book contains 80 illustrations, and the foreword has been written by Major-General Sir Nevill M. Smythe, V.C., K.C.B., who was in command of the 1st Australian Infantry Brigade from May, 1915, to December, 1916. In this foreword he states that the 3rd Battalion "lost more men killed in action than any other Australian regiment, but it played a leading part in every epic victory of the infantry of the Commonwealth." Congratulatory messages from Lieut.-General Sir H. B. Walker, who commanded the 1st Brigade, and subsequently the 1st Division, and Brigadier-General W. B. Leslie, who commanded the Brigade in 1917-18, are also included. (McDonald.)



Take a genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powder or Tablet at night with a hot lemon drink, then every four hours if necessary. This is the treatment used successfully in serious epidemics. 12/6 or 1/6, 24/6 or 2/6

All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company, Limited, Sydney.



FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

## PERSONAL TREATMENT BY MAIL!

For years this remarkable young man, CHEMIST ROUSH, has been healing by means of the RADIO, his wonderful lectures being appreciated all over Australia. He now offers his services FREE to you.

If your health is troubling you, no matter how hopeless your case may seem, WRITE TO-DAY.

No charge is made for advice, and if he can do nothing for you he will tell you to a straightforward manner.

Hundreds of grateful letters testifying to the wonderful results of his personal treatment may be seen at his rooms.

Read what Mrs. D. G. P. (Woombye) writes: "After having been given up by three doctors and spent hundreds of pounds, I sent for your treatment. After 2 months I am completely cured, much to the astonishment of my friends. My previous doctor says it is marvelous, and I cannot thank you enough. Your personal treatment is a miracle."

Treatments are specialised for in the following complaints: Asthma and hayfever. Dyspepsia and ulceration of the stomach. Kidney trouble. Eczema, psoriasis, dermatitis, and all skin complaints. Nerves, headaches, and loss of vitality. Catarrh. Antrium trouble without operations. Sinus affections. Ulcerated legs. Varicose veins. Blood pressure. Rheumatism. Rheumatoid-Arthritis. Dandruff.

Readers suffering from any of the above complaints are invited to write (enclosing stamped envelope) or call on CHEMIST ROUSH, the RADIO chemist, 8th Floor, Colonial Mutual Building, Queen St., Brisbane. Q. Phone B 4234. Hours: 10am to 5pm. 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Sat., 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.



CHEMIST ROUSH. The holder of 3 gold medals.



# THE *Slow Tango* WALTZ

... is the Latest Dance Hit

Here are the steps of the slow tango waltz, danced to the tune of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. The slow tango waltz is this season's dance sensation. You'd better start practising the steps to-day.



**THE TWO ADVANCE** towards each other, raise and clasp hands. Then both take three steps backward and three steps forward. This is done with a step-hop effect or a shuffle. They repeat this step three times.

**SECOND POSITION**, at right. Starting on the left foot, each takes four steps to left side, stepping on right foot behind left foot. On the fifth step hop quickly to left foot and repeat movement to the right, this time stepping on the left foot in front of the right foot. On the last step change to third position.



**THIRD POSITION**. Both execute a series of cross steps in a circle, with Miss Rogers weaving her body right and left throughout the step.



**BREAKING AWAY**, both move in a circle, one around the other, pivoting at intervals and using a slap-shuffle movement of the feet.



**RESUMING THE side-by-side position**, they again do the steps described in the second picture, then ...



**ON THE BREAKAWAY**, both execute a nimble-footed tap step, clapping hands at intervals on the off-beat and again circling round each other.



**AGAIN TAKE** side-by-side position as above and, moving towards the right, do a series of side cross steps, first to the right and then to the left. The side cross steps are executed with a "one-two, one-two-three" count.



**THEY CHANGE TO** this position and repeat the four slow steps to the right.



**THE TWO NOW GO** into a series of pivots, spins, and tricky tap steps, at the same time moving towards the orchestra platform in the background. There they do another clever series of steps on the stairs.



**AT THE CONCLUSION** of this fascinating waltz the two link arms and nonchalantly walk off the stage.





Set the alarm... for nothing else will wake you once cosily asleep under Challenge Blankets! Without excessive weight, they keep you snug in the bitterest weather. Their deep, downy fleeciness does not wear off in the wash. Made with Australia's finest, long-stapled merino wool, Challenge Blankets are extra durable and economical. Every blanket is guaranteed by the retailer who sells it.

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### MODEL 355 5-valve A.C. Receiver

The Model 355 is a "single-purpose" Receiver, for local broadcast reception. It combines extreme selectivity and sensitivity with ease of operation, and the provision of a tuning meter takes the guess-work out of tuning. Automatic volume control minimizes background noises, both in tuning and operating, and gives freedom from fading. The Model 355 reproduces Australian stations with amazing fidelity and tonal purity, and has earned for itself the title, "the Musician's Receiver". Price — £229/19/6



# Stromberg-Carlson

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AUTHORISED DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE COMMONWEALTH.

## "I'M A Crooner, & PROUD OF IT!" Says Jack Davey, of 2GB

First and foremost, for the moment at least, Jack Davey, of 2GB, is a crooner, and unashamedly he admits to the name. And why shouldn't this ex-All Black footballer, champion runner and swimmer, and motorcyclist, admit to it if he wants to?

HE'S big enough, in spite of the threats of admirers of the more classical in song to do unmentionably horrible things to the next crooner that comes over the air into their homes, allegedly making the Old Masters weep!

Jack Davey says it's all a matter of prejudice, and, as for admitting that people croon because they can't sing, he replies that the more expert musicians in jazz bands, whether instrumentalists or vocalists, know more about the technique of music, especially of harmony and improvisation, and are far more versatile than most performers in grand opera orchestras.

Crooning, says Jack Davey, is the free verse idea applied to song. It is song rendered conversationally, instead of dramatically or lyrically. Even the voice keeps within the vocal range of conversation.

The singer hastens along or slows down according to the meaning of the words, but always returns to the regular beat sooner or later. The anti-crooners say always later, never sooner.

Crooning has its place in music, just as jazz has. Jack Davey agrees with that eminent Australian composer

and instrumentalist, Percy Grainger, that many a gem of purest musical ray serene is in danger of being lost to the world of the future because of the class snobbery of musicians who declare that because jazz is a popular art it is no art at all.

Jack Davey certainly knows his jazz. Sometimes on Saturday nights Jack Davey will sing in his best Jack Davey

### 2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, June 15.—6.20: Fun-fest. 7.45: Darby and Joan. 9.0: Ellis Price. "Her Recent Loss." 9.30: Pickens Sisters. 9.45: Political Commentator. 10.45: George Edwards, in "Gate Crashers."

SUNDAY, June 16.—9.30 a.m.: Milka Korjus. 2.15: Face to Face with Schubert. 6.30: Feature Session. 7.20: Mrs. E. M. Wood, B.A., "Where are we Leading Our Children." 7.40: Prof. Harvey Sutton, "Hereditarily." 8.15: Harmony Isle. 8.45: George Edwards, "The Half Breed."

MONDAY, June 17.—12.15: Bilda Carey, "The Army of Reconstruction." 2.45: Radio School of Domestic Science. 7.50: Inspector Scott. 9.0: "The Disposal of Hunter." 9.15: Russell and Morgan, "Travel with Music."

TUESDAY, June 18.—11.45: Dorothea Vautier, "So They Say" topics. 1.45: Storyteller. 6.45: Voice of the People. 8.5: Name the Noises. 9.15: George Edwards, "Alexander the Great."

WEDNESDAY, June 19.—4.8: Glen Southern. 6.35: Once Upon a Time. 8.0: Viennese Nights. 9.9: Easy Chair.

THURSDAY, June 20.—4.8: Red Square of Moscow. 8.12: Fashions of the Moment. 9.15: "Offa, King of Merca."

FRIDAY, June 21.—11.0: Banish Drudgery. 3.30: Dorothea Vautier, "From Far and Near." 9.30: A. M. Pooley. 9.45: Jack Lumsdaine.

voice: "This is Jack Davey speaking, and now we will hear Duke Ellington" (or maybe Harry Roy, Jack Hyton, Paul Whiteman, or Guy Lombardo, who is his favorite orchestral leader) "say a few words about his orchestra before they play for you."

Thereupon a voice, so like the conductor mentioned that you probably couldn't tell the difference even if you knew it, will introduce you to leading members of his orchestra and point out peculiarities in the instrumentation you are about to hear.

It is Jack Davey, of course. There are few musicians in Sydney who could present the records of classical conductors such as Toscanini, Stokowski, or Sir Thomas Beecham in the same way.

ANOTHER trick that Jack Davey has up his musical sleeve is to sing a song in waltz time, change to two-step, and finish in fox-trot. If you think it is easy, try it on your vocal chords—but make sure there is no microphone about.

But Jack Davey is more than a musician. He was at one time an outstanding athlete. He has been a poster artist, and at times he entertains his audiences with lightning sketches, a trick that may help him as a broadcast artist in the future when we have television.

He draws from memory, having a debt-collector's memory for faces.



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"We tried all the different kinds of food on the market and went to the end of expense, but nothing seemed to do any good until I decided to give Neave's Food a trial, which I am pleased to state was a complete success. It is the best and absolutely the cheapest food obtainable."

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are wearing  
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Ease the pain with  
REXONA

"Why, my dear, whatever have you done to your hands?"  
"They're just covered with chilblains. I get them every winter."  
"Try Rexona Ointment; that will soon fix them. I suffered with chilblains for weeks last year. Then I used Rexona and they completely disappeared in a few days."  
Chilblains are disgusting to the hands and very painful. Now that winter is coming on, you too may be a sufferer. Keep Rexona handy and rub it lightly on the inflamed parts. It will prevent and relieve the irritation.

# Rexona

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# Mandrake the Magician



YOU WILL MEET IN THIS GREAT SERIAL—

**MANDRAKE:** The Master Magician, who, thinking to enjoy a holiday in Alexandria, has become involved, with  
**LOTHAR:** His Nubian slave, in a mysterious adventure. Suddenly attacked, they have overcome their assailants, and discover that the latter are hirelings of a certain  
**PRINCESS NARDA:** A lovely girl on whom Mandrake calls to investigate. Narda is in the power of an evil hunchback,  
**THE HAWK:** A criminal who fears that Mandrake may find out

some secret he is desirous of concealing. So much does Narda fear him that she is not frank with Mandrake, although the great magician offers his help. Scenting a mystery, Mandrake cultivates Narda's company. Dining with her one night he catches her in the act of offering him poisoned wine. Before he can do anything, however, one of The Hawk's thugs stuns him. He is then bound and gagged, and thrown into the black waters of the harbor. Now continue—





## No Results-No Pay!

Try This Simple, Safe  
REDUCING METHOD

Do YOU want to lose weight? Then here is a safe, simple, harmless method which can be given a trial by any stout person without danger or the loss of a single penny. Go to your chemist and purchase a jar of Thalgo Thermal Salts for 1/6d. Take a teaspoonful in a big glass of hot water first thing every morning and continue until you have used two jars. If you are not then satisfied that Thalgo Thermal Salts is benefiting your health and helping you to reduce your weight, the money you have paid will be refunded to you.

**NO STARVING** It is sheer folly to imperil your health by resorting to starving and other dangerous slimming practices. Natural slimness can be obtained without exposing yourself to the dangers of drastic dieting, which is only another name for "semi-starvation." A strict diet is not necessary when you are taking Thalgo Thermal Salts. You can, however, greatly accelerate their action, if you so desire, by abstaining from fatty meats and pastry and reducing the quantity of potatoes, cream, butter, etc., taken at meals.

### NO DANGEROUS REDUCING PROPERTIES

Thalgo Thermal Salts are a combination of salts similar to the principal salts found in many of the Thermal Springs of Europe and other parts of the world. They make it possible for stout people to reduce not because of any dangerous or other reducing properties in the salts themselves, but by aiding the eliminating organs daily to clear away waste products out of the system before they have time to form into unhealthy fatty tissue. The gentle, soothing solution of Thalgo Thermal Salts completely cleanses the system of those wastes and impurities which are likely to cause Fatness, Bad Complexion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

### COSTS YOU NOTHING IF YOU DON'T LOSE WEIGHT

We invite any stout person to purchase a 1/6d. jar of Thalgo Thermal Salts from the nearest Chemist. Begin taking Thalgo Salts tomorrow morning—a teaspoonful in a big glass of hot water before breakfast—and continue each morning until you have used two jars. If you are not then satisfied that it is benefiting your health and helping you to reduce, simply send the two empty cartons to the distributors—Perry, Barker & Co., 18-20 Martin Place, Sydney—and the full purchase price, with postage added, will be refunded to you, at once, without question or controversy. If satisfied, you should continue the regular morning dose of Thalgo Salts to gain perfect slimness and prevent fat from forming.

**THALGO**  
THERMAL SALTS  
PRICE 1/6d. PER JAR AT ALL CHEMISTS



# RHEUMATISM



THE root cause of rheumatism is to be found in the failure of the kidneys to perform their duty as purifiers of the blood stream. The kidneys, which should take out every trace of poison and waste matter from the system, are allowing the blood stream to carry excess uric acid all over the body. This uric acid quickly forms sharp, needle-pointed crystals, which settle in the joints, causing swelling, stiffness and the agonising pain of rheumatism. The correct treatment must restore the kidneys to their healthy, natural state so that uric acid is filtered out from the blood. That is why De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills can effect permanent relief in the most obstinate and deep-seated cases of rheumatism.

It is useless to try to dissolve the uric acid crystals locally if your weak kidneys allow further poison to be carried to limbs and joints.

DE WITT'S Kidney and Bladder Pills act directly on the kidneys, restoring them to their natural action as the filters of waste of the system. You will have visible proof of this direct action within 24 hours of taking the Pills. With the lessening of uric acid, the root cause of rheumatism disappears. The crippling uric acid crystals are quickly melted away by the purified blood stream. Do not waste time with treatments which can, at best, only effect local relief. Take the genuine De Witt's Pills and then rest assured that restored, healthy kidneys will take Nature's own wonderful way of preventing rheumatism.

GET a box of De Witt's Pills from your chemist to-day. Take two pills before you go to bed, and in the morning your pain will have disappeared. Price 3/6 per box, or larger, more economical size, 6/6. See you get the genuine—

**De Witt's** Kidney & Bladder **Pills**  
For RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, Etc.

## PROVIDING for the SICK POOR

Doctor's Views on Proposed Abolition of Honorary Medical System

Public concern has been felt at recent statements by doctors throughout Australia indicating that the honorary medical system might be abolished.

Every public hospital has attached to it a staff of honorary medical men, who make their services available free of all charge to the sick poor. If this service is to be abolished, the poorer people will be deprived of the most highly skilled medical service.

In the following article a medical specialist sets out the position from the point of view of the medical profession and the public.

By a Doctor

TO-DAY the system of honorary staffing of public hospitals is at the cross-roads, and there are three factors which influence its continuance—the State, the public, and the medical profession.

The State finds its public hospitals its "ugly duckling." Their essential users—the poor—cost a lot to provide for, and are able to contribute very little; the result is a heavy drain on revenue and an expenditure which is unprofitable, either in f.s.d. or in votes.

To do justice, however, to the State, it has enormously increased its assistance to the hospitals, even if it has been only on account of the lottery and of contribution schemes that it has been able to play the benevolent uncle, and has provided a greatly improved system of State-wide, uniform organisation in management.

The public—and especially the poor—continue to suffer their bodily ills, and flock to the hospitals in increasing numbers (nearly 500,000 per annum). The proportions using the hospitals have

risen from 1 in 17 of the population in 1901, to 1 in 6 in 1933.

The reason for this is that publicity has constantly been adding to the reputation of the hospitals, while advances in medical work have added tremendously to its cost. The body to-day is investigated as a whole rather than merely in respect of the part which is the seat of disease. X-rays, bio-chemical tests, blood tests, and consultations between the specialists in disease of the various parts of the body, have become almost a routine with, of course, added costs.

### Costs Go Up

WHAT is the effect? Hospital costs have mounted, and the expenses of private medical investigation have risen. The State finds itself constantly called upon to provide greater financial assistance, and the medical practitioner finds a larger and more exacting call upon his time and energies, in his freely-given public hospital work, and a smaller proportion of private patients.

The hospitals and the State in their embarrassment go further in their demands that the hospital patient shall pay to the hospital for services rendered, but the State, with its advancing tendency to interfere in all walks of life, emphasises and insists more strongly than ever that the honorary medical officer shall receive no payment whatsoever.

Between these elements—the public need for modern and efficient medical attention and the financial need of the hospitals and the State to provide for same—comes the medical practitioner and his interests.

The State and the hospitals naturally seek to provide for the public need in the best and most economical manner. Half a million patients per annum attended to free of charge means a considerable saving to the State and to the patient alike, while to the doctors it represents much trying and exacting work, and, as the proportion grows, fewer private patients.

### Pay for Doctors

WE see then that the public demand for hospital treatment grows, while the expenses also mount. The medical man is called upon to extend his free service, while his rewards grow less. An adjustment is obviously necessary, yet it is wise that such should be made, while at the same time retaining the honorary medical system. The alternatives are:

1. A staffing of the hospitals with a limited number of whole-time paid medical officers.
2. A continuance of the honorary free system with free attendance to the poorer, and payment in the medical officers of a proportion of the fees collected from intermediate cases.
3. A continuance of the present system with its growing unfair burden on the medical profession, and leading ultimately to serious discontent and a possible deadlock.

The alternative to an honorary system of hospital staffing is the provision of whole-time paid medical officers. How are they to be paid? At a rate provided to-day of about £700 per annum to Public Health doctors as a minimum, this would cost some £850,000 per annum. These present public medical officers, however, are not called upon to specialise in any degree, or to perform simple operations, let alone highly dangerous and difficult ones. To obtain the same staff with a similar degree of preliminary education would cost several millions per annum.

Cost, then, is a very considerable item for public consideration in changing over to the full-time medical system. The honorary system provides for the poor the very best that the medical profession can give. It provides consultations galore, and no stinting in investigation in a difficult case.

The public will be wise to insist upon retaining a body of medical men trained to a high degree of efficiency by hospital experience.

They will be wise to preserve for themselves the opportunity, when times are hard, of obtaining free the advice and surgical skill of the best in the land.

## A TRUE STORY

By a Well-known Australian

whose career depends upon her vivacious good health



"EVERY day of my life has to be planned. Each hour has its particular, allotted duty," says Miss Sylvia Banks, of 5 Fairholm Grove, Camberwell, Melbourne. In a letter she has written to us in praise of Nujol: "There is singing and plans practice for hours daily, there are exercise and rest periods which both have to be observed with clockwork regularity."

"My success on the stage demands that I do not let up on my daily schedule. I have never been handicapped by illness in the whole of my career, and I attribute that wonderful record entirely to Nujol. The daily dose of Nujol keeps my habits regular and my body in very vital condition."

"This Nujol regularity is the sole cause of my clear complexion, making it possible for me to spend only the absolute minimum of time on make-up."

We are glad to publish Miss Banks' letter because it tells so concisely the simple secret of popularity and success coupled with good health. Follow Miss Banks' example. Try Nujol yourself. See what it will do for you. Bring your children up on it. Nujol will make them as regular as clockwork.

You can get Nujol at any chemist, now in two forms—plain; and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavoured and often preferred by children.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been a regular user for several years, or if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco (Aust.) Ltd., Box 7470, G.P.O., Sydney.



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**NADCO**  
30 MODERN SHADES  
HOME FAST DYES



Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.  
Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

# So They Say

**IT'S YOUR PAGE**  
The "So They Say" page is your page. You can write what you like in it, about what—and how—you like! No topic under the sun, if it is interesting, will be banned! So go ahead and get that pet theory of yours off your chest.

## CURE FOR WORRY

**H**OW many of us, instead of sitting brooding over our little aches and worries, think of taking up a small garden-fork or weeder and digging into Mother Earth?

An hour, or even half an hour, in a garden spent in studying each little plant is sufficient to take our minds off our worries. Moreover, the body benefits, as there is no better lung purifier than the smell of good fresh soil.

Some will say that gardening is too strenuous, but, taken in moderation, it is good for everyone. So, weary women, take out your forks and spades and potter in your gardens.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. E. Fitzmaurice, Ferrett St., Ipswich, Qld.

## RE-READ THEM, TOO

**MRS. A. HORWOOD** (25/5/35) is quite right when she points out the number of friends we lose through failing to find out why they have not written. But I wonder how many more friends are lost because we do not re-read our letters?

How often do we dash off a letter in the heat of the moment, and then regret ever having written it, when it is too late to recall?

I think it is a good policy, always, to sleep over a letter before posting it, and re-read it in calmer moments. By doing this, we not only save much unpleasantness, but also retain, perhaps, a valued friendship.

Miss Peggy Storey, 26 Glenford Avenue, Fullarton, S.A.

## BEAVER-HEARTED ONES

**ON** travelling in a crowded train early one frosty morning I was struck by the cheerfulness and the camaraderie of modern youth. Going to their work early, each carrying a paper bag containing their lunch, having probably been out of bed an hour before, one would think that there was something special in store for that day, instead of just the daily round. Knitting needles clicked and tongues wagged, and I felt a feeling of warmth and happiness come over me at the contact. In search of bravery, why go further than the working girl?

Mrs. M. Wallis, 12 William St., South Yarra S.E. Vic.

## THE GREATEST RISK HE RUNS—INFECTION



**LIFEBUOY SOAP DESTROYS GERMS**  
**HE'S SAFE... IF HE USES LIFEBUOY**  
**THE HEALTH SOAP**



## In a Church, Deep, Dignified Organ Music is the Best

**I** CAN quite understand some people not caring for an organ in a theatre; somehow it seems slightly incongruous (but even then, judiciously used with a good orchestra, it can be very effective), but certainly cannot comprehend anyone not loving good organ music in a church. Somehow the grandeur of a beautiful cathedral or church would be shattered were a piano to ripple forth. How frivolous and thin it would sound! Glorious, sonorous music pouring forth from an organ seems to be synonymous with the solemn atmosphere of a church.

Raimonde Brady, 48 Wills St., Kew E4, Melbourne.

## Would Lessen Sacredness

**WHEN** well played, the deep, rich tones thrill me such as no other musical instrument ever could.

For certain catchy little tunes an accompaniment by piano and violin may be more suitable, but they are not to be compared with the majestic "well of the organ in the uplifting strains of the Doxology and "The Old Hundredth." And what of the "Wedding March"?

To take the organ from the church would be to lessen the sacredness and impressiveness of the service.

Mrs. J. R. Crees, Campbell St., Bowen Hills, Brisbane.

## ETIQUETTE



**DON'T** turn your back to one person for the purpose of addressing another.

## Creates Right Atmosphere

**I** AM sure there is no substitute for the organ as far as religious music is concerned. What could be appreciated more than a beautiful hymn sung to the strains of an organ? In my mind its sombre tones in a church create just the right atmosphere for a religious service which is conducted with reverence fitting to religious worship.

Miss Avis F. Hill, 7 Colton Avenue, Brighton, Adelaide.

## Best—For Three Reasons

**ORGANS**—if by this title pipe organs are referred to—will last as long as churches, because—

(a) Their architecture harmonises with and adorns a beautiful church interior.

(b) No instrument, singly, provides such a background for Church choral work.

(c) None excels the organ, despite Mrs. Baird's (A.W.W. 25/5/35) accusation of "droning" in beauty of tonal combinations, or in expression of moods, from sadness to rejoicing.

Miss Betty Wright, 6 Llewellyn St., Lindfield, N.S.W.

## Nothing More Uplifting

**THE** question raised by Mrs. Baird in your issue of May 25 is interesting.

I think there is nothing more uplifting than organ music, more especially for sacred music. The idea of a piano in church is quite out of place; to my mind it savors too much of jazz music; the tinkling notes could not bring out the beauty of church music. The deep, rolling notes of the organ are eminently suited for that purpose. There is nothing doleful about it. On the contrary, it raises one's thoughts to higher things; and to me it would not be church without the organ's beautiful notes.

Each instrument is beautiful for certain kinds of music and should be kept for that music.

Mrs. W. G. Rowlingson, Broadwater, Stanthorpe, Qld.

**H**OST HOLBROOK says: "When appetite is in a lull, Holbrooks' Bance will put it right." The World's Appetizer.\*\*\*

## Should We Take Down "No Hawkers" Signs?

**I** CERTAINLY do not agree with Mrs. W. Cruse (25/5/35) re the sign, "No hawkers."

Although the majority of people would like to help the hawkers or canvasser, they have not the money to spend on such things as are hawked around.

Therefore, is it not much kinder to put the notice on the gate? Hence canvassers save themselves an unnecessary walk, and this is something when they are on their feet all day.

J. Wilkins, 6 Tennyson St., Brighton Beach, Melbourne.

## Founded on Fear

**I**T has often troubled me, too, this same thought, and I have wondered just what motive is behind the erection of those notices. After deliberation I have come to the conclusion that it is fear (a personal fear which is often well founded) that the hawkers may be persons of a loose or dangerous character that is mainly responsible for the sign.

On the other hand, it does seem uncharitable and hard to make one sweeping rule for all, and condemn every hawker on account of the misdeeds of a few! They have to make a living, and can only do their best by carrying their wares from house to house, because in many cases rent for a shop would be unobtainable.

Fear also is behind the "Beware of the dog," and "Enter at own risk" signs one sees in alarming numbers fastened up on the gates and houses in many streets.

One can hardly condemn absolutely these people whose fear makes cautious, for it has often proved necessary to be sure rather than to be sorry. Even so, it seems a rather unfriendly measure to me, and I regret its apparent necessity!

H. Tilse, Avoca St., Yeronga, Brisbane.

## Put Yourself in His Place

**I** HAVE often thought with Mrs. Cruse (25/5/35) that "No hawkers or canvassers" signs appear somewhat uncharitable these days. I feel that those exhibiting such a notice can never have read Charles Reade's classic, "Put Yourself in His Place."

Often the purchasing of a few things at the door is the only opportunity the housewife, on a regular small income, has of helping those less fortunate.

If unable always to buy, a cheery word of encouragement or a cup of tea at lunch-time must have a very heartening effect on the man at the door.

Mrs. C. Nickels, 25 Medway St., Fullarton, S.A.

## Opened Up a New Life

**TOUCHING** on the question of "No hawkers," I would like to state my experience during the last few years.

I made it a rule to listen and sympathise with all who called, and bought from many, sometimes giving a small donation, and sometimes food. I am not well off, but considered it my duty to help those down and out. I became quite interested in the work, and it opened up a new life to me. I have been thrice blessed in all that I have done, and commend it to all housewives, being an avenue through which we can all help.

E. Witherspoon, Gunnedah, N.S.W.

## Consider Local Storekeepers

**SOME** women cannot bear to turn a hawker away, their sympathy is aroused by the sight of them, and the result is a purchase that could be done without. The sign may save the time of both parties—the housewife by not answering the door, the hawker by passing on.

Again the sign is a hint to "Shop in your town" and save the local store employees from also becoming "hawkers and canvassers."

Mrs. T. P. Roberts, Maclean, N.S.W.

## Would Like a Padlock

**MRS. CRUSE** (25/5/35) is evidently not pestered with hawkers as most people are. Every day I have to make unnecessary trips to the front door (through a long hall), to find somebody trying to sell something I do not want. Frequently I buy stuff that I shall never use; but I cannot buy from them all. They will not accept a refusal, but stand and tell a long, and story, and often become insulting when refused. I would like not only a sign, but a padlock on the gate.

Mrs. C. Williams, 23 Darley Road, Manly, N.S.W.

## Business Girls Here Give Their Weekly Budgets!

**RE** Miss Walsh's letter in The Australian Women's Weekly (25/5/35) concerning business girls' budgets. I work in a cafe and receive £1/16/- a week.

In order to fit myself for a better position at a higher wage, I pay 3/- weekly to a business college where, after my work I study. This necessitates doing my own laundry and forgoing some amusement.

Here is my budget for the week: Board £1, fares 2/-, cosmetics 2/6, college 3/-, dress, etc. 6/-, recreation 2/6 — total £1/16/-.

Miss Louise Scott, 126 Victoria St., King's Cross, Sydney.

## LONG LIFE TO COMEDIANS, SAY I

**WHO** wouldn't like to be a comedian... To have the power to make people laugh and laugh until they forget all their cares and worries?

What a glorious feeling it is to know that we have done someone a good turn, and the comedian has many such opportunities.

Long live the comedians, say I. E. Pemberton, Nirvana, Pemberton St., Botany, N.S.W.

## On £2/8/- Per Week

**HERE** is my budget, roughly: Board £1, dress 10/-, fares 1/-, library, magazines, newspapers 2/-, entertaining 2/8, insurance 1/-, Church and charity 1/6, holidays, emergencies 10/-, making a total of £2/8/-.

E. J. M. Bird, 230 Vulture St., South Brisbane.

## Spends 10/6 On Clothes

**I** WAS very interested in Miss Walsh's letter, because I found the allotment of my expenses so altogether different! I am a working girl on the basic wage, living near the city, and I find, after careful consideration, that my budget works out as follows: Board (which includes lunches cut) £1, fares 2/-, cosmetics (including hair-cut and set) 3/-, amusement, reading matter, etc. 2/6, clothes 10/6; total, £1/17/-.

Miss Joy Burton, Powlett St., East Melbourne.

## ABOUT BICYCLES

**I** HAVE read with interest your readers' letters on the above question. As a much-travelled person, I might state that there are hundreds of ladies' bicycles at Maryborough and Bundaberg (Qld.), and Goulburn (N.S.W.). At Canberra many of the wives of Civil servants have bicycles. In New Zealand, especially in Christchurch, many women ride bicycles; so do Hollywood stars in America, and almost everybody in England.

I think the attitude towards cycling in some parts of Australia, especially in Sydney, is truly remarkable.

For modern women, who do almost everything else, to consider it undignified to ride on a lady's cycle, as their grandmothers did, is somehow turning things upside down. Women cycled 40 years ago in England, when bicycles were first made.

As for looking ungraceful. On the contrary, if they wear a three-quarter length, fairly full skirt, they can look very graceful.

Mrs. C. F. Davy, Australian Hotel, Toowoomba, Qld.

## BATHROOM TEA

**WHAT** a welcome change for the girl about to marry, and a much more sensible idea, too, would be a "bathroom tea" instead of the usual "kitchen tea" with its duplicate flour-sifters and nutmeg-graters, etc., for what bride minds how many cakes of soap, tins of talcum, and bottles of bath salts she receives to say nothing of bath-towels and face-cloths?

Then there's the medicine-chest (which is usually in the bathroom) to be stocked, and cleaners and disinfectants surely come under this heading, likewise toothpastes, lotions, and face-creams, and here's where the bridegroom comes in shaving cream.

Mrs. H. Delhomme, Gipps St., Kiama, N.S.W.

## CHAIN LETTERS

**CANNOT** something be done to make the sending of chain letters a criminal offence? One I have just received contains instructions to post five copies away—I am advised in two cases of large monetary rewards that resulted by so doing within nine days. One unfortunate recipient, having failed to comply with instructions, was said to have lost all she possessed.

Imagine the effect that threat would have on a nervous or sick person!

Mrs. P. Burton, P.O. Mosman, N.S.W.

**"Here I am!"**  
(ON TIME AND ALL SMILES, HER BAD PAINS OF LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO—FORGOTTEN.)  
**BAYER ASPIRIN HAS SPEED**

If sudden headaches ever keep you home, get acquainted with these grand engagement keepers! If you've always used slower tablets, try the speedier relief of aspirin tablets of Bayer manufacture!

Bayer Aspirin dissolves at once. Relief is felt before a slower remedy can even begin its work. You are completely comfortable before it is fair to expect any

results whatever from slow-dissolving tablets.

Next time a splitting headache, a vicious cold, periodic pain or other sudden discomfort threatens to upset your plans, just try Bayer Aspirin. Take two tablets, a drink of water—and go serenely on your way. Sold everywhere in tins of 12 and bottles of 24 and 100. Get "BAYER"—Bayer means Better.



# THIS WEEK'S "Quins" SERIES



THE MEDICAL overhaul by Dr. Dafon (who has been given an O.B.E.) is a daily occurrence of great importance. ABOVE: Marie getting the "once over."

RIGHT: "Here we are, the five of us—all in a row."

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The Australian Women's  
Weekly



"I'LL SAY I'M A bouncing ball of muscle," says little Emelle as she submits to Doctor Dafon's inspection. Emelle looks as though she will forebly deal with anyone who suggests she is not A1.



ANNETTE FINDS the overhaul a bit of a bore. And the stethoscope tickles, what's more. "Get on with the job, Doctor," is her dictum, "and, for the umpteenth time, cut out the tickling!"



## Have you tried this New Powder? It makes skin Clear, Transparent!

In America  
where it was  
created  
women find  
it glorifies  
the complexion.



Over 200 Girls' Skins "Color-Analysed"! This remarkable optical machine was the means by which the Pond's Company discovered the hidden tints in every type of complexion—tones of blue in blonde skin, bright green in brunette! These tints are blended in Pond's Powder to flatter every type.

**H**AVE you ever noticed how some powders make your skin look dull, dark, sallow? That's because they haven't the tints in them which are found in lovely clear skin. Such powders destroy the good points you have without adding anything to help you!

But now, this new Pond's Face Powder has been created which actually contains the bright, hidden colors which give a lovely glow to the complexion! It provides the tints which bring youth and vibrancy to skin that has become dull and lifeless, perhaps through illness, worry or fatigue. And it is especially suited to Australian women,

whose skins are apt to age more quickly under our trying climatical conditions.

### Different from all other powders

Pond's Face Powder is scientifically mixed to give exactly the tints your skin needs for added life, brilliance, sparkle. These powder shades are absolutely new—different from any you've tried. The moment you use Pond's Powder you'll see your skin transformed. Your complexion will look young, smooth as velvet, glamorous! Your friends will notice the difference—men will say flattering things to you!

Fill in the coupon below and send for a free sample of this marvellous new powder, created by the makers of Pond's exquisite Cold and Vanishing Creams, in your shade. It comes in larger boxes for 1/6; new extra large size, 2/6.

### Special Offer:

Mail coupon with 4d. in penny stamps to cover postage, package, etc., for free sample of Pond's new Face Powder and Pond's two Creams. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) [ ] Light Cream [ ] Rose Cream (Natural) [ ] Naturelle (Light Natural) [ ] Rose Brunette [ ] Dark Brunette (Santon) [ ]

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# What Women Are Doing

## Reso Tour

AS hon. secretary of the Victorian Federation of Mothers' Clubs, Mrs. L. M. Pitt will probably handle most of the arrangements for the Reso tour that the Federation is planning to take place during the Show vacation from September 23 to 28.

The Victorian Federation is always contriving to make it possible for school children to see their own country at the lowest possible cost. The inclusive cost for the week of sight-seeing, with accommodation at first-class coffee palaces, has been reduced to the minimum.

## Clyde Old Girls Choose Jubilee Year President

IN acquiring Miss Olga Hay, B.A., as their president for the school's jubilee year, Clyde Old Girls chose wisely. Miss Hay was one of the first group of boarders at Clyde, the first girls' school in Victoria to be maintained entirely in the country, and she trained as a teacher there.

She has had two trips abroad. She set out on the first with exactly £150, and it is a tribute to her adaptability that she came back with £50 untouched.

She worked her way most of the time, taking many jobs, including those of cook in a New York boarding-house at 90 dollars a month, more than teachers earned in 1921; a waitress in a women's club; and a mother's help on a ranch near Calgary in Canada, where snow had to be melted in a saucepan on the stove to provide warm water to bathe the baby.

During her trips, Miss Hay trained as a teacher at Cambridge and attended summer school at Oxford, and she also found time to attend the conference of the New Education Group in Denmark.

## Aiming to Build

### Creche for Kindergarten

AS chairwoman of the Creche and Kindergarten Association, Mrs. E. Bedford Elwell, of Brisbane, finds most of her time well occupied.

This year the main ambition of the Kindergarten is to build a most up-to-date creche out at Rosalie, and to raise money for this purpose Mrs. Elwell, with her committee, is arranging many entertainments.

A Jubilee ball, a performance by the Repertory Society of "The Blue Bird," and then a floral festival, are a few of the things that Mrs. Elwell is at present concentrating on.

As well as her Kindergarten work, Mrs. Elwell finds time to be interested in the Country Women's Association, and is president of the Kangaroo Point branch, East Brisbane, working mostly for the Lota Seaside Home, working to give holidays to the women out-back.

## Tasmanian Girl Adopts New Type of Career

MISS JUDY BUTLER, eldest daughter of Mrs. Leslie Butler, of Toorak Avenue, has sandwiched travel gaieties so successfully between her jobs as to provide her life with a multitude of interests. Travel, probably, ranks first in her regard, but Miss Butler is a worker, too. For six years she co-operated successfully with her mother and sister in conducting a well-known tearoom in Hobart. A long period of nursing followed, during which period Miss Butler executed those samples of exquisite needlework which were to win for her prizes at art exhibitions, and many orders sometimes difficult to fulfil.

Now, after a year in England, Miss Butler is home once again and, with characteristic energy, is hard on the heels of a new job.

This is one that should prove a perfect godsend to the hard-pressed Hobart hostess. Miss Butler's idea is to go from house to house as a sort of daughter to the short-staffed home, and assist with entertaining in a practical manner. This is to say, she will supervise or prepare the afternoon tea, supper, dinner, or luncheon, answer the door, pour the tea or coffee, and fulfil all those minor duties so distracting to a woman attempting to entertain her friends single-handed.

## Changes at Women's College

MISS S. J. WILLIAMS, who has held the important position of principal of the Women's College, University of Sydney, for many years, will soon be enjoying the warmth of Queensland's sun. Since her retirement from office there has been a ceaseless round of farewells, official and otherwise, and Miss Williams has hardly had time to tell her friends of future plans, which include a trip abroad.

Miss Camilla Wedgewood, the well-known anthropologist, has succeeded Miss Williams as principal of the Women's College.

## Matrimony Thins Ranks of Women Police in London

ROMANCE has depleted the ranks of the women police in London. So many have resigned to be married that Scotland Yard is advertising to fill the vacancies. Candidates have to pass a general knowledge examination, as well as a fairly exacting medical one.

Common causes of failure to pass the medical examination are deformities of feet, enlarged tonsils or adenoids, facial deformities, and bad or defective teeth.

London has 55 women police, and the rate of pay for beginners is 53/6 per week, with a rent allowance of 6/-.

Inspectors earn from 104/- to 132/-.

## Encourage Talent in Queensland's Amateur Actors

LOVERS of the theatre, and amateur actors, have a staunch and capable leader in Mrs. Robert Scott (Dulcie Scott).

She produced and took the leading role in the last Repertory Society's performance, "She Passed Through Lorraine," and has done good work for University amateurs.

The burlesque and revue for the Queensland University in May were produced by Mrs. Scott, who is continuing the good work and doing more plays for the University towards the end of the year.

Born in Sydney, Mrs. Scott is a daughter of Mr. Arthur Crane, who was the principal baritone in the J. C. Williamson Opera Company for fourteen years, and also played with Howard Vernon in Gilbert and Sullivan. Mrs. Scott's mother was a professional dancer.



Mrs. Robert Scott—Dulcie Scott.

## Hobart Women Make Big Drive for Red Cross

THROUGHOUT last month the Red Cross Society has been on the warpath for funds, and the organised appeal has helped to fill coffers that but lately were sadly depleted.

A strong team headed by the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. J. J. Wignall), the Lieutenant-Governor's wife (Lady Lewis), Lady Nicholas, Lady Ashbolt, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Wishart Smith, Mrs. E. H. Webster, Mrs. C. E. Webster, and many others, rallied to action, and the Paddy's Market so admirably conducted in the Town Hall was generously supported.

Teams, too, have been organised in different districts for house-to-house collections. Mrs. Henry Baker leading the way in collecting groups of girls for the rather uncongenial job.

The whole effort will culminate in the gigantic bridge afternoon at Government House on June 12. Lady Clark, wife of the Governor, who is warmly sympathetic with the good cause, was assisted in organising this party by the committee.

## Making Her Home in a New Land

WHEN Mrs. E. M. Levy set sail for Australia, where her husband has been called to the Chief Rabbiate of Sydney, she was told by friends most depressing tales about the shortage of domestic help. However, Mrs. Levy was quite prepared to do her own work (though it probably will not be necessary) in their furnished flat in Sydney.

In Durban, where they were last stationed, the women are quite spoiled, for there is no servant problem at all. Before coming out here, Mrs. Levy, the Rabbi, and the three children—Naomi, David, and Daniel—were for a time in England and spent several weeks in Palestine. They were very cheered by their first sight of Australia, which they were looking forward most eagerly to see, for a large number of the Jewish community at Perth came to the Otranto to meet them and welcome them to Australia.

## United Country Party's New Organiser in Victoria

EVER since she took up her duties as organiser for the women's section of the United Country Party in Victoria recently, Mrs. Charles Perks has been on the move. Almost at once she was sent to the Stawell-Ararat electorate, and after that she moved up north.

All Victoria will catch fleeting glimpses of her in the next few months, but she will leave a memory behind as she is a dynamic person with an acute sense of humor and plenty of energy, in spite of the fact that she is a grandmother.

Though she has reached an age when she might be expected to think of a little rest, Mrs. Perks has taken up the cudgels of the Country Party because she was touched by the conditions under which women in the outback of Victoria worked to bring up their children.

According to her, the many bad roads she has travelled over played no small part in turning her into such an organiser.

She says, "I am trying to lend a hand to help country people, but I do wish the Country Roads Board would keep a few miles ahead as I go."

## American Women Help On Their National Day

IF the American women resident in other parts of Australia celebrate their national day, July 4, in as delightful a way as their countrywomen in Melbourne, they will have a very good deed as well as a good time to remember for the rest of the year.

Headed by the wife of the American Consul in Melbourne, Mrs. James Dye, an American Women's Auxiliary to the Children's Hospital has been in existence for four years, and is a very active body.

As a matter of fact, the Auxiliary's birthday was celebrated with a luncheon party given by Mrs. Dye and Mrs. Norman Picot at Mrs. Dye's home. There was a cake, complete with four candles, and a delightful lunch, but afterwards, with true American efficiency, the forty women present set to work to discuss the plans for the ball that is to be their big effort for the hospital on July 4.

It will take place at the Palais de Danse, St. Kilda, to hold the crowd, and the busy organiser is Mrs. Norman Picot, with a third charming American, Mrs. James Clymer, as ticket secretary.



Mrs. Norman Picot—Brothera.



## Jazz to Meet Classics in S.A. Club Venture

SOUTH AUSTRALIA has a plan that should result in jazz-lovers being interested in good music, and "solid" musicians being ready to appreciate jazz.

The idea was originated by Mr. John Dempster, but Mrs. K. Cameron Wilson is doing a great deal to help him make the Corinthian Club a success. She, without doubt, possesses the family flair of organising and thinking out bright ideas, and when the club held its first meeting to discuss just what its musical and social aims and objects should be, she suggested a definite plan of action which met with general applause—that good music be dispensed to the "Bright Young Things," who, in return, should organise the social functions at which the music was to be given. To run "meetings" on cabaret lines is Mrs. Wilson's idea, so that jazz and dancing should be interspersed, and everything should be strictly informal.

The really musical members of the club have expressed their intention of finding out what merits there really are in jazz.

## Her Beautiful Needlework in S.A. Art Gallery

A FINE tribute was paid to the work of Miss Maude F. Prosser when Mrs. John Christison, of Clare, bought her lovely needlework screen.

"In a Garden Faye"—at the last autumn exhibition of the Society of Arts in Adelaide, and presented it to the Art Gallery. The screen, which has been placed in an alcove in the Museum, charmingly holds its own with the old tapestries and cabinets nearby.

It is a beautiful garden scene of flowers and shrubs, where a lady in flowing shadowy Victorian draperies is wandering under a sky of cloudy blue.

Miss Prosser learnt her art from Mr. Harry P. Gill at the S.A. School of Arts and Crafts, later becoming directress of needlework and crafts there.



Miss Maude Prosser.

## She Founded the Hobart Repertory Society

ALL lovers of the drama in Southern Tasmania owe a big debt of gratitude to Miss Olive Wilton (Mrs. Cornhill). It is owing to her activities and inspiration that the Hobart Repertory Society came into existence.

For eight years Olive Wilton has been associated with the Hobart Repertory Society. At the beginning, Miss Wilton tried to run performances on her own, and in 1921 attempted to organise the Repertory Society. In this she was assisted by the enthusiastic support of the Carmichael Lynes, Colonel Thomas, Professor McAulay, and the late J. A. Johnson, and Professor Giblin.

And so the society was firmly set upon its feet, and since then has marched on from strength to strength! Each year they present four plays to the public, a story play, a comedy, a historical play, and a play of fantasy.

But Miss Wilton is very anxious to produce Australian plays. She feels that we are gradually building up a literature of our own, and that worthwhile plays are being written and will be written. And these are the plays she would especially enjoy producing.

In addition to her repertory work, Miss Wilton is kept extremely busy teaching phonetics and elocution at schools and in her studio, and she helps to train the teachers at the Training College under the Educational Department, in phonetics.

## IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP.







## -AWAKE night after night

until Esterin brought relief

NERVES frayed, health endangered, all because the nerve centres need soothing and relaxing. Such suffering is no longer necessary. NYAL ESTERIN, the new sedative that acts directly on the nerve centres, brings quick relief, and natural sleep to the sleepless. NYAL ESTERIN contains ingredients which are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for the prompt relief of pain. It does not form a habit. Take NYAL ESTERIN tablets for sleeplessness, headaches, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatic and nerve pains. Your chemist sells NYAL ESTERIN Tablets at 1/3d. a tin of 24 Tablets.

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## BECOME AN EXPERT JAZZ PIANIST

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RESULTS GUARANTEED OR MONEY  
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You may learn by Postal or Personal tuition. Double the life of the party. Surprise your friends. Send for particulars NOW.  
LANGFORD PIANO SCHOOL, Dept. 23,  
257 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY. Phone 13073.

## TROUSSEAU, "Smokes" Cosmetics and "PERMS"

### Claims of Women in Industry for Higher Wages!

A new kind of judicial inquiry is in progress in New South Wales. The three Judges who form the State's Industrial Commission have been set their hardest task to date.

What are a working woman's needs in the way of dress, recreation, and personal adornment?

And—the real point at issue—how many of these needs should employers be compelled to recognise—and pay for? This is the problem the Judges are now pondering.

AN outstanding feature of the inquiry that is being held by the Industrial Commission to fix a new living wage for women is the marked variation in what are now regarded as women's necessities, as compared with what was provided for them after an inquiry in 1919.

The list of requirements that the judges have to consider includes evening frocks, shoes, "smokes," a "perm" every nine months, a reset every month, a full summer and winter wardrobe, meals, lodgings, and a wide range of miscellaneous items.

These are by no means the only new claims of the modern women in industry. An allowance of £9/0/7 a year is now being asked for the purchase of materials in preparation for a trousseau.

WITH regard to the trousseau, the Public Service Association, which is making the claim, assumes that £22/10/- is required to equip the modern girl's glory-box, and, as the average Australian girl marries at the age of 24½ years, if she commences to get her trousseau ready at 21 she will have to save £9/0/7 a year to have it ready by the time she reaches the age of 24½.

At previous inquiries into the cost of living in 1926, 1929, and 1932, the Commission fixed the wages of women in industry on the basis of 54 per cent. of the wages of men.

Not being satisfied with this method of fixing a living standard for women, the Public Service Association requested

a detailed inquiry into women's needs, in respect of clothing, food and shelter, and miscellaneous items.

The application is being made on behalf of some 200,000 women employed in the various industries of the State, and union secretaries of other organisations are generally supporting the claims of the Public Service Association.

The hearing of the women's claims is expected to finish during the present week.

An indication of the variations in the wages paid to women in recent years is shown in the following table:—

	£	s.	d.
1927 .....	2	6	0
1929 .....	2	4	6
1932 .....	1	18	0
1933 .....	1	17	0
1934 .....	1	16	6
1935 (April) .....	1	17	0

Thus the basic wage, to-day, is 9/- per week below that of 1927. There is no doubt that women generally feel that they are entitled to an increase now commensurate with the improved economic conditions.

In regard to food and shelter the Public Service Association is suggesting on this application that provision should be made in the cost of living wage, by making an allowance for board and lodging.

The employers, on the other hand, argue that an allowance should be made for the rent of a room, and then the employee should either do for herself or purchase meals at restaurants.

In this connection evidence was given before the Commission by one witness



THE STREAMLINE effect with a simple white evening gown featuring an extreme décolletage. Women require two evening frocks per year, the Industrial Judges have been told.

that suitable meals could be obtained at a cost of 8d.

The Association is asking that the existing wage of £1/17/- be increased to £2/5/4, made up as follows: Clothing, 18/-; board and lodging, £1/8/3; and miscellaneous items, £1/1/1.

During the decade 1922 to 1932, the number of males in employment in industry in N.S.W. decreased by 10 per cent., whereas, during the same period, the number of women employed increased by 8.5 per cent. What the significance of this trend is, it is difficult to say, unless it is attributable to the exploitation of female labor on account of its cheapness.

Evidence given to the Commission showed that on the average the wage paid to women workers in industry was about £2/4/-, a margin of 7/- above the minimum wage.



## On those days

when fatigue overtakes you easily, you definitely require the assistance that Vicker's Gin can give to your system. Because Vicker's is an ABSOLUTELY PURE gin that is mildly stimulating, it is admirably suited to women's constitutions, and can be taken regularly without fear.

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ALL  
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and  
AND  
Half  
Sizes

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1—"Gypsy" again—a style straight from the Austrian Tyrol; black, brown suede, fringed tongue. 2½ and 3 sizes.



2—"St. Moritz" has a streamline effect. Brown calf oxford with imitation crocodile; 5 holes high; and quite seamless. Very neat.



3—"The Campari"—on the Fair Veldt last but it draws its inspiration from Harvard; Brown suede and imitation crocodile. . . .

Shoes—Third Floor



4—"Rustic" brown suede slashed tongue oxford perforated caps and quarters. Sturdy leather sole. 2 to 7½.



5—"Nomad". Notice the large perforated, gyped tongue; bronze buckle; shaly brn. calf to contrast.

# FARMER'S



## Breathe this for CATARRH

It means happy relief from all the disagreeable symptoms of Nasal Catarrh. Based on the perfectly-balanced formula of a noted Specialist, it is sold by all Chemists under the name of Catarrh Clysmac. Thoroughly tested and found a consistently true treatment for Nasal Catarrh in all stages—Clysmac acts with remarkable speed—gentle and soothing in action, and leaves the head and brain as clear as a bell.

Start the Catarrh Clysmac treatment today, and enjoy the comfort that it is guaranteed to give. The cost is only trifling—1/3, or nearly three times the quantity for 4/6. Simply ask your Chemist for Clysmac, or write to Baxton Chemical Co., Box 1035H, G.P.O., Sydney.\*\*\*

## Clysmac

## MODERN Troubadours Return to AUSTRALIA

Popular and Clever Rayner Sisters

The Rayner sisters, modern troubadours, who have been singing and playing their way round the world, have returned to Australia.

EVEN the most prosaic of us have a dream picture of the ideal holiday tucked away somewhere in our mind's eye.

To the more romantic of us the lure of the road and the wandering caravan life make an irresistible appeal.

But unfortunately this workaday world of ours does not seem to look too kindly on such-like rosy castles in the air, and so the majority of us put away our dream pictures and go back to our everyday world again.

But not so the Rayner sisters, who have just returned here after four years' caravanning through the lanes of England, over the highways of Scotland, among the villages of Sweden, and on the Continent.

The troubadours, Joan and Betty Rayner, are back with folk songs from England, France, America and Germany, a Japanese lullaby, and a couple of poems translated from the Chinese of Tu Fu.

The tang of the sea is in much of what the troubadours offer, and they are almost as fond of Oriental subjects, while old London Town furnishes more than one inspiration.

### Vivid Appeal

JOAN AND BETTY RAYNER have been working their passage through the world with song and dance for about eight years. Their costumes, simple as they are, have a striking power of creating atmosphere, but the real secret of their success is the spontaneity allied to the vivid sense of character which marks their shows.

They have a wonderful gift for making vivid appeal to the imagination of the audience, whether it be in singing troubadour songs, folk tales of lovers, soldiers and maidens, chanting sea ditties, or reciting old and modern ballads.

There is no doubt about the novelty and charm of their entertainment, its rich qualities of imagination and mimicry, its distinctive note of delicate irony, and its joyous funmaking.

They caravanned through the Continent, played there before all sorts of audiences, and yet language presented no difficulty. Not a line appeared to be lost, every point was seized, and to all intents and purposes they might as well have been playing to an English audience. They fell in love with the Swedish towns, and the softly-colored houses about the quays with their vivid window-curtains and cheery market scenes.

And so to other towns and countries have they gone, copying these ancient troubadours of old who came and went, performing their plays, ballads, and songs on the village green or within castle walls; singing and playing their way along, climbing after high adventures and enjoying life as did the strolling players of old.

Wherever they have gone, that part of the world has been the better for their artistry.

The essence of the art of Joan and Betty Rayner is its delicacy of balance with etched clearness, spontaneity, and plausibility.

It is make-believe which is intensely real, both at the time and after. Both girls are blue-eyed and brown-haired, and both have a sense of humor. Australia is glad to welcome back the Rayner sisters and their art.

### "The SHINING HOUR"...

THE life and loves of the Linden family provide the plot of "The Shining Hour," performed three times during the week at the Savoy Theatre by Philip Lewis' Professional Repertory Company.

Flaine Hamill, winner of the Women's Weekly Screen Contest, took the part of Mariella Linden (wife of Henry), whose exotic beauty has a disturbing effect on the hitherto peaceful home life of the Linden brothers and sisters.

An excellent performance is given by Harvey Adams in the part of David Linden, whose wife, Judy (Sybil Davidson), commits suicide when she discovers that her husband and Mariella have fallen in love with each other.

Winifred Green gives a splendid portrayal of the managing, interfering, but withal useful sister, Hannah Linden; Leslie Victor is the elder brother, and Philip Lewis the youngest son of the family.

The play ran smoothly and, though the farm living-room was the only decor, gave the impression of much action. The emotional change from a normal atmosphere to that of introspection, emotionalism, and acute tension was cleverly conveyed.—V.M.



## Youngsters love it!

WHEN buying your breakfast food it is well to remember that Breakfast D-Light is the real heart of the wheat grain with all the harsh indigestible parts removed.

It is so satisfying and sustaining that it is particularly valuable to youngsters in winter weather, and keeps them fit and strong and free from colds.

Breakfast D-Light now cooks quickly in five minutes, which really means that in a jiffy you give the family a wholesome hot cereal breakfast. The creamy flavour of Breakfast D-Light appeals to the whole family.

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## Breakfast

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# PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

## ★★ ROBERTA

Irene Dunne, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers. (R.K.O.)

NO wonder the feet-footed Fred Astaire never puts on weight, and that Ginger Rogers keeps her sylphlike figure. Here, as dancing partners in Paris, they outdo previous displays in the rehearsal number at the Cafe Russe, with its skilful effect of impromptu, and in the final dance after the mannequin parade at Roberta's, famed modiste's, which leaves them and us gasping at its whirlwind speed. That same parade, culminating in the appearance of Irene Dunne, as the exiled Russian Grand Duchess Stephanie and principal designer of Roberta's, in an all-white fur-trimmed confection, shows some very striking creations. Besides this we have Miss Dunne in tuneful songs. It is true that her voice is a trifle reedy in the upper register, and it is no use for her Stephanie to claim that she learnt English at school in England. But Miss Dunne is always an admirable artist.

The story on which these decorations are hung is slight, the usual romantic misunderstanding being provided by Stephanie and an ex-footballer (Randolph Scott), who, because of his relationship with the late proprietor, is left co-heir with her. The description of Scott at an early stage as like a Newfoundland puppy in these exotic surroundings is apt. We enjoyed his predicament when he is left in sole charge with only the irresponsible Astaire to fend off tailors and cutters and a lady fashion reporter. Astaire's doge manner keeps the whole piece moving along lightly and is well contrasted with the exhibitions of temperment which Miss Rogers, as a pseudo-Polish countess, feels it incumbent on her to give.—Regent, com. June 7.

## ★★ THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD

Claude Rains, Heather Angel, Douglas Montgomery. (Universal.)

WHATEVER precise conclusion Dickens may have intended for his unfinished story, the collaborators on this version have certainly done a satisfactory job, consistently with what we know of the author's idea. The production, never over-weighted by its conscientious detail, grips from start to finish. The cloistered atmosphere of the cathedral society, the girlish primness of Miss Twinkleton's pupils, the unsavoury opium den, the dragging of the river for Drood's corpse, and the final pursuit mounting from the vaults to the bell tower are all presented with excellent judgment.

Again one feels the extraordinary vitality these creatures of Dickens' fancy possess. As Jasper, the hyacinthine opium addict, torn between devotion to his nephew and infatuation for his nephew's affianced bride, Claude Rains has a role which gives full scope to his fine gifts. Heather Angel offers the impression of Rosa Bud's dewy freshness, her unaffectedness and her startled dread of Jasper, while Douglas Montgomery, admirably in character as the hot-tempered young Landless, surprises us by the excellence of his manner and disguise when he comes back as the venerable Mr. Datchery. Other memorable characters are the consequential mayor, Sapsea, and the lawyer, Mr. Grewgious. The urchin who stones Durdle's home unfortunately speaks American, but otherwise there is not a jarring note.—Capitol, com. June 7; King's Cross, com. June 8.

## ★ TRAVELLING SALES-LADY

Joan Blondell, William Gargan, Glenda Farrell. (Warner Bros.)

ON the battlefronts of American business what campaigns are waged! In this typical comedy, two rival firms of toothpaste manufacturers are at holts. It happens that the conservative head of the one does not believe in advertising stunts; he holds the fanciful notion that the quality of goods is their greatest recommendation. Furthermore, he is so old-fashioned that he refuses to give his daughter (Joan Blondell), a girl with an itch for business, a job with the firm; and he won't even see a chemist (Hugh Herbert) who wants to submit an invention.

Accordingly the daughter, without her father's knowledge, takes the field against him on behalf of his opponent, and armed with the invention, which consists of flavoring toothpastes with various kinds of alcohol to taste. Naturally, the firm's traveller (William Gargan), also unaware of the rival sales-lady's identity, is beaten all along the line. In the heat of the moment Gargan describes Miss Blondell's methods as "unethical." We could think of a much stronger word. But Miss Blondell is past mistress of this kind of prettiness. Our chief regret is that Glenda Farrell, as head of a chain of drug stores, does not get much chance.—Regent, com. June 7.

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—  
excellent.

★★ Two stars—  
good films.

★ One star—  
average films.  
No stars . . . . . no good.

## ★ JANE EYRE

Virginia Bruce, Colin Clive. (Monogram.)

MUCH of the story of Charlotte Brontë's novel has been faithfully rendered in this film version. The cheerless regime of the orphanage where the child, Jane, grows up to be a junior teacher; the young heroine's transference to a happier, wider field of duty as governess to little Adele; and the unfolding of her romance with Rochester (Colin Clive) are all here. But alas, in the process of adaptation this incomparable tale has become a mere novelette.

One could forgive, perhaps, Jane's elaborate silk gowns. But for Virginia Bruce, tall, fair and elegant, to play the part of the sandy-haired, plain and insignificant little governess, full of suppressed fire, like her author, beneath her timid exterior, gives too severe a wrench to the imagination. The queenly manner of this Jane, who shares with several of the other characters an unmistakable American accent, seems to subsume Rochester's brusqueness from the first. And the screams and midnight eeriness of the mysterious mansion have lost their power to alarm. The dialogue has been Americanised here and there. Perhaps we must expect that. But we jib at the spelling of "somer" in the sentences quoted from the book. English classics served up a la Hollywood are like dishes in which the cook has confused the flavors.—Lyceum, com. June 15.

## ★ THE NIGHT IS YOUNG

Ramon Novarro, Evelyn Laye (M-G-M.)

IF we must have Vienna as the background of a musical film this is certainly the happiest period to choose, when its people were really gay and their old Emperor was still alive to watch over them. Scenes at the Opera introduce lovely blonde Evelyn Laye as a not very adroit member of the ballet, along with her bosom friend, Una Merkel. From there we go with her to the villa of the Archduke (Ramon Novarro), who is looking for a serious intrigue with a designing countess. Naturally, her innocent freshness soon proves a powerful counter attraction, and there follow suppers together in cafes and frolics in the Prater.

The unconventional acquaintance ripens to the accompaniment of some delightfully lilting airs. But at last duty wrenches the Archduke away, and the idyl closes with a broken-hearted girl singing "When I Grow Too Old to Dream." There is much charming sentiment in the piece, and both Novarro and Miss Laye interpret its moods with nice discretion. Edward Everett Horton, as a flustered Baron in attendance on the Archduke, and Charles Butterworth, as Miss Merkel's prosaic admirer, enrich it also with their comedy.—St. James, com. June 5.

## ★ IT'S A SMALL WORD

Spencer Tracy, Wendy Barrie. (Fox.)

A BRIGHT little comedy here introduces to Hollywood Wendy Barrie, the English actress who will be remembered as Jane Seymour in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." There is the fairly familiar situation of two cars colliding on a lonely road during a stormy night, the girl's annoyance with the young man (Spencer Tracy), who is the other driver, and his determination to break down her stubborn refusal to treat him as a partner in misfortune. But Miss Barrie has sparkle and an attractive air of youthfulness, and Tracy is one of the most likeable of the he-men in whom Hollywood specialises.

Their enforced stay in a sleepy Louisiana town while one car is being patched up out of the sound bits of the original two—happily of the same make—brings them within the jurisdiction of the local Pooh-Bah (Raymond Walburn), who is judge, hotelkeeper, garage proprietor, and most things one can think of, and whose mellow craftiness is a joy to witness. A very nice little wire-haired terrier, a court scene in which Miss Barrie's blandishments and assumed Southern drawl vanquish the jury, and a taste of early-morning duck shooting, give variety to a pleasant entertainment.—Capitol, com. June 14; King's Cross, com. June 15.

# HUMOR of GEORGE ROBEY



Above: GEORGE ROBEY, as Sancho Panza in "Don Quixote," roused out of bed in the middle of the night to accompany his eccentric master on his travels, takes his donkey.



Below: CHALIAPINE, as Don Quixote, with his armor girt on bestrides his poor steed, Rosinante, and prepares to ride forth and do battle in the name of chivalry.

DON QUIXOTE, wearing the barber's shaving-dish for a helmet, is here in argument with the shepherds whose sheep he has attacked.

*Renowned  
Comedian  
of Variety  
Stage ...*

## IN FILM of "DON QUIXOTE"

THE film version of Cervantes' immortal story, "Don Quixote," in which the famous Russian basso, Chaliapine, plays the part of the melancholy knight, has long been due for release in Australia. Music Week now provides the occasion for its exhibition.

In this picture, second only in interest to Chaliapine's portrayal of the Don himself is George Robey's interpretation of his comic henchman, Sancho Panza.

GEORGE ROBEY is one of the outstanding figures of the London theatre. He is a strongly individualistic performer, a product of the music halls and variety stage, where an artist of whatever kind must be able to grip his audience from the moment when he makes his entrance.

Like other comedians he has found it an advantage in this immediate assault upon an audience's sense of the ridiculous to accentuate some physical peculiarity or trick of make-up. Nearly all the great figures of fun in whom the world delights have some copyright, we might almost call it, of this kind.

Chaplin is associated not only with a certain decayed attire—tattered morning coat, baggy trousers, shuffling boots, a cane and a bowler hat several sizes too small—but with those well-known tufts of moustache. Eddie Cantor works his pop-eyes for all they are worth to get an effect of innocent knowingsness. Leslie Henson uses his eyes, too. But they are swivelling orbs that can take the peculiar glazed look of a swimming fish. Jack

Hulbert's bland smile and jaunty bearing are given extra point by that elongated chin of his.

So whenever George Robey appears, whatever may be his costume of the moment, we look for the exaggeratedly heavy-arched eyebrows, which express comic surprise and resignation.

He may be crowned by the wig of a pantomime dame; but the eyebrows remain the same.

THOUGH Robey has toured South Africa several times, he has never voyaged as far as Australia. It has been said that he is a poor sailor and would not care to contemplate so long an ocean trip for that reason. It may be so. Probably what has kept him back as much as anything is that the time lost on the way means a considerable sacrifice, unless it is to be deliberately set aside as a holiday.

George Robey's stage career has not yet reached the length of Marie Tempest's, the well-known and much-beloved comedy actress, who made two visits to Australia some years ago, and who celebrated her stage Golden Jubilee in the

presence of the King and Queen just recently.

Robey made his debut at the old Aquarium Theatre in London, in 1891, at the age of 22. He was educated in London and Dresden, and his real name is George Edward Wade. The profession for which he was intended was engineering, which he studied for four years before deciding definitely where his real gifts lay.

He has made numerous appearances in provincial pantomimes as well as in London, and has invariably been a tremendous draw. There is a peculiar ripeness and whimsical authority about his pantomime dames that smite an audience well between the ribs.

One of his earlier successes, apart from pantomime and variety turns, was "The Bing Boys," with Violet Lorraine. Later on he began to take comedy roles of different kinds, sometimes in straight-out drama. He was Menelaus to Evelyn Laye's Helen in the comic opera, "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." Quite recently he has been winning eulogies from all the London critics for his portrayal of Falstaff in Shakespeare's "Henry IV. Part 1." This undoubtedly has been a great performance.

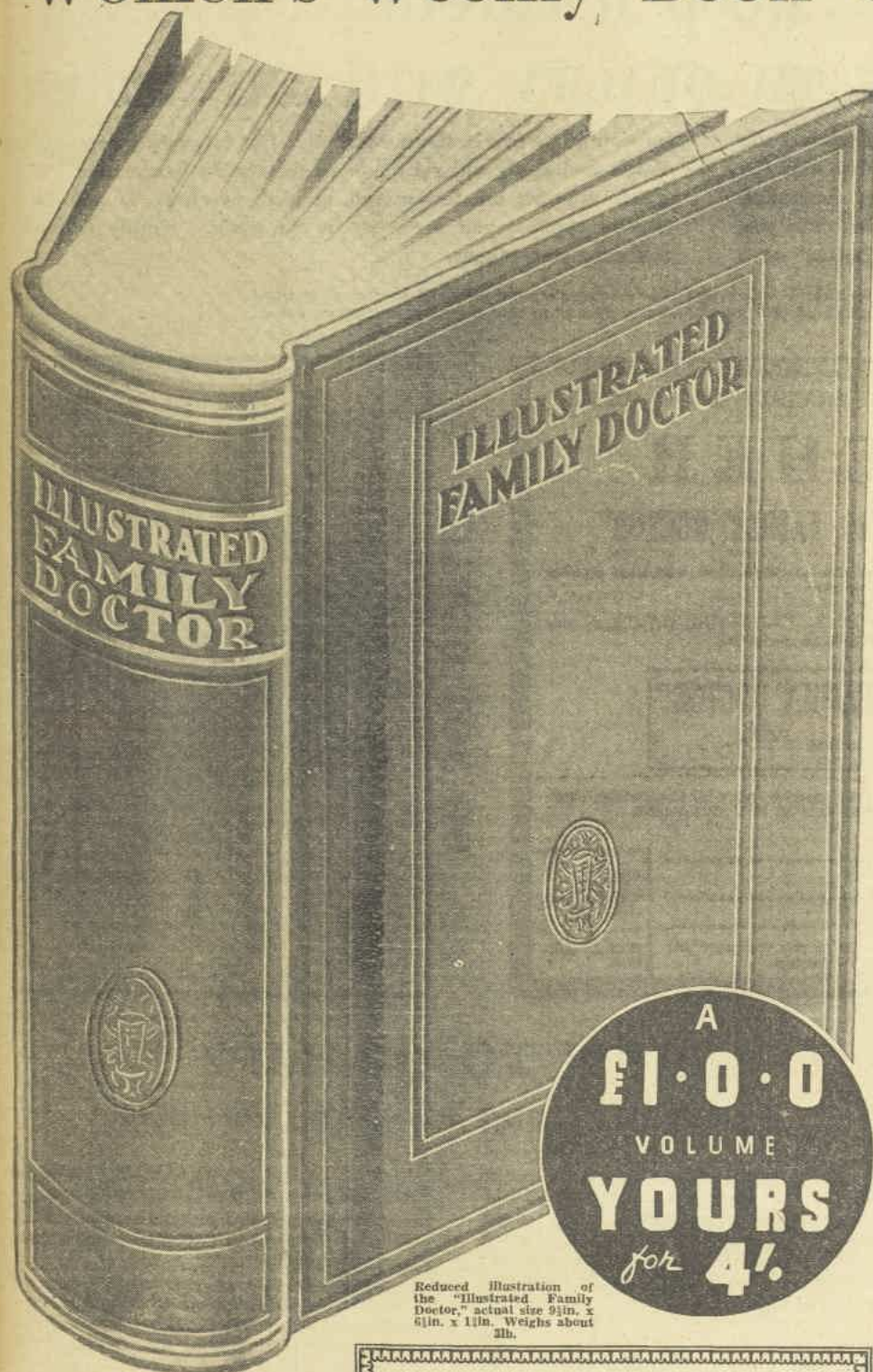
ROBEY'S film appearances have not been many. He played with Harry Green, the Hollywood comedian, in "Marry Me," released in Australia two or three years ago. Since then he has been seen here in "Chu Chin Chow," playing the part of Ali Baba.

In "Don Quixote," he is a member of a distinctly cosmopolitan cast, which includes, besides the Russian Chaliapine, the well-known Australian actor, Oscar Asche, Sidney Fox, from Hollywood, and Miles Mander and Lydia Sherwood, of the London stage.—B.T.



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# Intimate Jottings



## Did You Know That—

Mr. and Mrs. James Ashton, junior, are staying at Overthorpe, Double Bay, with Mrs. Anderson until plans are completed for their country home?

## Dancing and Polo

DANCING not least part of polo week festivities . . . Camden going gay this week-end . . . Many teams being entertained at Annual Polo Dance in Empire Hall on Thursday . . . Australian Polo Club issue invitations . . . Next night, C.W.A. Blue and Gold Ball, with Mrs. W. E. Staniforth and Mrs. J. T. Carroll coping with arrangements. Sydney debutantes and polo fans all agog for Retford Hall Ball, June 22, Pam Laidley Dowling to be among them.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Walker just returned from holiday at Dalkeith. . . Bruce and Ian McMaster spent time winning tennis tournaments in district.

## Vida Ross Returning

A FINE time being had by Vida Ross far from these shores . . . Recently motored through Sussex and Devon . . . London for Jubilee celebrations, and then week or so in Paris . . . She sails for Sydney in October . . . Voyage home via Panama Canal will give traveller time to recuperate from strenuous holiday.

Captain J. Lord, of the Indian Army, and Mrs. Lord arrive on furlough by Narkunda this week.

## Australian Holiday

ALREADY on wing are Mr. and Mrs. Starling, of Ceylon, who recently spent holiday in Sydney . . . En route for tea estate home, paying round of visits to country friends . . . Cathcart, down Bombala way, Moss Vale, and Blue Mountains all receiving attention . . . Popular couple will wave farewell to Australia from Melbourne.

## Wentworth Romances

NAME of Wentworth figuring in recent romances . . . William Charles W., member of family once resident at noted show place, Vaucluse, dashed off to America . . . Barbara Baird being reason for hurried trip . . . Marriage to take place in U.S.A., and couple scheduled to return in August . . . Eleanor Wentworth, of Coolah, married Max Smith, young man about town in Sydney and Laura during week . . . St. Michael's, Vaucluse, chosen for ceremony.

## Wedding Anniversary

DR. AND MRS. HARRY ROFE celebrated first anniversary of wedding last Thursday night . . . Cocktails partaken of at home of Mrs. Broadway, Mrs. Rofe's mother, Double Bay . . . Party lingered on till supper-time, when guests of honor left for Hotel Australia, where dancing was in full swing . . . Professor Stump, Dr. and Mrs. Coates, Mr. and Mrs. Bingle, Dr. Maddox, Mrs. F. C. Thompson, and Gwen Fulton Rofe among guests.

## For Central Australia

INVETERATE explorer Donald Mackay leaves this week for aerial survey of Central Australia. . . Several years since last adventure to Never Never. . . Captain Neale and Commander Bennet, who belonged to previous expedition, attached to party. . . Beverley Shepherd to have first glimpse of little-known Australia from second plane. . . Additional maps will be brought back for future travellers.

## Melbourne Visitor

PRETTY blonde Melbourne girl, Joan Philip, arrived in Sydney during week-end . . . Guest of Mrs. Hugh Mahn at Double Bay for several weeks . . . Hostess gave sherry party in honor of visitor on Saturday after races . . . Lots of young people present to welcome newcomer to winter parties.

## Artist in Paris

MRS. PHILLIPS-FOX, whose portrait appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly last year, doing well in Paris . . . Is represented in Salon by portrait of fair girl . . . Two portraits by same artist in Tuileries Salon, and three in Anglo-American Exhibition. . . Before leaving Australia exhibition of her own and late husband's works shown in Melbourne.

American Vice-Consul and Mrs. Kreis just returned from honeymoon. Were included in large dinner party given Constance Farrand at Hotel Australia on Thursday.

## Those Viennese Poles

COLONEL AND MRS. GRANVILLE just returned from Eastern tour . . . Had fine time in Hongkong at Jubilee celebrations . . . Chinese most enthusiastic and each shop sported outside photographs of King and Queen. Singapore added Viennese poles from Melbourne Centenary to city's decorations . . . Granvilles met by Australian friends and shown sights of city.



LADY ECCLES SNOWDEN at the desk of her office at the Tasmanian Government Tourist Bureau, Martin Place. Lady Snowden has made a wide circle of friends during the short time she has resided in Sydney.

## Winter Meeting

PAMELA LAIDLEY DOWLING, debutante of this season, brought to Randwick winter meeting by mother on Saturday. Both sported navy ensembles, and Pam had Peter-Panish angle to felt hat . . . Campbell clan well represented . . . Mrs. Bruce Campbell cosy in silver fox cape of large dimensions . . . Sisters-in-law, Mrs. Doll Milgrove and Mrs. Strath Playfair, very smart companions.

Caviare and cocktails for coterie at Camden after Cobbity polo on Saturday. Mrs. Macarthur Onslow hostess to visiting teams and enthusiastic followers of game.

## Diverse Accomplishments

FIRST prize to Bowral girls for varied accomplishments . . . Play polo, Carma Nathan being star turn, tennis form excellent, and golf handicaps low . . . Domestic arts not forgotten . . . Cakes delicious and knitting patterns seen to be believed . . . Moira Finlay sported cream pullover with dark red cowl neck at week-end tennis party . . . Marcia Cordaux also knits snappy needleful.

## Storms and Orchids

MURIEL BRUNSKILL, famous contralto, thoroughly enjoying concert tour of Queensland . . . Much hospitality showered on her . . . Speech-making, tea, and prunes pet aversions . . . After much persuasion is now making short replies to welcoming addresses . . . Frightful storms experienced at Cairns, but gorgeous bunches of orchids made up for inclement weather . . . Will visit Newcastle and West Maitland before returning to Sydney at end of month.

## Colombo Residents

WITH her small baby, Mrs. Lindsay arrived from Colombo early in week . . . Mrs. Lindsay formerly Helen McFarlane, of Young . . . Her mother, Mrs. Donald McFarlane, has been her guest in Colombo and accompanied family back to Sydney . . . Next excitement in home circle will be marriage of Hector to Hazel Crace . . . Hazel au fait with details of wedding ceremony as recently acted as bridesmaid to Mrs. Sam Allen.

Tickets for dance of polo season, June 22, at Retford Hall obtainable from hon. secretary, N.S.W. Polo Association (phone B6411), Mrs. James Ashton, junior, Mrs. D. F. H. Packer, Miss Mary Hordern, and Mrs. F. W. Thatcher.

## Jolly Party

GOOD wishes showered on Pauline Henriques and Georges Falquier at pre-wedding cocktail party given by Mrs. L. A. Lister, of Vaucluse . . . Peter Lister assisted parents entertain . . . Strains of gramophone records encouraged more youthful of guests to stay and dance . . . Guest of honor looked charming in printed silk frock of rust and fawn . . . Georges is Chancellor for Switzerland.

## Covent Garden Soprano

IN shrimp-pink lace frock with tulle godets giving flounce effect to skirt, Gladys Lorimer dashed from broadcasting performance with orchestra to Eunice Gardener's concert at Town Hall on Thursday night . . . Gladys just returned to Sydney after eight years spent abroad . . . Took part of Rosina in "Barber of Seville" at Covent Garden, and has lots of other laurels to her name.

## New Wishing-Tree

TREES in all directions at Wishing Tree Ball at Blaxland Galleries . . . Much dancing and singing to well-known song, "Trees." Lady Eccles Snowden received debutantes . . . Recipient of posy of pink carnations for duty gracefully done . . . Part of proceeds of ball to provide stone coping and planting of new wishing tree . . . Future generations of children not to be done out of fun in gardens.

Cables have come from Quetta, India, scene of recent earthquake disaster, stating that Major and Mrs. Basil Holmes, Australians stationed there, are quite safe.

## Tropics for Gaiety

NO doubt about Australian visitors having gay time in Ceylon . . . Mrs. John Charley just returned full of joys of tropics . . . Struck heat wave in Colombo and retired to hills and coolness at Nuwara Eliya . . . Found club and golf links delightful . . . Made stay at Kandy on return trip . . . Alterations in progress at Mount Lavinia, and band not so good.

## Have You Noticed That—

Carleton Kelly and Ellis Fielding Jones remain sticklers for side-lever vogue?

Jane Lane







# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

June 15, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

29

## To Needlelovers and Fashion Followers!

**C**CROSS-STITCHED tunic and adorable blouse with all the witchery of peasant embroidery in their stitchery... Expertly-cut two-way pattern awaits you. Full directions for making given here in this article. Also suggestions for using the transfer in other attractive ways.

**Bertha Maxwell  
Presents Something  
Quite New to Make**

**E**VERY now and then as the wheel of fashion swings round it brings to our notice some form of the Russian blouse or tunic, the reason being that this is one of the everlastingly well-cut garments which suits everybody for every reason.

It can form part of a very opulent outfit of new clothing, it is an ideal help in wearing out skirts which are no longer as fresh as we would wish, it sets well under topcoats, it can be used as an overall for practical purposes, and it is always easy to make.

It resembles the smock in its peasant origin, and looseness and slight lack of fit in its make-up are correct effects. To the home dressmaker it is a boon.

The blouse would prove a delightful possession—you all know that.

Here on this page you have everything offered you by which you can add a lovely tunic or blouse to your wardrobe at once. The well-cut paper pattern in sizes 32, 34, and 36 has been specially designed and cut to suit the stitching; it costs 1/- post free. The exquisite transfer which, like the pattern, is obtainable only from the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly, costs 1/6.

The transfer is a large one, giving 11 yards of banding for the hem of the tunic, measuring 21 inches wide; 2 yards of 1 1/2-inch banding to go round the sleeve joinings; and 1 yard of 1-inch banding for collar and cuffs.

These three strips have been designed to match perfectly, while the amount of work is constantly reduced, not only by narrowing the borders to suit different parts of the tunic, but by slight changes of arrangement.

The editors of this page are devoted to needlework, but they like to offer it to you in modern form. This delightful cross-stitch pattern contains the least possible amount of labor for the lovely effect it gives.

You will like this transfer for many other purposes even if you do not decide to make a tunic just now. It costs, as we said above, 1/6 posted or over the counter, from The Australian Women's Weekly only.

### Materials and Making

**A**S stated, both tunic and blouse can be made from the one pattern—and very simply made, too.

There are 3 pattern pieces, half-front, half-back and sleeve. The belt is a straight piece of material 4 inches wide and long enough to fit the waist.

The pattern given is for the tunic. For the blouse, cut the pattern 2 inches below the waistline and omit neck band.

You will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the tunic, and 2 yards for the blouse, also a buckle and 4 buttons for the tunic.

For the tunic, lay centre-back and front to the fold of the material, cut sleeve pattern double, allow for turnings and hem.

Press transfer to material before making up (see, also, instructions under transfer heading), turn in 1 inch on each side of back and front bodice, make 3 buttonholes on left side front, 11 inches apart and 1 inch from neck edge. Machine the turned-in edge of back and front 'odice flat to right side of sleeves, leaving the buttonhole part free. Machine side seams of tunic, starting at lower edge up to under-arm and down to end of sleeves.

For the cuffs cut 2 pieces of material 4 inches wide and to fit wrist and over-hand, fold in half, embroider, gather sleeve to fit. Sew embroidered edge to sleeve on wrong side, turn over, and sew



**SIMPLICITY OF LINE** in the lovely garment, shown above — old Balkan needlework redesigned for to-day's fashion, mysterious color notes in the threads combine to make this tunic irresistible in its chic. It has a dozen uses—and if you would like one, Bertha Maxwell tells you how to acquire it. Two-way exclusive paper pattern for tunic and blouse costs only 1/6. Transfer 1/6. Note also: Zipper bag with a stripe of the wide cross-stitch from the transfer; add a monogram for the newest touch... Cushion with cross-stitch from this design.

other edge down. Cut a strip 4 inches wide and long enough to fit round neck, fold in half, make a buttonhole at one end like the first, embroider one side and sew to neck the same as cuffs.

Cut the blouse in the same way, making a casing at the waistline for elastic, facing the neck with a cross-way strip of material on the wrong side, and starting the buttonholes 1/2 an inch from neck edge.

### The Transfer

**S**MOOTH out the transfer when you get it, and then clip the different borders apart. Fold up the ones you are not using for the moment, and set them aside.

Examine the design, and notice how it repeats in small motifs: if there is any part which you wish to remove, take a small sharp scissors and clip out those stitches wherever they repeat. Don't do this if you have possibly a little time to spare for all the work—it is too pretty to waste; but it has been purposely arranged for alteration if liked.

The close line of stitching along the two larger borders may be cut away and used for something else; the groups of four light-colored stitches along the upper edge of the widest border may also be removed.

The tunic or blouse may be made up before stamping the design, the collar and cuffs being made wide enough to take the smallest border; but it is easier to embroider the collar and cuffs through a single thickness of material before they are finally closed up, for then no stitches appear at the back.

A line of machine stitching along each side of collar and cuffs, around armholes and along the bottom hem, makes

a good finish for this type of work and saves time. If you are a good machinist, several lines of stitching may be made, for never has group-stitching been so popular on clothing as it is to-day. The thread used may match the cross-stitching in color, or tone with the material.

### Stitch Directions

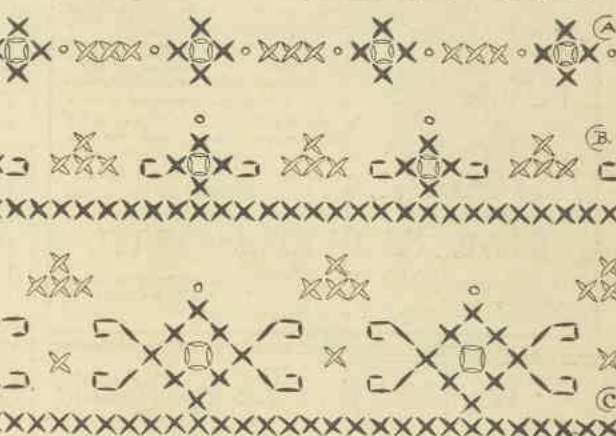
**I**N a transferred cross-stitch pattern, there is no counting, just nothing to do but make these large, quick crosses, the pattern being quite covered by the stitches themselves; but it is most important that the stitches should be done all the one way, for this gives an effect of light which makes the pattern uniform and smooth.

You may put the needle in and out as you like in a broken design like this, but the under stitch of each cross must point always in the one direction, the second or over-stitch must always lie the other way.

### Colors

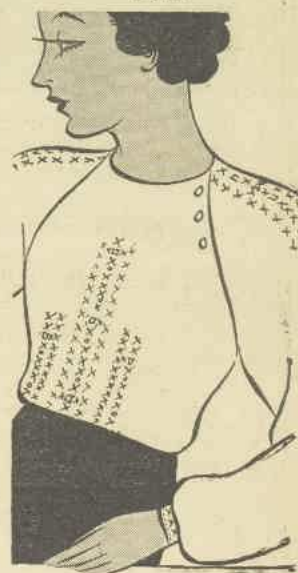
**H**ERE is needlework in which you may revel in the colors you like best, the ones which suit you best, or those which look the oddest together—bizarre, beautiful, and just a little savage, perhaps, were the colorings one saw in Hungary and the Balkans, where this work was once so well done.

On light-colored materials, use plenty of black, as indicated in the black stitches in the pattern on this page. The lighter stitches shown may be orange, scarlet, vivid green, or cobalt, a deep heavenly blue. On dark materials, use strong, clear colors such as scarlet, bright rose, cobalt, bright green, yellow, and warm purple. Suit your own coloring by using black and blue if you are dark with blue eyes, black and orange



**SHOWING**, in reduced form, portion of the transfer design—a new and lovely one by Bertha Maxwell. It embraces, for 1/6, three strips of cross-stitching, showing wide border for hem of tunic, narrower border for arm-hole edging, and a tiny border for collar and cuffs, all perfect matches. The transfer gives sufficient of these borders for 1 1/2 yards hem, 2 yards for armholes, and 1 yard for neck and cuffs.

Less, of course, would be required for the blouse, but you could utilize the balance in many happy ways. In the sketch below suggestions are given for applying the design to the blouse.



use any good darning wool or crewel wools.

**Bags and other things:** A fold of material with a strip of cross-stitch, a lining, a zipper and a tassel, will give you a lovely bag to match your tunic; add a monogram in one corner before inserting the lining and be right in the forefront of fashion. Aprons for work or play, towels, curtains, cushions, table linen—all may have a touch of this design, which lends itself to being cut into handy groups to suit all sizes.

## CLEVER IDEAS

**TO KEEP** butter soft these winter mornings, soak an earthenware butter cooler in hot water, leaving a little water in the bottom. This keeps the butter at the right temperature.

**IF YOU** want to boil a cracked egg, do this: Rub salt into the crack, then wrap the egg in a piece of greaseproof paper or tissue. Twist the end of the paper into a firm screw, and, gently, by means of a spoon, place the egg in its wrapper into the water. Boil for the usual time. Remember, handle the egg gently all the while.

**TO CLEAN** old necklaces and brooches that are looking very dingy, fill a small basin with eau-de-cologne, an inexpensive kind will do. Leave the jewellery to soak in it for twenty-four hours. Then wash carefully in warm, soapy water, getting into all the cracks with a small pad of cotton-wool. This treatment removes all stains and discoloration, and surface dirt.

**EMERY PAPER** which has worn smooth can have the original roughness of its surface restored if it is placed in a warm oven for a few minutes.



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For a moment, as he heard those words, Burn Meredith had the feeling that the ground was slipping away from beneath his feet. Was it possible that

"You evil-minded liar!" he flamed. "You dare to peddle poison to me. What were you doing, spying on your betters and putting your own foul conclusions on their actions?" He raised

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Please turn to Page 36

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# " TIME FOR BED

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5AD 6 Scatters Weekly.

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6ML Thursdays 8.0 to 8.15 p.m.

## LADY LOUIS' New FLAT Back Home After Trip Out Here

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE.  
Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten are in the throes of moving into their new flat in Brook House, Park Lane, where they are to be the tenants of the two top floors of the marvellous block of flats that has just been completed on the site of the old Brook House which was left to Lady Mountbatten by her grandfather, Sir Ernest Cassel.

LADY MOUNTBATTEN sold the original house because the expense of maintaining it and the heavy taxation were even more than her large fortune could stand.

Lord Louis is a cousin of the Prince of Wales and accompanied H.R.H. when he toured Australia in 1920. He is as great a favorite as ever, and as he and his wife are both fond of bright parties the new flat has been planned with the idea of entertaining on a lavish scale.

There are five reception-rooms, eighteen bedrooms, seven bathrooms, and an entire wing including a school-room for the two small daughters.

A full-sized talkie cinema to accommodate 150 people has been installed, and the defences against gate-crashers and burglars are most ingenious.

THE Mountbatten flat is entirely cut off from the rest of the building by a private entrance in Upper Brook St. and a private lift which connects only with the two top floors.

No one can open the doors of this lift unless he or she has first telephoned to the butler, who has then to walk to a certain spot in the hall and by his weight work a floor switch which will allow the lift doors to be opened.

Lord and Lady Mountbatten have to observe this rule as well as their visitors. It all sounds very complicated, but will probably be absolutely simple in practice.

## The MYSTIC MIRROR

Continued from Page 12

"I'm not certain whether I saw anything or not; your story, imagination, I do not know. Anyway, I want that mirror; please name your price."

The dealer did so, and the visitor's eyebrows went up, but he paid the full sum without comment. As he wrapped up the purchase the old man asked a question.

"How did the signore learn of the mirror and discover my poor shop?"

"A man at my hotel told me of it when he learned I was a collector," was the absent reply. "He was good enough to even guide me to your shop."

"May the saints protect him!" was the pious answer. "It pleases me, signore, that the mirror goes to an artist; one who is blessed with sympathy and understanding."

With shaking hands he extended the parcel, bowed his visitor out of the tiny shop.

A MAN—whose face was the dealer's but whose bearing was that of a young man—stood in the tiny shop talking to a girl, a girl dressed in the style of long ago, a girl whose loveliness was breath-taking. She smiled at the man even as she raised her hands to the piled masses of copy hair that adorned her head.

"Gee, but this wig is hot!" she said, and removed it.

The man grinned. "But it's worth it, sweetheart," he said, and put his arms about her and kissed her. "That makes forty-seven mystic mirrors we've unloaded at about two thousand per cent. Even with Bill's cut for guiding the innocents to the slaughter, we're cleaning up big. Of course," he added, "this racket won't last for ever, but it's good while it's going."

The girl smiled and returned his caress.

"I've got a clever hubby," she said. "When the advent of the talkies washed out vaudeville contracts and put Professor Morosini, the world-famous illusionist and magician, out of a job, did he throw away his skill and years of training? I'll say he didn't." She smiled and hugged him again.

He patted her cheek. "There are tricks to every trade, sweetheart," he grinned, "but mine is a trade of tricks."

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Share the Beauty  
of your  
GARDEN

Big or little, improve it if you can, and enter when opportunity occurs in a garden competition for all the world to see. . .

Says the OLD GARDENER.

Everyone will be interested in the Old Gardener's article this week, for he tells you the way judging is done in a garden competition, and how to cultivate for such a competition.

TODAY I want to talk to you about garden competitions. Possibly many of you have never known of their existence.

Again, many of you, if you have not already participated in a garden competition, will do so in the future. All of you, however, will, or should, be intensely interested in learning a few points—points helpful not only for a garden competition, but for your gardens on the whole.

The formation of garden clubs by the way, suggested by me some weeks ago, would undoubtedly advance the cause of garden competitions. . . Mrs. Council, of Adelaide, you will remember, suggested that all South Australian gardeners should band together in a club and make of their State a flowering glory for their 1936 Centenary.

New South Wales will be particularly interested in this article because the Horticultural Council of New South Wales is holding its competition again this year, in October to be exact.

So while I am telling you how to prepare gardens for future competitions, I am also telling all Adelaide people how their gardens should appear for the Centenary celebrations.

The Horticultural Council of N.S.W. is having its garden competition much earlier this year. The closing date for entries will be September 30, and all gardens will be judged about the second week in October. So there is still plenty of time to prepare for it.

There are six prizes for various sections, ranging from the very large garden down to the amateur's tiny garden, so everyone is well provided for. There are, as well, prizes for the best street frontages, and a grand champion prize chosen from all winners.

## Allotting Points

NOW before I go on to tell you how they are judged let me give you the number of points and how they are allotted, and this applies to every garden:

Thirty points are given for culture, 25 for arrangement and layout, 25 for neatness, and 20 for general effect:

"Points given for culture" means that all plant life, annuals, perennials, shrubs, and trees, must be in a robust, healthy, flourishing condition, with promise of a gorgeous and effective display.

"The arrangement and layout" means the systematic and judicious placing of beds, lawns, borders, footpaths, drives, banks, and natural rockeries. All this layout must be in keeping with the contour of the grounds, and garden ornamentation must be in keeping with the surroundings. A garden must be kept as natural as possible—the more natural, of course, the more beautiful it is.

Next comes neatness. In the garden beds remove all dead or dying plants and old blooms. Go over your paths and remove weeds. Drives also must have attention. Keep them raked and fresh-looking. Cut lawns neat and even, giving that natural, rich, green appearance. See grass borders and edges are trimmed evenly and kept perfectly straight.

THE judges are very keen and will quickly notice any defect. Space plants evenly on the floral bed so that when in flower no portion of the soil is showing. Have your shrubs so placed that each one stands out boldly and serves the purpose it is intended to do.

All vegetable plots must be clean, neat, and tidy, and seasonable vegetables in good condition.

Prune and shape fruit trees, spray and keep healthy. See that all fruiting vines are neatly trimmed and tied in such a manner that the fruit will be displayed to advantage.

An ornamental tree or shrub here and there adds beauty to the home surroundings when planted in tubs, large pots, or tins, and placed in advantageous positions. Hydrangeas, cypresses, azaleas, oleanders, rhododendrons, chorisema, choysya, spartium (Spanish broom), and hundreds of other plants are available.

Window-boxes also make an added attraction when containing plants that will be bright, showy, and attractive.

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A supremely smart and comfortable shoe by Bodgwood. With medium toe and sport heel. Effectively finished with stitching. Available in Black Glace Kid, Price . . . 29/6  
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# after —



## How to Make GOOD Tea

Select a GOOD quality tea. Boil fresh water. Warm up a clean earthenware tea pot. Put in one teaspoonful of tea for each cup and one for the pot. The moment the water comes to the boil, pour it on the tea. Let the tea brew five minutes.



## The Fatigue of Shopping -



## The Frantic rush home -



## The immediate demands of the Children -

There is one thing which may be always depended upon to banish fatigue, steady your nerves, and stimulate you . . . a cup of good tea.

At any odd time of day or night . . . as frequently as you care to drink it . . . good tea has vital tonic qualities that never fail you.

Pause in the rush of the trying day . . . from household irks or business cares . . . and give yourself the pleasure and benefit of a cup of good tea.

But be sure the tea is good—because good tea gives more . . . more flavour . . . more benefit . . . more enjoyment . . . more cups.

# What you need is a cup of good TEA

T-DE-85

ISSUED BY THE TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU

## FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS Family Medicine Chest

By MARY TRUBY KING

One of the first necessities of a home, especially where there are children, is a compact, easily accessible medicine-chest.

Take care, however, that such a chest is "easily accessible" to adults only! If you are not the type of person who loses keys, keep it locked.

THE medicine-chest should be large enough to hold, besides the following list, any medicines prescribed from time to time by the doctor. It is unwise to leave those lying about the house.

Do not keep old medicines. When you have recovered from the ailment for which the medicine was prescribed, throw away the remaining mixture.

A comprehensive list of things to place in your chest is as follows:

A clinical thermometer for taking the temperature.

A roll of cotton wool—for dressings.

A pad of sterilised gauze—for dressings.

Clauze bandages of several widths—for keeping dressings in place.

A tin of Band-Aids (individual dressings all ready prepared for small cuts or wounds, procurable at any chemist).

A bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia—half a teaspoon in a little water for faintness.

A six-ounce bottle of alcohol—to rub on sprains, strains, etc.

A packet of boric acid—one teaspoon in a glass of hot water is the best eye-wash.

One tube of phenol ointment (carbolic acid ointment)—for applying over small burns.

An eight-ounce bottle of best castor oil—dose for adults, one to two table-spoons.

A small bottle of oil of cloves—to relieve toothache. It will not cure toothache—see your dentist.

A bottle of tincture of iodine (2½ per cent.).

A small bottle of syrup of ipecac—one teaspoon followed by a drink of water to cause vomiting.

A bottle of Bayer's aspirins.

A tin of poultice—for external application in cases of pneumonia, pleurisy, bronchitis, etc.

A bottle of pure vaseline.

A pair of scissors.

A packet of safety pins.

A bottle of pure olive oil.

Smelling salts—for faintness.

Three packets of epsom salts.

## Snake Bites

A PACKET of razor blades—for snake bite, apply tourniquet above the wound to prevent the poison spreading, sterilise the tip of a razor blade by passing it through a match flame, make two cuts—crosswise—over the bite, the cuts being about half an inch long and as deep as the holes caused by the snake. Allow blood to flow freely while sending for the nearest doctor.

A parcel of old pieces of linen which

have been boiled for 10 minutes, dried in the sun, and ironed flat. This is a useful accessory to the medicine-chest. A piece of this rag may be used to cover the sterile dressing which is placed immediately over the wound.

A bottle of caron oil may be added to the medicine-chest, and is useful for applying over small burns or scalds.

A bottle of methylated spirits is necessary when there is prolonged sickness, for rubbing on aching back and limbs.

## Label Medicines

EVERY bottle which contains poison should be branded with a red danger signal—red label, red ribbon, red pencilled "poison," or all three. The cork as well as the bottle should be branded in red. It is wise to keep poisons under lock and key.

Before pouring out any medicine, read the label twice—"an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

It is foolish to leave children alone in a house. One cannot foresee what pranks they will get up to. Children have been known to play "shops" with the contents of a medicine-chest, with heart-breaking results.

THE total cost of the above list of medicines would be, roughly, £1/2/- exclusive of the chest itself.

## OVERNIGHT RELIEF FOR CONSTIPATION



When the bowels become clogged with a mass of poisonous stomach waste, risk headache with all its attendant misery, belching of sour stomach gases and general discomfort, are sure to follow. You need a mild and gentle laxative, one that will carry off the congested mass without upsetting the stomach or griping the bowels.

TAKE CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

A dose when retiring will afford grateful relief next morning without unpleasantness or discomfort.



## MEDICAL

CATARH. The N.S.W. Society for the Promotion of Public Health is prepared to send the prescriptions of a well-known Swiss Doctor for the cure of this complaint. The Society makes no charge whatsoever, but a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed to the Society's Secretary, care of G.P.O., Box 11661H, Sydney.\*\*\*

## LUNCHEON FORECAST

"Quite Cold"  
it's nicer  
with Mustard

Always mix mustard yourself—fresh daily. The best results will be obtained if water is used, and the mustard allowed to stand for 10 minutes before using. This ensures the complete release of the essential oils which aid digestion. But—it must be

—Keen's Mustard

KP 35/2



# A STAR IN HER HOME... Such a lovely old place, too!



THE YOUNG ENGLISH STAR in a corner of her living-room. Oak-panelled and simple in its arrangement, it is in happy contrast to many of the Hollywood homes which feature modernistic backgrounds, furniture, and furnishings.

You'll enjoy these glimpses into a home so free from ultra-modernism

"AH! it's good to get home." Weekly those words are used by Madeleine Carroll, British stage and screen star, who, you might be interested to know, married Captain Phillip Astley, M.C., in August, 1931.

When work is over in the studio or the theatre, she and her husband slip away to their beautiful old English home, which lies in the Ashdown Forest, high up in the Sussex wolds, to enjoy as many hours as possible of real home life. A secluded spot set amid rural surroundings, it is a never-ending joy to this girl, who, by sheer hard work, has won her way to world fame in a few short years.

By  
OUR HOME  
DECORATOR

RIGHT: Night draws nigh, and the charming young hostess lights the candles on her dinner-table. Note the simplicity of the room.



EIGHT years ago Madeleine Carroll had only £20 in the world—and no job. To-day (it reads like a fairy story, doesn't it?) she is a star with this most lovely home, also a villa on the shores of Lake Como, Italy.

I remember seeing her, soon after her marriage, playing lead at the Apollo Theatre, London, with Owen Nares, in "Pleasure Cruise," and was fascinated by her pink and white loveliness. On my right at the theatre sat two people who evidently visited the Astleys frequently, for during the intervals they enthused over the beauty of the place, the fine home-keeping qualities of Madeleine, her exceptional practicality and artistic tendencies. "She is the kind," one said, "that would be capable of creating a pretty room out of a few packing-cases and a length or two of muslin."

Many a time that remark has come to mind when listening to women discontented with their lot saying they could do this or that to their homes if they had the money to spend on it that Mrs. So-and-So had on hers—only they'd do it better, of course! And I've thought

of the hundreds of clever little home-makers who've created charm in their homes with artistry plus the crumbs from the basic wage. . . .

Here on this page I have had room only to show you three pictures of Madeleine Carroll's home. I had chosen six from the wonderful collection sent to me by the Fox film people, but, alas, there was no space for them, and so you see almost in miniature a glimpse of the roofless verandah, a corner of the living-room, and a section of the dining-room.

THE trees of the forest come right down the garden, hanging over the cool lake where banks of rhododendrons drop their crimson petals into the still water.

The living-room is oak-panelled as you can see by the picture on this page.

It is a cosy, livable spot with no modern furniture, furnishings, or backgrounds. Books, pictures, and chintz; some exquisite pieces of pottery; plenty of flowers, which Madeleine adores to arrange herself; ample lighting arrangements, such as you and I might have. All is so comfortable.

The dining-room might be a replica of an attractively and simply-furnished one in any little home. Brightly-patterned curtains at the short windows, creamy walls, a square, highly-polished mahogany table which reflects the glass and silver in its gleaming depths. . . . Madeleine, when dinner is served, switching off the electric lights, lights the four tall candles surrounding the central flower-filled bowl, and they dine by candle-light.

Her bedroom, not shown here, is really lovely. Soft greens predominate, and it is linked with eyelash and parma-violet in cushions, chair-covers, and curtains.

Brick terraces, mellow with age, run like a roofless verandah round the home, and these are made more lovely with potted hydrangeas (note picture), flowering shrubs, and quaint Old-World seats that seem part and parcel of this shingled and gabled home.—E.E.G.



Above: MADELEINE CARROLL (Gainsborough-British and Fox Film star) pauses on her walk around her lovely old home. Note the brick terrace, potted hydrangeas, and quaint seat.



Rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, back-ache, biliousness, etc., find a common cause in the failure of kidneys and liver to eliminate harmful poisons from the blood stream. Hundreds of letters on our files, from three generations of grateful users, testify to the success of Warner's Safe Cure against all functional disorders in kidneys or liver.

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Bless my soul, it's easy enough! Where would this lovely old plate be now if I had to use elbow grease! Gently's the word with silver—and with Silvo gently does it.

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- Guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. At all chemists.

## IT'S EASY TO GET RID OF PIMPLES

Why put up with distressing skin troubles when you can get rid of them easily by enriching the blood with Cream of Yeast? See how your skin clears as the good, rich, new blood replaces the old. And with richer blood, comes clearer eyes, firmer step, greater vigor. Even the hair becomes glossier. Cream of Yeast improves the general health. Eat this popular treatment—24 Cream of Yeast tablets cost only 1/3d, or 2/6 for 100 tablets, or you can get 100 tablets for 5/6. Where other things fail after months, Cream of Yeast gives results at once. Proof is easy and costs little.

## PEG'S NEW FROCK — THAT WASN'T REALLY NEW

DON'T THINK I'LL GO AFTER ALL, PEG. I FEEL SO SHABBY BESIDE YOU, IN YOUR NEW FROCK



NEW? NOT A BIT OF IT, CLARE... JUST ONE I'VE WORN AGES, WASHED IN PERSIL



HOW MARVELLOUS! OF COURSE, I KNEW PERSIL WAS WONDERFUL FOR WHITES. BELIEVE ME, IT'S EVERY BIT AS GOOD FOR COLOURS



YOU'RE LOOKING VERY BRIGHT AND SMART THESE DAYS



YES... PERSIL HAS GIVEN ALL MY FROCKS A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

All that Persil washing does for whites it will do for coloured things, too. Even in luke-warm water, Persil oxygen-charged suds cleanse perfectly without rubbing. Do not accept imitations.

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## Persil

The SIMPLE WAY is the PERSIL WAY



# "I can breathe now, Mummy!"



THE next time a little one comes in with a stuffy, sniffly nose, help him to get rid of the threatening cold before it can take hold. Just put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up his nostrils.

Instantly, the stuffiness vanishes! He can breathe freely again. He begins to feel better right away.

Va-tro-nol is a liquid that aids and gently stimulates Nature to throw off colds before they get beyond the nose and upper throat (where 3 out of 4 colds start). Used in time, it prevents many colds altogether.

**For Head-Colds**—Even if the head is so badly clogged that breathing is difficult (as with a head-cold or nasal catarrh), Va-tro-nol brings almost instant relief. It spreads deep into the nasal passages. It reduces swollen membranes, clears away the clogging mucus, and thus helps to drain the sinuses. It lets you breathe again.

- The Vicks Plan provides the proper care and medication for every type and stage of a cold. Full details in each package. •

**Follow VICKS PLAN for better CONTROL of COLDS**

Children like Va-tro-nol because it is so easy to use that it does not seem like "taking medicine." Grown-ups like its convenience, too. Get a bottle today and have fewer colds from now on.



## WHEN VAPORUB IS NEEDED

Some colds, of course, strike without warning, or slip by even the best defenses. Then, at bedtime, rub the throat and chest with Vicks VapoRub, the famous vaporising ointment. It penetrates, direct through the skin, "drawing out" the tightness and pain. At the same time, warmed by the body, it vaporises and its medicated vapours are inhaled direct to the inflamed air-passages. By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

# SPILT MILK

Continued from Page 30

**ABRUPTLY** Letitia saw her line of defence.

"Do you think I would lower myself to deny it?" she flamed. "Do you think my honor is so light a thing that it can be tarnished by the lying words of a degenerate lout, which in your narrowness you choose to believe?"

Anger tingled in Burn Meredith's blood, and standing up, he turned towards the door.

"I may be narrow, Letitia," he said. "But at least I'm sufficiently broad-minded to protect my wife's honor. Austin Clare leaves this neighborhood to-morrow."

He left the room; and, dazed by the horror of the moment, Letitia kept silent. She heard him pass down the hall, the opening and shutting of the front door, the crunch of gravel outside; then she buried her face in her hands.

What a fool she had been! Why had she allowed Austin Clare to come into her life again? Revisiting the pain she had seen in her husband's eyes on hearing her bitter, biting words, she hated herself. But even in that moment of self-condemnation she doubted which man meant the most to her: Austin Clare with his gay, devil-may-care attitude towards life; or Burn Meredith her husband, whose grim, austere integrity frightened her.

Meanwhile, Austin Clare was very pleased with himself. The role of gentleman farmer, with no responsibilities, suited him admirably; and although Letitia had been very stubborn when he had tried to lend her back into the old easy relationship, her defence was showing distinct signs of breaking down. If that dull chump, Meredith, chose to leave his pretty young wife to her own devices, then he must look out for a squall. His desire for Letitia was daily growing stronger. It kept him restless.

After he had finished his evening meal, being unable to settle to any occupation indoors, he took his hat, and, calling to old Mrs. Daw that he was going for a stroll on the cliffs, left the cottage.

He had not been gone five minutes when Burn Meredith arrived.

"Mr. Clare in, Mrs. Daw?" he asked from the doorway.

The old woman scuttled across the kitchen and stepped outside.

"No, sir; he have just gone out to the cliffs for a walk. He be an uncommonly restless gentleman. He—"

Burn knew Jacob's mother of old for a garrulous body, and cut her short. "The cliffs, eh?"

"Yes, sir," assented the old dame, and then seeing Burn turn to go, she added in a tearful voice: "Oh, sir, my Jacob be taking on terrible at being turned off his job. I can't get him to say what it were about, but he do seem fair mazed; and him being a violent nature, I'm feared he may do himself, or some other body, a mischief."

"If that's a warning, Mrs. Daw," said Burn, "I'm not alarmed. Good-night." And before the old woman could speak again he had strode away.

Ten seconds later, Jacob, who, sitting brooding over his dismissal in the kitchen, had overheard the conversation, slipped out of the back door and made his way to the cliff path by a short cut.

It was a still night; but as Burn Meredith reached the cliffs a breeze from the sea below brought the sombre roar of the waves as they broke against the rocks a hundred feet down, to his ears.

He walked quickly, a disdainful anger smouldering in his heart. From the clump of trees at the head of the cliff an owl hooted, and deep in Lipperton Gorge a dog-fox barked to his mate. Then just ahead he saw Clare standing aloofly against the sky where the cliff edge drew a jagged line between earth and space.

**ATTRACTED** by the sound of footsteps, Clare turned, while Burn was still ten yards away. A guilty conscience sent a quiver through him; but his voice held a spurious ring of good-fellowship.

"Hallo, Meredith, old cock! You looking for me?"

"Yes," said Burn Meredith, "I am." In that second, catching the gleam of Burn's eyes in the moonlight, Clare knew he stood in danger.

"What do you want?" he asked, fear making his voice raw.

"I've come to tell you to clear out," said Burn. "I might teach you to be a farmer; but to instruct you in common decency of conduct is not my business."

The tone, as much as the words, stung Clare; his eyes suddenly narrowed. He saw livid anger in the eyes of Letitia's husband; and in the confusion which Burn detected, he saw substantiation of Jacob Daw's charge. Both men, standing tense-muscled,

were so enveloped in mutual hate that they failed to observe a long, lean figure creep stealthily forward, and come to rest in a gorse-bush a couple of yards away.

Jacob Daw had not poached all his life without being able to move through brushwood without snapping a twig.

"What the devil are you talking about?" snarled Clare.

"Your behaviour towards my wife," returned Burn. "Never since you've been here have you shown yourself acquainted with the restraint imposed upon a man in his dealings with another's wife. I passed that because I trusted you and knew my wife. To-day you were seen to kiss her; whether it was the first time or not I don't know, but it's the last—you go!"

"You're a madman," sneered Clare. "Who told you such a lying yarn?"

Please turn to Page 37



Any good toothbrush...

- including Tek, of course, can clean the outside surfaces of your teeth.



But inside is where you need

# Tek

- Inside... back of your front teeth, is where tartar forms, to destroy teeth and gums. Inside, where old brushes fail to get. But not Tek. Inside, is where Tek fits and cleans with outside ease. Change to Tek.

Tek is better value, too; economical at 2/-, because of its longer-lasting water-resisting bristles. In six colours, bristles hard or medium, price 2/-. Tek Junior, same quality, only smaller, 1/3.

**Tek**  
the modern toothbrush

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22-35



IT'S EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW—just a matter of using **SOLVOL** after every dirty job. In a few minutes **SOLVOL**'s thick penetrating lather can remove every speck of dirt and leave your hands smooth and white. IT'S AS GENTLE AS ANY TOILET SOAP.

MADE BY J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. 23-115-10



# SPILT MILK

Continued from Page 36

"JACOB DAW," replied Burn, keeping calm with an effort. "He was tending sheep in Devil's Dip. Though I sacked him for uttering the charge I prefer to believe his word against yours, you cowardly, good-for-nothing, swine!"

In a moment of madness and fear at Burn's threatening attitude, Clare raised his fist and struck at his face. "Take that!" he cried. "It's your own fault. You take a gay-hearted girl and imprison her in this desolation. She'd be a fool if she didn't respond to—"

Burn had dodged the blow, and now came close up to Clare.

"Respond to what?" he muttered between clenched teeth. "By God, I'll teach you to talk like that! I'll—"

Terror-stricken, Clare struck blindly at Burn's face again. The blow found its mark; but it lacked power, and the next instant he felt Burn's arms round him.

Although a weakling, Clare had the cunning courage of a buck-rat at bay; and at that second, with the booming of the waves at the foot of the cliff beating on his ears, he saw a way of removing Burn Meredith from his path to Letitia. Driving his knee into his assailant's stomach, he forced him back to the cliff edge.

Burn read Clare's purpose in his eyes; and, although agonised with pain, tensed every muscle to withstand the other's pressure. With all the force at his command he strove to compel Clare to release his hold, strove to hold his ground; but the turf sloped downwards to the edge, and try as he would, he could not keep his feet from slipping backwards.

For a second the two men stood on the very edge of the cliff and then, suddenly, Burn received a violent blow at the back of his knees; a clatter of falling stones came to his ears as his toe caught the outer edge of the cliff; he felt the back-lash of draught rush up and clutch him. Dimly he reeled backwards; felt Clare wrench himself back; heard the waves below sighing his dirge; and then plunged downwards into space!

ON the cliff top Austin Clare staggered back, spent by the struggle; and then, suddenly, the sharp clatter of a man running on the cliff path came to his ears; and, looking round, he saw, clear in the moonlight, the lean figure of Jacob Daw scurrying away.

Alarm seized Clare afresh. Where had that man sprung from? What had he heard? What had he seen? Then, as a malicious idea came into his mind, he began running, too.

Nadly, he fled towards Dale Farm; in a frenzy, he dashed into the house, into the lighted sitting-room, and met Letitia's startled eyes with a fear-stricken gaze.

"Letty! Letty! Oh, my God, Letty!" he gasped. "Burn's gone over the cliff edge. He must be dashed to pieces."

To Letitia the world seemed to go suddenly soft.

"Burn over the cliff?" she gasped.

"How? What do you mean?"

"It was Jacob Daw!" gasped Clare. "I met Burn on the cliff path just now and stood talking to him. He was telling me he had sacked Daw for lying about you and me; and then, suddenly, Daw appeared from behind some bushes and, dashing at Burn, pushed him over the edge, and then ran away. Daw must have done it in revenge. It's a hundred feet drop there, and—oh, Letty, he must be dead!"

Bereft of speech, Letitia gazed at the man before her.

Please turn to Page 38

## AT 62—IN BED WITH RHEUMATISM

### At 65—Working Again

Why worry about Rheumatism? This old fellow had it almost as bad as it could be. But he just found the right remedy, stuck to it, and now he's working again—at 65 years of age. Let him tell you all about it:—

"For two years and a-half," he writes, "I have suffered from rheumatism. For eighteen months I could not turn over in bed, nor help myself in any way. My legs and feet were swollen and I could not sleep or get any rest until I started taking Kruschen Salts. After taking one bottle, I went about on two sticks. I kept on taking it, as I found the pains were leaving me. I have taken six bottles and now I have started work again. I am 65 years of age and an agricultural labourer."—J. B.

Do you realise what causes rheumatism? Nothing but sharp-edged uric acid crystals which form as the result of sluggish eliminating organs. Kruschen Salts can always be counted upon to clear those painful crystals from the system. The numerous mineral salts in Kruschen are bound to dissolve away all traces of uric acid.

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Flecks, Checks, Kashirs, Diagonals, Chevrons, Boucles and Tweeds. All high-grade fabrics in a variety of colour combinations only seen at Grace Bros. Browns, Fawns, Blues, Navies, Greys, Wines, Greens. Usually priced at 8/11

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## Weak Kidneys make life a burden

DO STABBING PAINS strike across the back when you try to bend or straighten? Is the urine disordered and your sleep disturbed? Do weather changes bring rheumatism? These are symptoms of kidney weakness which Doans Backache Kidney Pills so successfully combat. Their early use can save you weeks of pain and discomfort. They are recommended by grateful men and women in all parts of Australia.

### A WOMAN'S LASTING CURE

Mrs. A. E. Birch, 28 Pritchard St., Annandale, Sydney, says: "Some time ago my kidneys were in a seriously disordered state and in consequence I suffered terribly. My back never stopped aching, and I was almost crippled with the ailment. The kidney secretions were seriously disordered and I was very ill indeed. The state of my health worried me terribly. However,

at last I got Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, and they proved a God-send. The first couple of bottles eased my suffering a little and seven bottles of the pills cured me completely."

Four years later, Mrs. Birch, says: "I have had no return of my old complaint, since Doan's Backache Kidney Pills cured me over four years ago."

Refuse inferior substitutes. Insist upon



**DOANS**  
Backache Kidney Pills

The genuine package bears the Leaf Trade Mark.

**BURN** dead! Burn dead! Her brain refused to grasp the meaning of the words; and then, slowly, as feeling returned, she knew horror! In common with the man who had sent Burn over the cliff, she, too, was blood-guilty. It was her action which had given rise to the hate which had caused the deed.

In that moment she was conscious of overwhelming loss; realised with blinding clarity that this man who now stood white and trembling before her was nothing to her; never had been, never could be anything to her. But the man who was dead—the man who in their brief courtship and marriage had shown her nothing but homage and adoration—held her heart.

"Oh!" she cried. "Don't stand there doing nothing. Get ropes and a boat and search for Burn!"

Austin Clare stood his ground, a gleam of achievement in his narrowed eyes.

"It's no use searching," he said, soft menace in his voice. "Burn is dead. You're my woman now! Mine! Mine!" He came towards her, madness in his face, and with chill fear in her heart Letitia backed away.

"I'm not!" The denial came from her lips like the defiance of a woman on the rack. "I'd sooner die!" "You'll die if you squeal!" chuckled Clare, and made a sudden dive at her. Springing aside, Letitia's eyes fell on Burn's gun resting against the wall and, snatching it up, she smashed the barrel into Austin Clare's bleeding mouth.

With a savage snarl he gave ground and, before he could spring back to the attack, the cold metal took him in the throat and forced him staggering into the hall and out through the door into the yard.

For an instant Clare crouched like a tiger baulked of his prey, and then suddenly there came the sound of foot-

# SPILT MILK

Continued from Page 37

steps, and round the corner of the house appeared Burn Meredith.

His clothes were in rags, his face bruised and sweat-streaked, his head bare, and from a wound on his scalp a trickle of blood ran down his cheek.

Flinging the gun down, Letitia sprang towards her husband.

"Burn!" she cried. "Burn, my darling! He told me you were dead."

"That's another of his mistakes," growled Burn grimly and, darting forward he seized Clare by the scruff of the neck as he stooped to gain possession of the gun.

"You murderous skunk!" he growled, shaking Clare as though he were a

four sack. "If Daw hadn't risked his neck climbing down the face of the cliff you'd have been hanging by your neck, and take the thrashing of a lifetime!"

He pushed Clare away from him as he spoke, but instead of standing up for a fight, the wife-stealer whirled round and sped away into the night, gibbering curses.

Burn watched him go and then, turning, walked back to Letitia.

"Burn," she began, "Burn—"

But Burn stopped her words with a kiss.

"I know all about it, old lady," he whispered. "And I guess we'll put this behind us where 'spilt milk' belongs, and start afresh, as Jacob Daw will tomorrow morning."

(Copyright)

## Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

### Unusual Golf Incident

My father and brother were playing to the 11th hole on the Lithgow golf links. Bill, my brother, drove off from the tee, and his ball came to rest about 175 yards away in the centre of the fairway. My father drove off, and his ball struck my brother's on the full and bounced off at an angle of 45 degrees to the left, my brother's ball going off in the opposite direction.—C.E.L.

Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

### Resourceful

AS a rule Australian girls are very resourceful. To quote one instance: A city-bred bride married to a grazier received a telephone call one morning from two of her ex-bridesmaids, inviting themselves out for luncheon and reminding her laughingly that she had promised them spatchcock when they should pay their first visit. "You'll get it," was her gay reply, though she was alone in the home, her husband, the cook, and a couple of men who worked on the place having gone to an agricultural show in an adjacent town. She went out to the fowl-yard at once to catch a couple of young birds. In vain she pursued them—again and again they defied her mockingly. In the end she went inside and got a flypaper which she sprinkled with some wheat, and, laying it on the ground, she stood back a bit shooting off all the birds but the two chickens she wanted. Sure enough the trap worked, and at luncheon the flypaper story was enjoyed almost as much as the spatchcock.—H.J.

### Double-banking

HE was just a rather grubby-faced telegraph-messenger, but he believed in doing a good deed if he could. He delivered a wire to my husband which requested him to be in the city in half an hour on urgent business connected with his firm. My husband grabbed his hat and need for a tram-stop some distance away. "Hey!" yelled the telegraph-boy, "Jump on the back of my bike and I'll run you there." Down the hill they wobbled at a terrific speed, my husband clinging on for dear life, but they caught a tram which reached the city at the appointed time.—Roger.

### A Thoughtful Husband

AN elderly friend of ours came home one day recently tired out. Practically the whole day had been spent house-hunting. Father said sympathetically: "Why don't you lie down for a few minutes and have a rest?" Mother agreed, but first put some vegetables on to cook slowly, turning the gas low accordingly. The few minutes' rest was prolonged. Mother fell asleep, with her head on father's arm. Imagine her feelings when she woke with the odor of burnt potato everywhere. A hasty dash to the stove confirmed her fears. Not only the potatoes, but the saucepan, too, was beyond recall. Turning indignantly to father, who had been awake, she demanded to know why he didn't see to them, or wake her. "Well, Mum," said he, "you hardly slept at all last night, and although I smelt them burning, I couldn't bear to disturb you. You were in such a beautiful sleep, and I knew it would do you good, more good than the small meal you usually nibble." He did not mention a new saucepan.—B.G.

### Located

A FRIEND of mine gave up house-keeping some years ago when she was going to England. Some of her household effects she gave away. To a relation of hers she gave some beautiful curtains of the most uncommon floral design. During her absence abroad she lost touch with this relation, but on her return to Australia my friend endeavored to find this relative. All she could ascertain was that the relative was living in Brisbane. Visiting this city a year or so after her return from England she had the relation much in mind, but could find no trace of her. One day when passing through a Brisbane suburb in a tram she saw the familiar curtains in the window of a house, and thereupon decided to knock at the door of that house "on spec." And sure enough her missing relation opened the door.—J.C.

# LOSES 1st. 2½lb. UGLY FAT IN 10 DAYS AFTER OTHER ANTI-FAT TREATMENTS HAD FAILED!

Enjola, the New Reducing Tonic, enables you SAFELY to take off fat where it shows, giving a slim, yet correctly proportioned figure. Among the first to use the new Treatment, a Sydney lady writes:—  
"My weight before taking Enjola was 12st. 12lbs., but after following the instructions for 10 days I noticed a reduction of 1st. 2½lbs.—I certainly feel very much better than I did prior to taking the tonic. From my own experience I can honestly recommend Enjola to all those who suffer from obesity, because several other well-known anti-fat treatments had failed me.—Yours faithfully, C.M.G."

## Another User Reports losing Over 2 lbs. the First Day!

This lady stated that she desired to wear a particularly tight dress for a special occasion, and her experience in making such a satisfactory reduction is interesting. Enjola, while absolutely harmless, reduces more rapidly, and therefore less expensively than other treatments. Correctly used, IT CANNOT FAIL!

## How Many UGLY POUNDS Would You Lose This Week?

How many inches do you wish to lose off Bust, Waist, Hips, Thighs? Have you a double chin that is making you look old and less attractive? Enjola will give you the results you seek! It definitely reduces faster, more surely than other slimming treatments, and there are no unexpected, irksome restrictions necessary with the use of it. Enjola effectively reduces STUPID'S flesh—it slims only the over-fat parts.

## ENJOLA IS SAFE—NO THYROID—NO HARMFUL DRUGS

EAT BIG MEALS—go about and enjoy life. "Take in" the dresses you now have. Wear the smart new slim styles. With Enjola there are no heart-weakening exercises of any kind. No special diets. You take a simple, absolutely harmless, liquid medicine before meals. Fat goes fast. And—You gain Energy as You Lose Weight. You take NO RISK WITH THIS AMAZING NEW REDUCING TONIC. You hold the new slimness Enjola so pleasantly brings you!

"To Enjola Company, Sydney,  
"We have analysed a sample submitted to us of 'Enjola' Slimming Tonic. We find that the preparation contains no Thyroid substance or extract, and no drugs which might be deleterious to human health. We find that the composition of this substance is suitable for the purposes for which it is intended."  
(Signed) \_\_\_\_\_  
Public Analysts' Approval

## Regain the Slender FIGURE of YOUTH

Get about and enjoy life as you did in former years! You can do it easily as A.B.C.—by taking Enjola. No change in your daily routine—just Enjola before meals, and Fat goes fast! You look years younger.

## ENJOLA TAKES OFF FAT FAST—OR COSTS NOTHING!

Start losing fat to-day! Without weakening or depressing yourself! Enjola will reduce you. Others say the same. Therefore, we make this

### Guarantee:—

Get a 6/6 bottle of Enjola from the Chemist, or direct (see coupon) by post. Follow directions (easy as A B C). If the first bottle doesn't reduce you—money back! You take no risk of any kind. If Enjola succeeds it is worth its cost. If it fails—it is FREE! Enjola is NEW, but the Enjola Company is not. Enjola is vouched for by Public Analysts (see report), and is made in the largest laboratory of its kind in Australia. Be sure, however, that you get genuine ENJOLA REDUCING TONIC, in the Brown-and-White Package!

## Easy to Reduce NOW

Rejuvenating REDUCTION begins within 24 Hours!



LOSE 1 lb. or more a day SLIM Bust, Waist, Hips—BY INCHES



Discard ugly, uncomfortable corsets—slim down bulky arms, legs, shoulders—bring in your waistline. Wear smart, attractive styles. Enjola will definitely show you the way!

### COUPON—POST NOW!

To the Enjola Company, Suite 7M, 44-45 Carrington Street, Sydney. Please send me a bottle of ENJOLA, under plain wrapper, I enclose 6/6 and 6d. extra for postage.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

**ENJOLA**  
Makes Rapid Slimming Safe



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# BLACK Orchids

Continued from Page 5

SHE mocked him with an entrancing little moue that somehow made his earnestness ridiculous.

"No, O stern guardian, I am going to devour your helpless little lamb to the last bit of wool." She broke into a laugh which once more sounded genuine. "But come, there is nothing to serious about it all. You English and Americans should leave love alone—it is the feather that you Anglo-Saxons handle like a bomb. You make too much of it, whereas we here in old Europe—and the further east one goes the truer it becomes—realize that love is like any other game—like chemin-de-fer, baccarat, pheasant shooting polo or diplomacy itself."

"A singular philosophy," he observed as he got to his feet.

She shot him a quick, fugitive smile. "Do you think so?"

"Yes."

"Very well then, I should like to make a convert of you." From under her long eyelashes she mocked him. "So Monsieur the good shepherd, you are invited to come to-morrow to my cousin's residence on the Karrepest U at half-past four."

The invitation came in the nature of a complete surprise, and Ian experienced the sensations of a man whose car commences to skid on an icy road. He knew what ought to be done, tried to do it, yet he felt himself slipping

helplessly in quite the opposite direction, reaching a bad decision.

"All right," he said suddenly, and laughed, though the scar on his chin was very red. "But watch out—I shall do my best to cut Leonard out—for you see, I'm beginning to like you myself."

"You had better not tell Leonard," she said in a low voice and, darting him a bright, brief glance, turned away. But from behind a clump of palms, there darted the figure of a man. Seizing the menace of that swift silhouette, Ian hurried himself forward, without an instant's hesitation, and snatched desperately at a broad hand that gripped something dully bright.

"Bogu!" The girl uttered a startled gasp and whirled back, both tiny hands pressed to her mouth as Ian Gray, First Secretary to the American Minister, and Colonel Maxim Sobeloff, of the Royal Bulgarian Army, grappled and reeled back and forth in a furious struggle for the Bulgarian's automatic.

"Je tuerai cette femme," raged the bearded man and twisted his spaulleted shoulders so violently that he almost broke away. "Laissez-moi aller."

"Quiet, you fool!" panted Ian in furious French, as he twisted the pistol from Sobeloff's hand. "You'll ruin us all if you make a scene."

The Bulgarian made a sudden effort to free himself from the big American's grasp, there sounded a small snarling noise, and one of the stiff golden spaullets tore loose, its button tinkling on the tile pavement.

Spurred by fear of the fatal scandal that threatened to ensue, Ian, venting an exasperated curse, drove a short but vicious uppercut to the Bulgarian's jaw. Colonel Sobeloff's bullet head snapped back and the dishevelled American had just time to catch the unformed figure as it sagged towards the tiled floor of the conservatory.

"Get out," he snappd over his shoulder. "Say nothing and leave this to me."

Into the waistband of his own trousers Ian tucked the would-be assassin's Luger, then swiftly arranged the unconscious officer's body in a lounging chair so that it appeared that he was merely lolling back. Next he straightened his own white tie, pushed his dark brown hair into place, and just as a number of footsteps drew near hastily lit a cigarette; this he tucked between Colonel Sobeloff's half-open lips before sinking into a chair alongside.

Chuckling as over some humorous remark, Ian bent forward to see who approached. There were two or three couples in the group that came sauntering along the shaded passages. At their head strolled Major Harris, deep in trivial conversation with the fat little Belgian lady.

"And imagine it, my dear Sobeloff," Ian chuckled, "after all poor Hartney's work, it turned out the girl's father had not a penny."

The first couple drew near; Major Harris, lean and saturnine as ever in his frogged black uniform. He nodded briefly to the two men seated in the shadows of the bower, but none of the others paid any attention to the stream of small talk that Ian Gray was directing to the Bulgarian colonel, who, completely relaxed, seemed to be wholly occupied in enjoying his cigarette.

When the last of the saunterers were by, Ian got up, drew out a handkerchief, and removed the conventional beads of perspiration from his brow. As he returned the handkerchief to his pocket, he noticed that the Bulgarian's eyes had opened and were regarding him with an intensity that was malevolent, to say the least. He straightened jerkily, tested his jaw, then stated in execrable French:

"You struck me, Monsieur Gray. That means I shall have to kill you."

"Oh, don't be a fool," snapped Ian, and, turning on his heel, set grimly off in search of Leonard Holt.

## CHAPTER 7

AFTER bathing the bruised knuckles of his right hand and otherwise removing certain traces of the brief, but significant struggle, Ian Gray conducted a systematic search for the infatuated young man who had now placed him in an extremely difficult if not dangerous position. As the conviction grew that the dark-browed Colonel Sobeloff had meant every word of his threat, the invisible frown on Ian's brow grew deeper. He searched all the rooms filled with the brilliant and colorful throng of guests, but caught no glimpse of Leonard Holt's handsome head. As completely absent was the fragile blonde beauty of Countess Lelita von Waldeck; there was not a trace of her who had cast this bomb into the ordinary, tranquil routine of diplomatic life, though the jovial pink-faced Count von Bradensee was yet occupied in a mild flirtation with Senorita Martela.

Please turn to Page 40

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I took the advice of those beauty experts, as to method of using Palmolive, too. I massage its velvety lather well into my pores, rinse with warm water, then cold. You can't imagine how that penetrating lather will help your skin!



POSS/1.

No wonder it's advised  
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## BLACK Orchids

Continued from Page 39

BEING essentially practical, Ian dismissed the matter from his mind as well as he might and took up the arduous task of being nice to a number of unimportant people in important positions.

As the evening dragged on he was vaguely troubled not to see the dark-visaged Bulgarian again. Obviously, Colonel Soboleff had made his excuses to disappear quickly after that absurdly melodramatic rencontre in the conservatory.

At last Baron von Satzmar's Versailles mantel clock chimed two o'clock and by two and three the glittering assemblage commenced to break up. It was while he sought for change in anticipation of the taxi ride home that he was annoyed to discover the loss of his key ring of his apartment. He cursed beneath his breath on recalling that the concierge and his innumerable family were off on a visit and so could not admit him as usual. They had given him the key to the downstairs and now he had lost it.

He stood a moment in thought, nodded an absent-minded good-night to Captain d'Armonot who, discreetly triumphant, was acquiring a vivacious Rumanian minor princess whose dark eyes hinted at bright moments in dark corners. As a solution it occurred to Ian that he might get a duplicate door-key that customarily lay in his drawer at the Ministry. So saying, he borrowed a key to the offices from Peter Bankerville, an under-secretary.

"Give it back to you in the morning," he smiled. "Damn stupid of me to lose mine."

"Oh, that's all right. But say, Leonard's in luck. We all lost something when the von Waldeck girl left

us flat. By Heaven she's a neat eye-fall!"

Punged in thoughts which were tinged with the darker shades of grey, Ian gave the address of the Ministry and settled absently back on the worn leather cushions of the puffing little cab he had engaged. The night air was fresh and full of life, as only spring air can be, and the stars above the batteries of badly smoking chimneys were very bright and friendly. As the cab sped through wide empty streets tenanted only by street-cleaners and policemen, he fell to picturing Lolita as he had first seen her. How unearthly beautiful she had looked framed by palm fronds and revealed by the soft moonlight!

He was shaken from his reverie by an agonised squeal of brakes and glanced up, startled to see the cream-colored facade of the Ministry looming above him.

"Warten sie," he instructed the sleepy walrus-moustached chauffeur and, after crossing the sidewalk, unlocked the front door. In the hall the usual dim light was burning, making the familiar offices look huge and ghostly. He had begun to climb the stairs when he stiffened. On the floor above there had sounded a subdued noise. He smiled in the darkness—probably a mouse in a waste-basket or maybe a charwoman at work.

To Ian's great surprise, he found no light going on the second floor, which immediately removed any possibilities of the charwoman being at work. On tiptoe he advanced, after turning up his overcoat collar lest the gleam of his white waistcoat and shirt-front betray him.

He swung open the glass-topped portal and reached for the light lever, but his hand never got there, for a cloth, strong and warm, dropped over his throat and he was jerked violently backwards. He felt himself tottering hopelessly off balance, and then he saw more lights than he had since Chateau Thierry. After that Ian Gray lay very still, with his crushed opera-hat beside him, for in falling his head had struck the corner of an extremely solid oak desk.

The first thing that impinged upon his returning senses was the fact that his head ached most abnormally, and second, that the scent of a very subtle and delicate perfume was in his nostrils. Ian, somewhat of a connoisseur in perfumes, identified the tantalising, elusive scent as that of an expensive and uncommon variety known as Orchids. Noises, and was surprised to find that it arose from a man's black and white silk scarf that lay coiled like a shapeless snake across his rumpled shirt bosom.

"Well, may I be hanged—he did a neat job! What a busy little evening we're having—"

With the sensations of a hitherto carefree wanderer who has become lost in a morass and who in seeking to extricate himself, merely mires himself more securely, Ian pulled off the scented scarf, got up, and snapped on the lights. To his amazement everything appeared quite as it should be. The desks were untouched and the safe was shut as usual.

### CHAPTER 4.

"CERTAINLY was a nasty crack," he thought, while his fingers tested a lump that promised soon to exceed the conventional pigeon's egg in size. There was blood, too, on his finger-tips. He blinked. Those red stains somehow collected his scattered reactions. "Let's see if anything's been touched."

Lips set in a tight, mirthless smile, he crossed to his desk, and from it extricated his duplicate house-keys.

"Damn nuisance to lose those keys."

His remaining self-possession was further shaken as he realised that the key for his particular compartment in the safe had been on that ring. Good thing the key was useless without knowledge of the combination to the safe's outer door. Well, he would get a new lock put on in the morning. Lucky he had come up. If the text of the new Magyar-American trade treaty regarding Aquitanian goods got into the wrong hands there'd be assorted kinds of hell popping. The State Department would have some tall explaining to do, and if there was anything the State Department liked less than explaining Ian had no idea what that was.

In an effort to clear his head he lit a cigarette and was about to go home when, with a trickle of ice water circulating through his heart, he noticed that the dial of the safe was set at the last numeral of the opening combination! Chilled with a sudden presentiment of disaster, he gripped the lock's nickel arm and was sickened to find that the door swung open without the least effort. Greater grew his fear when he knelt, peered inside, and beheld the lid of the steel box in his compartment wide open.

Please turn to Page 46

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# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

## WHO wants a DOUBLE CHIN?

NO ONE ... and for a very good reason ... double chins are definitely ageing!

BY EVELYN

THE average woman seldom realises she has a chin until it is duplicated! Very sad, but very true...

Too soon, what with reading, sewing, typing, sitting, and walking, with chin on chest almost, the muscles round the jaw and under the chin get lazy, lose their youthful contours. And to regain those smooth, clear-cut contours a bracing, stimulating regime must be instituted—and adhered to.

TAKE a quick glance in the glass. How does your chin grow? Don't be afraid of admitting to yourself that a second one is on its way. But don't be gloomy about it, for it will respond to treatment, provided that treatment is regular and right.

My first bit of advice: Keep your chin up, don't let it poke or sag. Mentally, it acts as a stimulus, gives a confidence, defies defeat. Physically, it strengthens the muscles, keeps them young and taut, and stops them from sagging.

Special exercises carried out regularly will help marvellously. Here are several of the well-tried and true kind:—

1. Holding your shoulders well back, roll your head from side to side as far as you can, and then round and round as in a circle. This prevents the collection of superfluous fat at the back of the neck which forms the "age" bump.

2. Shoulders back, throw the head right back and bring forward till it touches the chest.

3. Lie on your back (you can do this every morning before you jump out of bed, but remove pillow) and throw the head forward.

4. Hold your head normally and keep your chin firm and erect, now purse your lips slightly and say "Q," then say "X," widening your mouth and tightening your jaw as you do so. Put your hand on the throat just under your chin as



HERE IS one way to bring back chin beauty. See exercise No. 6 in this article.

you try this, and note how muscles spring into action.

5. Throw your head back as far as you can, and slowly open and shut your mouth. Do this ten times.

6. (See illustration.) With your right hand you give your chin a series of hard "lifts" as if you were trying to stretch

your neck and make it longer. This practised regularly does actually make the neck look longer and assists greatly in the cultivation of a clear curve between chin and throat. It also keeps those dreaded sagging muscles at bay.

7. Still another: Place the palm of the hand firmly on the right cheek. Now press against cheek whilst turning the head to the right, resisting all the time. Repeat with left hand on left cheek. Next, place the back of the hand beneath the chin, press up with hand as hard as possible and bend head down until it almost touches the chest. Now complete exercise by clasping hands behind head and forcing the head backwards, resisting meanwhile with hands.

Now make your choice and carry through till chin beauty is regained, or select one or two and practise to retain existing, clear-cut contours.

All exercises should be followed by repeated splashing with water—ice-cold if procurable.

### Patting Helps, Too

A RUBBER patten is a good investment for the chin alone. Night and morning, it can be used. To get best results, soak a pad of cotton wool in cold water, wring it out, and saturate with astringent (lemon juice, eau-de-cologne, witch hazel in this case will do). Tie on end of patten, and pat briskly. This will break up the fatty tissues and greatly reduce superfluous flesh.

Here is the most efficacious method of patting: six smart pats underneath the chin, then six on the left of the jaw, and another six on the right. Repeat until the skin is pink and tingling.

You can buy chin straps to-day, and these are decidedly helpful. They can be worn all night, as they are light and easy enough to wear.

Massage helps, too. Here is a splendid movement: With the fingers moistened with nourishing cream, place them on the ends of the shoulders and work up towards the ears, pressing firmly against the skin.

"Pinching" is good for the jaw-bone: Work from the chin, after smothering with cream, with pinching movements to the ears. But care must be taken so that the skin is not stretched.



THE OWNER OF THIS ATTRACTIVE CHIN is Alice Faye, Fox beauty. . . Chins aren't intended to be double. When they become so we mostly have ourselves to blame, for at some time we must have been guilty of gross neglect. However, don't despair. Help is at hand in this article.



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## ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: What is the difference between mental deficiency and feeble-mindedness? If a child is reported by its schoolmaster to be mentally deficient, does that mean that it is an imbecile and will never be able to learn?

MENTAL deficiency and feeble-mindedness are synonymous terms. Each signifies that the individual was born with a defective brain and that, despite training, he is unable to compete on equal terms with others of his age. Imbecility is something quite different.

Another diagnostic term is also used, namely, "arrested mental development." Such individuals are also deficient mentally. They, however, were born normal and their potentialities for mental development were normal. But a physical injury to the brain or a disease, such as meningitis, destroyed brain nerve cells and thus rendered them defective mentally.

Distinction should be made between real mental defectives and those frequent cases met with which are merely examples of a slowing-up of mind progress and not a stoppage of further expansion.

There are many conditions, physical, as well as psychological, which may cause these cases of mental retardation. Adenoids, diseased tonsils, eye strain, rickets, heart, kidney, and lung disorders, a mild degree of epilepsy, mental disturbances of a functional character, and a host of other conditions may prevent the mind from progressing at an average pace.

When a child is definitely defective, it may be possible to improve him, although the extent of such improvement is always problematical. When, on the other hand, a child is only mentally retarded, complete recovery can be hoped for. The cure consists primarily

in removing the physical or functional handicap which is holding back his natural development.

According to the degree of defect present, types of feeble-mindedness are classified as "idiot," "imbecile," and "moron." The idiot, of course, is the lowest grade, and he may lead scarcely anything better than a vegetative existence. When measured by such a scale as the Binet test, one would say an idiot does not attain a mental age above three.

The imbecile measures from three to eight years, despite his physical or actual age. In other words, an imbecile of twenty may possess only the mind of a child of seven.

THE moron is the highest type of mental defective. Such a person's mentality may run from about eight to eleven or almost twelve. Indeed, the language ability of the moron is marked when contrasted with his other mental deficiencies, and he may pass for normal. The morons are the type most difficult to detect, but much can be done for them in the way of training.

If a mental defective presents striking physical characteristics he may be classified further as a "hydrocephalic" (water on the brain), a "microcephalic" (small-headed), a "mongolian" or "cretin." One would speak of a "mongolian idiot" or "mongolian imbecile," "mongolian moron," depending upon the degree of intellect that the mental defective possessed, irrespective of his striking physical characteristics.



When a WOMAN tells you —

that it is nearly fifty years since she bought her first tin of Calvert's Tooth Powder,

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famous formula which prevents colds from spreading. Mistol quickly relieves congestion and opens up clogged nasal passages. Soon you breathe easily again and know the joys of refreshing sleep. Get a bottle of Mistol today with free dropper.



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STOPS COLDS WHERE THEY START



## Have You Entered Our DRIED FRUITS Recipe Competition?

**There's £10 in Cash Prizes  
To Be Won!**

Announced last week, and still open to you, is our special dried fruits recipe competition.

To enter, send in a menu which you consider nicest for a bridge party, with each recipe given quite complete. Dried fruits must be used in every recipe submitted for this competition.

First prize is £5, second £2/10/-, third £1, and six consolation prizes at 5/- each. Entries close on June 29, results announced July 13.

Please note, however, that our usual weekly recipe competition (for which any recipe at all that you like and have tried is eligible) is running as usual. Below are the week's prize-winning recipes:

#### GOLDEN SYRUP DUMPLINGS

One cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 well-beaten egg. Rub butter into flour, mix with beaten egg, break into small pieces, and boil in the following mixture for 20 minutes without taking off the lid:—

One cup hot water, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon golden syrup.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. H. Sadler, West Burnie, Tas.

#### BIRDSNEST PUDDING

Six large apples, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, 3 eggs, 2 teaspoons S.R. flour, 1 pint milk.

Peel and core apples; cut in halves; make hole in centre, fill with paste made of cinnamon, butter, and one tablespoon

#### TO CLARIFY FAT

FAT that has been used for deep frying and has turned brown in color can be clarified by melting it and then pouring into a basin half filled with hot water. Stir and let it settle. When quite hard, remove the solid fat from the top, scrape off any sediment on the underside, and pour the water away. Repeat the process if necessary.

of sugar. Put in pie-dish, pour over it a batter made of eggs, remainder of sugar, flour, and milk. Bake one hour in moderate oven.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. Tess Sweeney, Knolly, 7th Avenue, St. Morris, S.A.

#### MAHMLADE PUDDING

Quarter-pound flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 15 teaspoonful ground ginger, 1/4 lb. sugar, 1/4 lb. breadcrumbs, 1/4 lb. suet, 1/4 lb. marmalade, 1/2 pint milk, 1 egg.

Mix all the dry ingredients together, add the marmalade, egg and milk. Pour into a well-greased mould. Cover with buttered paper and steam for two hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Thornton, 4 John St., Woolahra, N.S.W.

#### BUTTERSCOTCH FINGERS

Quarter-pound melted butter, add small cup of brown sugar, beat well. Add 1 cup of plain flour with 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 cup of chopped walnuts, a few drops of vanilla. Spread in grease-roll tin, bake in slow oven 20 to 25 minutes, cut in fingers while hot. Must be kept in airtight tins.

Put three times across the tins and six times the length of the tin—this will make over two dozen fingers. Can use chopped raisins or cherries by way of a change.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Williams, 4 Myrtle St., Burwood, N.S.W.

#### SCOTCH DUMPLING

One cup chopped suet, 1 cup raisins, 3 cups flour, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup currants, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 piece lemon peel, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 large tablespoon golden syrup, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, pinch of salt, milk to mix to a stiff dough.

Mix all dry ingredients, put syrup in the centre, and mix with the milk to a stiff dough. Tie in floured cloth and boil from 2 to 4 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Myrtle Hadd, 42 Ralfeys St., Rockhampton, Qld.

#### SHEEP'S HEART CASSEROLE DISH

Allow one heart for each person. Clean thoroughly and stuff with minced herbs, onion, and breadcrumbs. Place hearts in a casserole and cover with sauce of bacon and a layer of thinly-sliced onion. Turn over all with stock. Put lid on casserole and simmer till tender. Serve with roast potatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Vera M. Greedy, Wai Wai, Victoria.

HOST HOLDSBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty\*\*\*

## ASTHMA OVERCOME

by Dr. Hair's

Famous Asthma Medicine

Here's good news for all sufferers from distressing Asthma, dread Catarrh and Bronchitis—Dr. Hair's Asthma Medicine costs only 8/- for a large bottle. This renowned medicine will give you DEFINITE RELIEF no matter how hopeless your case may seem. Thousands of despairing sufferers have proved its efficacy—it is endorsed by a Royal Physician and thousands of other doctors—it cures complete and permanent relief.



Don't despair! Send a card now for a free copy of our booklet which explains simply and clearly how lasting benefit can be obtained. Post free from Dr. Hair's Asthma Medicine, Box 1552 E. G.P.O. Sydney, or Box 1211 K. G.P.O. Melbourne, C.I.

When writing please mention this newspaper.

Dr. Hair's Asthma Medicine is obtainable at all leading chemists at 8/- per bottle or send direct, post free, from the above address.

## FOR BURNT PANS

Use Steelo . . . It secures them bright and smooth with less rubbing than ever. Ideal for aluminium, for all kitchenware, for bath, basin, sink. A tin packet lasts 3 weeks.

**STEELO**



Let me share  
this beauty secret  
with you

Don't make the mistake of thinking that Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream is merely a foundation cream for your powder and make-up. Of course, it enhances the charm of your complexion because it is a perfect powder base and preserves your make-up for hours; but it does a lot more than that . . . Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream protects the most delicate skin from the ravages of sun, wind, rain and dust. And here is a little secret for you . . . Perfect Vanishing Cream conceals skin blemishes and other little imperfections that sometimes mar a beautiful skin. Keep your complexion looking its loveliest by the daily use of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream.



**Daggett & Ramsdell**



# A PAGE Flowing with HONEY DELICACIES

By RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

- Feathery Scones and Cakes to serve at 4 o'clock.
- New Puddings . . . to vary the Everyday Menu.
- Extra Special Dishes . . . to make at Party Time.
- Little Biscuits and Sweets . . . for the Bridge Tea.

WOULD the busy little bee swagger with importance or stagger under the burden of overwork and worry if all humans knew the real value that is packed in honey? . . . Honey is easily digested and is non-fattening—news to all those who want to slim, yet never say "No" to sweets or sweet dishes; honey, in addition to its qualities as a delicious, nourishing food, contains iron, sodium, and potassium—therefore a blood purifier and energy producer.

WHY not serve honey on oatmeal instead of sugar? Melt and serve on waffles, sweet dumplings, and with steamed puddings.

Here follow a few from my versatile collection of honey recipes—I hope you will like them:—

## HONEY SCONES

One and a half cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 tablespoon honey, 2oz. sultanas, 6 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon butter.

Sift flour, cream of tartar, and soda well; rub in butter; add sultanas, then milk and honey, making into a soft dough. Turn on to floured board. Roll



out thin, thick, cut into squares; glaze. Place on greased tin. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Turn on to a cake-cooler. Split with finger, and butter while hot.

## HONEY SANDWICH

Four ounces sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 teaspoon caramel, 2 tablespoons warm water, 5oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, milk cream.

Separate the whites and yolks of eggs. Beat the whites to stiff froth with pinch salt. Add the yolks, then sugar gradually, and beat till the mixture is thick. Dissolve the honey and caramel in the water and add to the egg mixture. Then stir in the well-sifted flour and baking powder. Pour into two well-greased sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Turn on to a cake-cooler. When cold, join together with milk cream and sprinkle with icing sugar.

Note: The above recipe may be used for honey roll. In this case cook the mixture in a 8in. x 8in. Swiss-roll tin and follow rules as for rolling sponge roll.

## HONEY AND PEAR PIE

Slices of bread, butter, pears, 3 tablespoons honey. Grease a pie-dish with butter, spread the bread with butter. Remove the crusts and line the pie-dish with the slices, buttered side in. Fill with sliced pears. Pour the honey over. Cover with slices of bread and butter. Bake in a moderate oven till the bread is a golden brown. Serve hot, with boiled custard.

## HONEY AND APPLE CHARLOTTE

Two large apples, 1 cup fine breadcrumbs, 1 cup honey, 1 cup water.

Grease well a pie-dish and sprinkle thickly with crumbs. Peel, core, and slice the apples. Put the apples and remainder of crumbs in alternate layers in the pie-dish. Mix the honey and water well together. Pour carefully over the apples. Bake in a moderate oven until the apples are soft and the top a pale brown. Serve at once with cream or custard.

## HONEY SPONGE PUDDING

Two oz. butter, 1oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon honey, 2 tablespoons milk, 3oz. self-raising flour, sultanas and honey.

Grease a basin, line with honey, and sprinkle with sultanas. Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg, dessertspoon honey and milk, then sifted flour, mixing in lightly. Pour into prepared mould. Cover with greased paper. Steam for 1 1/2 hours. Turn out and serve with honey or sweet sauce.

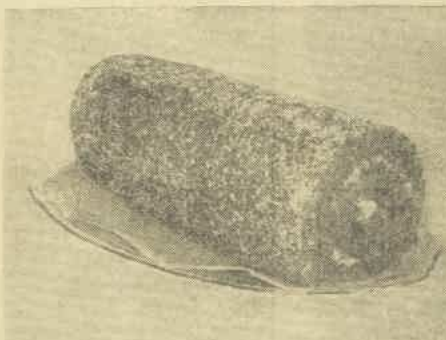
## HONEY DROPS

Eight ounces S.R. flour, 3oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons honey.

Sift the flour into a basin, rub in the butter; add the sugar, mixing in well.

**CHICK KUBE**

CHICKEN BROTH CUBE  
A cup of chicken broth for 1d.



TEMPTING WAYS with one delicious honey recipe (see honey sandwich recipe): Swiss roll or sponge sandwich—decorate the latter according to taste—for afternoon tea or supper party; also small cakes, cream-filled, to be served at a luscious dinner sweet.

Beat the egg, add to it the honey. Then add to the dry ingredients, making into a stiff dough. Take a spoonful of the mixture, roll into a ball, using a little flour to prevent sticking to the hands. Roll in sugar, place on a greased Swiss-roll tin. Bake in a hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Turn on to a cake-cooler when cooked.

## HONEY RICE PUDDING

One cup boiled rice, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup honey.

Warm the honey and milk, add the well-beaten eggs, melted butter, and the rice. Pour into a well-greased pie-dish. Bake in a slow oven till the mixture is set. Serve either hot or cold.

## HONEY BISCUITS

Three cups self-raising flour, 1lb. butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup honey, 1 teaspoon ginger and cinnamon, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift the flour, ginger, and cinnamon. Rub in the butter, add sugar. Warm the milk, pour on to the honey, mix well; add to it the well-beaten egg; add to the flour mixture, making into a dry dough. Turn on to board. Roll out thinly; stamp into rounds; place on greased Swiss-roll tin. Bake in a slow oven until a pale brown. Leave on tin till cold. Store in airtight tin.

## HONEY TOFFEE

Eight tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 dessertspoons butter.

Put the sugar into a saucepan, add the vinegar, then honey, lastly the butter, and mix all well together. Allow to stand for half an hour. Place over a low flame. When sugar is melted, raise the flame and allow to boil till a small quantity dropped into cold water hardens immediately, or if thermometer is used, boil to 300deg. Fah. Pour at once on to oiled tin. Leave till quite cold, then break into pieces and store in airtight jar.

## HONEY PUDDING HOT

Three tablespoons honey, 3oz. breadcrumbs, 3oz. plain flour, 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 2 tablespoons milk.

Grease a plain basin and put in the honey. Cream the butter and sugar. Add egg-yolks, then sifted flour and soda, breadcrumbs, milk, lastly the whisked egg-whites. Pour into prepared basin. Cover with greased paper. Steam 1 1/2 hours. Turn out and serve with sweet sauce.

## HONEY CRISPS

One tablespoon honey, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup butter, 1 cup oatmeal, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 2 cups rolled oats.

Dissolve honey and butter. Dissolve the soda in the boiling water. Mix the dry ingredients well together, add honey, butter, and water to it, mixing in well. Place small, rough heaps on a



HONEY is packed full of nourishing goodness, yet is non-fattening!

240deg. Fah. If a thermometer is used. Beat the whites of eggs stiffly. Cool the syrup, then add very gradually to the whites, beating all the time, then till cold and thick. Pour on to cake and leave till set before cutting.

## HONEY MOUSSE

Four egg-yolks, 1 cup honey, 1 pint whipped cream.

Beat the egg-yolks well, add the warm honey gradually. Stir over boiling water till thick and it coats the spoon. Allow to cool. Then add to the slightly-whipped cream. Pour into individual serving dishes. Chill and serve.

## HONEY POUND CAKE

Half pound butter, 1lb. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon honey, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. figs, 2oz. almonds, 1lb. plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream the butter, sugar, and honey; add well-beaten eggs, then milk, and lastly flour, baking powder, and chopped fruits. Pour into well-greased cake tin. Bake in a moderate oven 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 hours. Turn carefully on to cake cooler.

GOODNESS . . .  
and ECONOMY  
have made

**HEENZO**

the Best and  
most Widely-Used  
COUGH  
REMEDY

Costs 2/- Saves £s.

Over one million Australian citizens annually prove the goodness of the great money-saving family cough remedy so easily made by adding sweetened water to a two-shilling bottle of concentrated Heenzo. By doing this you have a supply equal in quantity and superior in quality to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the usual ready-made-up cough and influenza remedies that would cost up to £1. Heenzo is absolutely pure, and can be given to even the youngest baby with perfect safety. You will be more than delighted with the speedy way Heenzo soothes sore throats, eases the chest, and banishes even the worst attacks of coughing.

Mr. WILSON EWART, Sydney's Brilliant Bass-Baritone, writes—  
The Manager, HEENZO,  
Dear Sir,

I have no hesitation in saying that HEENZO is the best remedy I have ever used for curing coughs and colds and soothing sore throats.

Yours faithfully,  
Wilson Ewart.

HEENZO HOMES ARE HEALTHIEST.



Mr. WILSON EWART

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

If you feel sour, tired and weary, and the world looks blue, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine. For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste, and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blotches. Your head aches, and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes, 4/3 and 2/- . Resist a substitute.

## Rosella SOUPS

14 nourishing soups ready cooked for your table by expert chefs.

Choose from:

- Tomato
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- Vegetable
- Celery
- Asparagus
- Ox-Tail
- Kidney
- Chicken
- Mushroom
- Pea





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## LUCKY Little 4-YEAR-OLD

This Week's Three-in-One Concession Pattern is Hers...



And won't mothers appreciate it! To think that three smart, sensible little frocks may be made from this cleverly-cut pattern with ease—to know that full directions and diagrams accompany the pattern... Call or send for it—price only 6d.

DOWN the page, one, two, three little girls in dainty, sensible winter dresses. Read below about our amazing three-in-one concession pattern. It is obtainable immediately on application.



Gay Embroidery with this NEW thread **CLARK'S ANCHOR Soft EMBROIDERY**

"Anchor" SOFT Embroidery opens up fresh possibilities of brightening your home and clothes. Even "beginners" can work in it. Full working instructions and transfers for many designs are contained in little 2d. leaflets, beautifully printed in colours so that you can SEE how the finished patterns will look.

Everybody is enthusiastic about SOFT embroidery—it is quick and very effective whether used for dress cuffs, luncheon mats, cushions—in fact, this fashionable dull-surface thread has fulfilled a definite demand.



TO NEEDLEWORK DEPARTMENT, W.W. P.O. Box 1894 F. Melbourne. P.O. Box 332 E. Sydney. P.O. Box 8109, Perth.

I enclose... in stamps for "Wipe with Embroidery." "Let's be Gay." "Embroider it." (Strike out leaflets not required). W.W. 15/6/35.

Name: ..... Address: .....

## THE FELLOW NEXT DOOR was taking my place!



Hundreds of men like Mr. King come home from the office fagged. And in nearly every case the trouble is the same—"Night Starvation." As the doctor explained, you burn up energy even while you sleep. If this energy is not restored during the night—you wake tired—"Night Starved". Horlick's taken regularly at bed-time prevents "Night Starvation", replaces energy as it is burned up.

Horlick's Malted Milk has a cupivating flavour. It is economical, too—the milk is in it. You need add water only. Prices from 1/6. Horlick's Mixers 1/-.

### Do you know these amazing facts about "Night Starvation"?

- (1) The average person sits once every 10 minutes during sleep. The body shifts first this way and then that in order to rest all the muscle groups in turn.
- (2) During an 8 hour night, you expend 20,000 muscular efforts just to breathe!
- (3) All night through your heart has to

beat and pump blood—about 35,000 beats between 11 p.m. and 7 a.m.

- (4) Unless this energy is replaced during the night, you suffer from "Night Starvation." Actual tests show that Horlick's, because it is so easily digested, restores this energy while you sleep.



## HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.

**M**OTHERS of little Miss Four-year-old will welcome this week's concession pattern—for in its three variations it's a very taking little model. And the little lass will pirouette on her toes with joy, and her eyes will sparkle at wearing such a pretty, piquant, fetching wee frock—whichever one you decide to make for her.

**O**UR special concession pattern service is filling a long-felt want. Each week we show three special designs made from the one pattern, which is obtainable at our offices. And all you have to do this week is to buy 1 1/2 yards of material, 1 yard for the collar, and buy, at a specially low price, this pattern—for sixpence!

See the demure piquancy of each wee model. And note that each style, so dainty, falls full from the yoke, the box-pleated skirt allowing ample room for healthful exercise.

The neck of the first is trimmed with the youthful contrast Peter Pan collar and dainty dark bow. Brought up in tweed, it will be cosy—and fetching—for winter. The broad cuffs match the collar, and give a quaint "Dutch girl" effect.

### Buttons Are Smart

**S**HORT sleeves and a lighter fabric make a "sports" model for her. Note the effective button outlining of the front opening as shown in the central sketch.

Then, if you want a dressy, "going-out" frock, note the third sketch—have the contrast scallop round the neck, a becoming style, and adorn it simply with three buttons.

Pattern is for four years, and material required is 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide material for the frock, and 1 yard 36 inches wide material for collar.

If you want the pattern for these three designs, you may send for it (postage costs nothing extra for the concession pattern), or call at our offices. With the coupon below, the pattern costs only 6d. Full, clear, efficient directions accompany the pattern. Even young amateur dressmakers may make it with success.

### THREE-IN-ONE COUPON

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

To obtain above pattern, send or bring in 6d. to any of our offices, together with this coupon, filled in. For addresses, see elsewhere. We pay postage. (Three-in-one coupon, 15/6/35.)

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**NEW LURE WITH EVERY TOUCH**  
... that's the secret of *Michel*

You don't know how lovely your lips can be, until you use Michel! It gives beauty, lure, fresh enchantment... it softens, it makes lips luscious and tempting! Michel is truly indelible... one application lasts for hours. Use it once, and you'll never use any other.

The name Michel adds that essential little touch of social distinction, for it is used almost exclusively by fashionable women throughout the world.

Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case. All others are imitations!

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.



# Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE PATTERN

## WINTER NIGHTDRESS

WW371A.—Why not make a comfy winter nightdress? Material is slightly gathered where it joins the yoke. Collar and cuffs are scalloped and worked with a buttonhole stitch. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/4.



WW363A

WW364A

WW365A

WW366A

WW367A

WW368A

WW369A

WW370A

**VERY SMART AND UNUSUAL**  
WW363A.—A striking model, depicting the newest style. The quaintness of the sleeves and the new flared front are distinct points of interest. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**CHIC PERSONIFIED!**  
WW364A.—An outstanding fashion for the new season's fabrics. The novel front trimming presents a youthful appearance. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**TRIM TWO-PIECE SUIT**  
WW365A.—The novelty of this two-piece suit is expressed particularly in the sleeves, which are cut in one with the yoke. Neck is encircled with a collar, under which a triangle scarf is tied. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**FOR THE SCHOOLGIRL**  
WW366A.—The schoolgirl knows what is smart and she will just love a frock like this! The neck trimming is chic. Pattern for 10 and 12 years. Material for 12 years: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

**NEAT SHIRT BLOUSE**  
WW367A.—How neat and sporty a shirt blouse looks with a costume, and this is a lovely variation. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

**BRIGHT LITTLE FROCK**  
WW368A.—Something new and smart for the little schoolgirl. Pattern for 6 to 8 years. Material for 8 years: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

**YOUTHFULLY MODERN**  
WW369A.—An evening frock, which is very fashionable as well as becoming. The cowl back is new and attractive. Side-front skirt is in one with the blouse panel. Material for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**USEFUL SWAGGER COAT**  
WW370A.—Swagger coats are just as popular as ever. This model has raglan sleeves, bordered at the wrists with stitched material matching the stand-up collar. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**PLEASE NOTE:** To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.



## Our Free Pattern

THIS week's free pattern carries with it the newest fashion details.

The raglan sleeves and the shaping of the skirt over the hips are popular features.

Pattern is for a 34-inch bust.

Material: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 30 inches wide.

Turnings must be allowed when cutting.



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"Some salts may be all right as an aperient, but for a really health-giving organ stimulant and a great remedy for CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, BACK-ACHE, etc., I always recommend Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts."

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Schumann's Salts consist of the most important ingredients of some of the world's most famous Mineral Springs or Spas. These Mineral Spring Waters are Nature's way of making up the salts or chemicals in our system which we use by the act of living. If you want your whole system toned up—your liver put right—and all your organs to function normally—use only Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts. SOLD EVERYWHERE.



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MINERAL SPRING  
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## FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 35A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 51, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 415X, G.P.O., Sydney.  
TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 100-113 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.  
Name .....  
Address .....  
State .....  
Pattern Coupon, 15/6/35.



## RHEUMATISM



No sign of it, thanks to SLOAN'S

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# SLOAN'S

LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

Not conducted for profit but for the greatest service to all.



## Is YOUR baby worth ASSURING?

LOVE and affection are the very basis of life assurance. The desire of men and women to ensure happiness to their loved ones is the reason for the existence of the A.M.P. Society with its vast membership and its £279,000,000 of assurance.

For instance, it is a common practice among parents to assure their children with the A.M.P. Some choose one kind of policy, some another. There are policies to suit the needs and ideas of all. The sum assured can be small or large.

One man will want to ensure that £100 a year for three or five years shall be available to his son should he choose to go to the University. Another man will want to provide a lump sum of, say, £500 or £1,000 for his boy when he reaches the age of 25. A third may prefer to take out a policy under Table ZN, because it will early give his boy the habit of thrift.

Under Table ZN a parent, aged 30 next birthday, may assure the life of his child, aged 5 years next birthday, for £1,000, payable at death of the child if occurring on or after his 21st birthday, on payment of an annual premium of £8/9/2. Should the child die before his 21st birthday, all the premiums paid will be returned with interest added. If the parent die before the child's 21st birthday, no premium will need to be paid until the child reaches 21. Then the premiums become the young man's, or the young woman's, responsibility, and he or she is assured for £1,000, with future bonuses, at about half the rate of premium that would be required if the policy had not been taken out at so young an age.

To any parent living within a reasonable distance of any A.M.P. office the Society will be glad to send an experienced counsellor to give full details of the many ways in which children may be assured. A request for a counsellor to be sent will entail no obligation whatsoever. To those living far from an A.M.P. office, a copy of "Investing in Happiness" and other booklets will gladly be sent.

## A.M.P. SOCIETY

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District Offices Throughout All States.

## BLACK Orchids

Continued from Page 40

WITH trembling fingers, but with eyes that were steady, he ran over the contents of that small, bright steel container. All at once it seemed that a mail-clad fist cold as the box in his hands had seized his heart and was squeezing the life blood out of it. Stupidly, incredulously, he stared at the fat sheet of typewritten pages. Lying sedately in its place was the second half of Trade Treaty X-2, but the first half had completely disappeared.

For the second time that night, a myriad lights swam before Ian Gray's staring and now horror-stricken eyes as he came to realise the magnitude of the catastrophe which had befallen him. Great heavenly State secrets entrusted to him had been lost! In his mind's eye he could foresee the future, the outcry, that would be raised in half of Europe's chancelleries. The fact that the first section was practically useless without the second made no difference; there was enough in it to convince those shrewd, clear-sighted and unflinching autocrats in Aquitania that America had dealt them yet another stinging rebuff.

Feeling as he had that time a Prussian guardman had driven a rifle-butt into his solar plexus, Ian Gray remained utterly devoid of motion. Then great beads of perspiration commenced to form on his brow as he realised that he was now liable not only to dishonourable dismissal from the Foreign Service, but prosecution, for criminal, if not treasonable, carelessness. That he had been the victim of a series of accidents over which he had no control would make not a whit of difference to those grim old men back in Washington.

For several dazed minutes he sat slumped in a swivel chair, hopelessly bewildered by the gathering avalanche of ill fortune that had overwhelmed him since the cocktail hour. He suddenly sat bolt upright, alert and clear-headed once more.

"The only thing to do," he told himself as he got up methodically, returned his compartment to its place and then twisted the combination of the safe, "is to go home and get some black coffee and reason this thing out—logically."

He retrieved from the floor his battered opera hat, dusted it and winced when its rim encountered that bump on the back of his head.

"May as well take this scarf along—a clue. Wish to heaven there was one of those blasted dime novel detectives around—might be able to tell all about the crime from this scarf."

As ill luck would have it, he was in the act of shutting the Ministry's ponderous front door when Baskerville, the attaché from whom he had borrowed the key, came sauntering by, homeward bound.

"Hello," he greeted with a brief nod. "You must have been upstairs quite a while. Thought you were home and in the bathers long ago. Nice taxi bill you'll have."

Ian had hard work to force a smile to his lips. That treaty!

"Yes, but you know how it is—saw some unfinished work on my desk and, for no good reason, stopped to finish it up. Forgot all about this infernal taxi. See you in the morning."

The explanation sounded thin, he realised that very well, and guessed that Baskerville, who was nobody's fool, was looking after him with a puzzled expression.

"The devil with him!" he said savagely. "Let him think."

On regaining his flat, Ian slipped out of his clothes and into a dressing gown, then bathed his wounded head. After that he dropped into an arm-chair before the grate and started to think. The more he thought, the less happy he became. Obviously the theft had been committed by someone who was perfectly familiar with the Embassy, who knew the combination to the safe's outer door, who had found his—his—keys and who knew that the key to the strong-box was among them. Ergo, it must be an employee of the Ministry. Well, who would be likely to know about his keys? Into his face came the blank and horrified look of a man who, having just caught a train, recalls he has left tickets and wallet on the chiffernoff at home. He pulled out the black-and-white scarf with a savage jerk, and, after scanning it, groaned. "Oh, lord, boy, how could you have done this—?"

IAN GRAY dropped his battered head between his hands and groaned. A thousand infernal voices shrieked that his best friend, whom he trusted as himself, had undoubtedly betrayed both self and friend. Soul sick, the man before the fire lifted a haggard face to stare into the sleepily twinkling coals in the grate before him. Why? What had driven gay, carefree Leonard to this criminal and fatal step? From the scarf in his lap arose a faint scent—Orchids. Noises? Now he remembered. Moonlight and Orchids. Noises—Lolita's

innocent-appearing face lifted to his. What was it? Armonoi had said about Lolita von Waldeck? "My Government keeps track of such people," or something like that. In his chair Ian straightened. So it was not for nothing that all of Lolita's victims had been, in some degree, diplomats.

Reproached and distracted at Leonard's incredible madness, Ian struggled on to fill in the obvious links.

Until it became inescapably clear that, for all her amazing air of simplicity, innocence, and gentleness, Lolita von Waldeck was in fact a subtle adventuress, calculating and merciless as a tigress.

Good Lord, what a horrible thing she had done! In the course of a single evening she had hopelessly corrupted Leonard Holt's sense of honour. That his own—Ian Gray's—career was blasted as well, evidently bothered neither the lover nor this woman in the least. Too well Ian realised that when Mr. King, the austere and sternly puritanical American Minister, learned what had happened, two diplomatic careers would end in a blaze of fatal and shameful notoriety. Well, he was damned if he'd take it lying down! There was yet time to stave off disaster. Maybe the theft wasn't known. Too bad Baskerville had seen him there at the Ministry—it would look bad.

At the end of an unforgettable hour's thought, the drawn-faced man before the fire perceived that, in his struggle for the immediate recovery of the missing part of the treaty, there was one powerful card in his favor—namely, that the Countess von Waldeck and her jolly, pink-and-white "cousin" only possessed half of the treaty. Undoubtedly they would not rest with the job half done.

He started. Downstairs the door had rattled and, in fury mingled with pity, Ian listened to the traitor's familiar step mounting the worn stone stairs, the dull thud of each step seemed to be imprinted upon his chilled and anguished brain. How could Leonard—good, steady old Leonard—have played the callous rotter so deliberately? How he dreaded the next few minutes. There certainly was nothing more tragic than the betrayal and end of a long and perfect friendship.

WITH a queer sense of unreality that all this was some wretchedly realistic nightmare, Ian watched the wrought brass door handle move and then drop. The door swung open and revealed Leonard Holt, very good-looking in his perfectly-tailored dress suit and with a faintly perplexed smile on his features.

"Rülo, Soldat," he greeted, flinging his opera cloak upon a chair by the door. "Why the vigil-ingrowing conscience or unrequited love?"

Ian remained silent, before the first place, somehow he could not bring himself to speak. Until this ghastly moment he had not realised how much he loved that gay and irresponsible youngster, now engaged in stripping off his gloves. So he remained where he was, one elbow resting on the yellow marble mantelpiece and looking fixedly at his room mate. Then Leonard's eyes met his.

A silence of the first magnitude ensued, and when a piece of coal cracked in the grate it sounded loud as a small pistol-shot.

"You're late—had a good time?" observed Ian at last. Funny, he had to think of each word before he said it!

"Why, yes," said the other, with color welling slowly into his features. He paused in the act of undoing his white plique waistcoat, fingers suddenly stiffened. "What's up, Soldat? Why do you look at me like that?"

"Better go in and make yourself comfortable," Ian had to fight to get out the words, so sharp was the pain in his heart. "There's something I want to talk about—it may take some time."

Suddenly a perceptible change came over the younger man's face, the smile faded and his lower lip trembled. Ian read an abrupt bewilderment as Leonard's grey eyes blinked quickly two or three times. He looked like a man just aroused from a deep sleep.

"Be with you in a moment." At the bedroom door he paused, looking all at once very grey and old; the starch gone out of his figure. "What's—what's on your mind?"

"Tell you later—"

"All right," said Leonard in the hushed voice of immense bewilderment. "Just a minute I—I'm going to take off this infernal bolled shirt."

Then, with a jerked nod, the younger man vanished into the bedroom, leaving behind a very faint suggestion of that perfume called Orchids. Notes.

To be continued

HOUT HOLBROOK says: I have sliced Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?\*\*\*

## The best thing yet for CONSTIPATION

It has to be confessed that an increase of constipation is one of the penalties of civilization. And why?

Different modes of life, different diets and methods of cooking them have led to the destruction of much of the Vitamin content of otherwise excellent foods. In particular the deficiency of Vitamin B in the normal diet is often shown by restricted or delayed action of the mechanism of elimination. These Vitamin-starved organs can no more carry on their functions than you could if you were starved. They falter and fail. You must build them up; support and encourage them with Vitamins.

Bemas is a godsend to the constipated. It is so rich in Vitamins that its goodness is rapidly absorbed by the Vitamin-hungry intestine. Soon they become healthy and vigorous again and your general health benefits by their satisfying activity.

The action of Bemas should not be confused with that of an aperient. Bemas builds up—that is why its value extends far beyond constipation—why Bemas is so good for all who suffer from indigestion or any nutritional weakness.

Remember—whatever your system needs you're bound to benefit from Bemas, the richest natural Vitamin tonic food. The 3/6 tin contains a month's supply for an adult, with scale of quantities for children of all ages. Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores. Write for free booklet, "Vitamins and Health" to Farnett & Johnson, Ltd. (Dept. R.7), G.P.O. Box 3679 S.S., Sydney, N.S.W. (Sole Consignees for Australia.)



## Bronchial Coughs

Inhalant Treatment

A most effective way of treating Bronchial Coughs is to inhale 16 drops of Double "D" Eucalyptus in a jug of hot water. This brings the germicidal vapors of this pure Eucalyptus directly in contact with the bronchial tubes, having a very beneficial and relieving effect.

It is also advisable to have chest and back rubbed with Double "D". It is very strong, and will quickly penetrate through the skin. Don't experiment with inferior Eucalyptus—see that you get Australia's best—Double "D" Eucalyptus Extract.

Enormous sales—9d. and 1/3.

## DOUBLE "D" Eucalyptus Extract

PARADE are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, in the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Derris, "A" Mrs. C. Gifford, Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.\*\*\*

## NOW INFLUENZA IS ABOUT

Don't Get Run-Down

Everyone is open to the infection of influenza, but it is all according to your reserve of vitality whether the attack will be severe or slight. Now that colds and influenza are so prevalent it is positively dangerous to go about feeling run-down and worn out. The after effects of an attack can be very distressing. Often it leaves the sufferer low and depressed, nervous, sleepless, and with vague pains in head and limbs.

People who are feeling weak, over-tired, nervous, and despondent should guard their health by building up and enriching their blood with the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills contain the necessary elements that help to increase the haemoglobin and red corpuscles of the blood. At a large hospital and by an independent medical practitioner, tests have been made which prove it. When your system has been refreshed, revitalized with the new rich blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills help to create, you will enjoy new energy, restored nerves, healthy appetite, splendid digestion, and a new interest in life. A short course during and after an attack of influenza is essential for keeping up bodily resistance. At chemists and stores, 3/- per bottle. Say "Dr. Williams'" and take no other.\*\*\*



# DO KNIT *it* FOR HIM!



NOT ONLY THE POLO ENTHUSIAST, but many another would give hearty thanks for a sweater such as this. Smart to the eye, cozy, snug-fitting, it bears every evidence of expert designing. Explicit knitting instructions given here will enable the amateur to vie with experienced knitters in producing a distinctive garment.

## A POLO SWEATER for the Man who Really PLAYS the GAME

**P**OLO season in full swing... Reports on every hand tell of the keener, ever-growing interest in this princely game... And here is your golden opportunity to create, without the slightest difficulty, a necessary adjunct to the player's outfit.

"Gerda," our knitting expert, has designed this aristocrat in sweaters especially for polo enthusiasts. The original was made in a snappy shade of yellow—that stimulating, energetic color. Discover his favorite color, or team colors, and make him one. These expert directions may be followed with ease and will guide you to appreciative success.

**T**HE sweater is made in 4-ply wool and worked in a rib of 6 plain, 3 purl, with fine ribbing at the welt, cuffs, and collar. Designed to fit a 44-inch chest measurement, it could be made for smaller sizes by working a few inches less before armhole shaping, and one or two ribs less in the width.

### Directions for Making

Measurements: Chest 44 inches, length from shoulder to lower edge 25 inches, sleeve seam 19 inches with cuff turned back.

Materials: 14 skeins of 4-ply yellow wool, pair of No. 12 steel needles, pair of No. 9 bone needles.

Tension: 7 sts. and 9 rows to one inch, measured after pressing.

Pattern: Row 1: \* K. 6, p. 3, repeat from \* to end of row, ending with k. 6. Row 2: \* P. 6, k. 3, repeat from \* to end of row, ending with p. 6. Repeat these 2 rows throughout sweater.

### The Back

WITH steel needles cast on 150 sts., knit into the back of cast-on sts., rib k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ inches, change to No. 9 needles and pattern. Work for 17 inches from start of lower edge, then shape for armholes, cast off 9 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at each end of the needle every alternate row 5 times, continue on these sts. until armholes measure 7½

inches. On right side of work knit 42 sts. in pattern, cast off 47 sts., pattern to end of row.

Work back to neck edge, and working one side only and still keeping to pattern decrease 1 st. at neck edge on next 2 rows, then shape for shoulder, pattern to last 10 sts., turn, pattern to end, pattern to last 20 sts., turn, pattern to end, pattern to last 30 sts., turn, pattern to end, work 1 row and cast off. Return to other side and work to correspond.

**FRONT:** Work exactly as given for the back.

### The Sleeves

**BOTH alike.** With steel needles cast on 69 sts., knit into the back of cast-on sts., and rib k. 1, p. 1 for 6 inches, change to No. 9 needles and pattern. Work until sleeve measures 19 inches with cuff folded in half, increasing 1 st. at each end of the needle every 8 rows, shape top by knitting 2 sts. together at the beginning and end of every row until about 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

### To Make Up

**PRESS** work on the wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth, do not press or stretch ribbing, with steel needles pick up 60 sts. along front neck (knitting twice into the one st. at even distances apart to make the extra sts.), rib k. 1, p. 1 for 6 inches and cast off. Work the back in the same way.

Join shoulder, underarm and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves, and join polo collar, press seams.



Plan smart frocks, skirts, blouses, in Viyella "Thirty-Six." Underneath... light, cosy lingerie of Viyella and Clydella. At night invite sleep and complete rest in Viyella slumber wear. Viyella is quite the most versatile of fabrics, and, it may seem too good to be true, but it will wash and wear, and persist in looking lovely without ever shrinking or fading.

- Viyella and Clydella in Cream, Navy, Daisies, Cherry, Bonfire, Rose, etc.
- Viyella "Thirty-Six," a unique variety of checks, stripes, and other designs.
- Viyella, Clydella and other fabrics, in a range of colors, for evening wear.
- Viyella, in a range of colors, for children's wear.
- Viyella, in a range of colors, for men's wear.
- Viyella, in a range of colors, for sportswear.
- Viyella, in a range of colors, for slumber wear.
- Viyella, in a range of colors, for all occasions.

# 'VIYELLA'

'VISYLKA' 'CLYDELLA'

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS

WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD.,  
Grace Building, York Street, Sydney.  
Please send me pattern of Viyella suitable for garments I have marked with a \*.  
I enclose: Blouse, Skirt, Suit, Children's Wear, Men's Pyjamas and Shirts.

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V 33 18 W.W., 15/6/35.

## Comparisons in Loveliness



Most girls to-day are prettier than the girls of 30 years ago—most women between the ages of 25 and 30 now avoid that faded, uninteresting appearance that was once so common. Charm and beauty are now cultivated, like flowers, or good manners. Motion pictures are helping by revealing lovely women who, it is well known, are experts in the use of modern beautifiers. I have studied the movie-folk, as I have studied beauty culture, and I myself have acted in both English and American films. I have lived in many famous cities—in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Rome, Hollywood. I have travelled extensively in France, Italy, Germany, America, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

★ My skin has always been so smooth the leaser-known and more effective secret that bring youth and dispel age. Famous women whose names you would know have complimented me on my work, great beauty firms in England, France and America, seek my advice. These things are true, as I can prove to anyone. I mention them not boastfully, but so that you may know I have the training and the knowledge to give you what you need. My beauty aids find favour in all the many lands where they are sold; it is my honest belief that they are the best you can obtain, regardless of price. The Home Treatment I here describe offers exceptional advantages as a quick, sure and simple way to greater loveliness.

### MY SIMPLE BEAUTY METHOD

The basis of beauty is a clear skin. To have a clear skin you must use a perfect cleansing cream, as well as a cosmetic soap. My Cleansing Cream dissolves the dirt right out of the pores—deep-seated impurities and the coarse outer skin. To "firm" sagging wrinkles, smooth aging wrinkles, and to stimulate the entire facial structure, I recommend my Nigro Cream. For softening, moistening, and smoothing cream, or facial lotion, and powder. These require careful selection. Ordinary vanishing cream, dry the skin and cause ugly "pore rings"—never use them! Instead, use Facial Youth, which rejuvenates as it beautifies, giving a smooth, flower-like and exquisite complexion. Instantly, beautifully! Facial Youth considerably diminishes the need for frequent powdering. Some women find a lotion a luxurious means of treating the skin

and holding the powder. I offer my Golden Youth Beauty Lotion or Facial Youth as the perfect lotion for this purpose. The former is more astringent, the latter whiten the skin more. Not every powder suits every skin. Therefore, I have a range, varying in shades, tones and textures. All are perfect. They are free from dirt, and save time. I can confidently recommend "Golden Youth" or "Rhinoid" Powders. Both are excellent performers. Now, since lovely hair lends such a wondrous charm, you should shampoo with either my Hennafoam or my Squalene Shampoo. Hennafoam, if you want extra softness in the hair. For a glamorous touch of colour to the cheeks, my "Rose Petal" Rouge. For indelible and lacquer-like loveliness on the lips, one of my thrilling Lipsticks!

You can obtain the Kathleen Court Beauty Aids from any high-class Chemist or Store, at very moderate prices.

## KATHLEEN COURT

Kathleen Court (Eng.) Ltd., 324-326 Regent Street, London.  
Kathleen Court, Australia House, Sydney.  
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Kathleen Court, Ltd., Wellington, N.Z.  
Kathleen Court, Inc., Broadway, New York.



# BRICK BRADFORD IN THE CITY BENEATH THE SEA

THE great city of Amaru is being attacked by foes led by Inca Hasta and a treacherous white aviator, Gable Zane. Not heeding the warning brought by Brick Bradford (whom Zane thinks dead) and Manco (heir to the throne), the Amaruvians are surprised, but rally to

the defence of their city. Meanwhile, in the Yaca camp, June Salisbury is held prisoner, doomed to fall victim either to Inca Hasta or Gable Zane as soon as Amaru shall be won. She knows that Zane is plotting to double-cross Hasta as soon as he has used him. Read on—



## Gonnie's Letter

MY DEAR PAIS,—

I often receive letters from Pais asking me questions to which I am unable to reply because the writers have omitted their names

and addresses. I am anxious to help my Pais, but unless they sign their names and give their full addresses, I am afraid they cannot hope for a reply. Always

write your name and full address on anything at all you send to me.

Here are some good tongue-twisters for you to learn: "Mixed biscuits in six kit sacks." "Six short signallers signalled sentences speedily." "Which witch switched this switch?" "Ten talkative tenants tell tall tales."

The prize of 5/- for the best letter of the week goes to S. H. MAHONEY (13), 57 Napier St., Sans Souci, N.S.W.

Good-bye until one short week. Cheerio.

From Your Pal,  
CONNIE.

## The Squirrel

By UNA AYRES

I WONDER if any Pais know about that dainty little creature, the flying squirrel. I have one for a pet and he is the sweetest bundle of fur imaginable.

As these dainty little animals are not known to many Australians, I will describe a few of their habits.

They have beautiful coats of soft grey fur, and note of our native animals are more dainty and graceful than this silky-haired squirrel. Their eyes are large and beautiful and their faces innocent and appealing, but they can become furious and are apt to use their teeth when provoked. Even long after their capture they scream and hiss fiercely—like a lioness when provoked. Their natural diet is honey which they suck from the gum-blossoms. Their habits are strange and nocturnal, and, because of this, they have become mysterious creatures of the night.

Price of 2/- to UNA AYRES (14), Glenmaggie, Clydebank, Vic. For this clever story.

## My Pet Puppy

By META RENSTEAD

MY pet he is a puppy. So cuddlesome and small. I've had a lot of other pets, But I like him best of all.

He's black and white in color. And is only two months old. He runs away with shoes and socks. But he's much too young to scold. Price of 2/- to META RENSTEAD, Gerler Rd., Hendra, Brisbane.

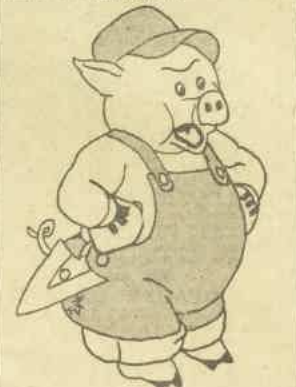
## FUN FOR ALL

TEACHERS: If I saw a man hitting a monkey and I stopped him, what would I be showing him?

Answer: Brotherly love, sir. Price Card to F. ARMSTRONG, 182 Reims Rd., Blackburn, N.S.W.

Age: 10 years. Name: Goodness, Florabel. You hold the wrong egg to that last woman. Price Card to MARY CARREW, Rendelsham, S.A.

An old lady from the country said she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from until she saw a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company." Price Card to JOYCE GUN, 21 Hopetoun Rd., Tarrak St., Melbourne, Vic.



"I BUILT MY HOUSE WITH BRICKS." Two Price Cards to Nola Clemence (13), 244 Ann St., Melbourne, Qld. for this clever sketch.

It was a great day, and the twins were to be christened. The minister smiled pleasantly and said: "What are the names, please?" The father said: "William and Rhiney." "The boys?" said the minister, "and come back when you're older." Then the wife spoke up and said: "He stammers, minister; what he means is 'Wine and Rhiney'." Price Card to JOSEPHINE O'NEILL, 3 Leichhardt St., North Ward, Townsville, Qld.

## JUST CHATTER



INTRODUCING Barbara Joyce, of Bend, and Bernard Fausk, of Canopus. —Falk photos.

DOROTHY HAZEL, of Kapunda (S.A.), is fond of gardening. STANLEY COCHRANE, of Rockhampton (Qld.), is one of our new Pais: UNA AYRES, of Glenmaggie, has for her pet a black

cattle-dog, a ewe, and a little lamb. ESMIE BONE, of 77 Clarendon Road, Stammers (N.S.W.), would like some pen friends (age 14-16). ETHEL BOWEN, of Robertson, is fond of stamp-collecting, riding, and gardening.

HERB WOLFE, of Mayfield (N.S.W.), is fond of our weekly. MARY AMOS, of South Gladstone (N.S.W.), went to the Gladstone Show some time ago and enjoyed the fireworks very much. WILFRED LAWRENCE, of Gladstone, writes good verse. FANIELA CAMBAGE, of Hunters Hill (N.S.W.), writes an interesting letter.

JUDY KENT BARK, of Frankston (Vic.), does clever sketches. WINIFRED NIELSEN, of Nixonsburg (Qld.), has enough pen friends for the time being. NETTIE CAUST, of Glenbrook (N.S.W.), is studying for the leaving certificate examination and all her Pais wish her luck.

NANCY WOLBIE, of Cheltenham, via Little Harrier, Blue Mts. (N.S.W.), is very fond of gardening and recently planted some poppy seeds.

ESSIE ARMSTRONG, of Glenelg (Vic.), will be fourteen years of age this month. BILL TAYLOR, of Manly (N.S.W.), has a big brown dog for his pet. NELLIE MEADS, of Ashfield, went to Melbourne recently.

W. BALMON, of Waverley (N.S.W.), writes clever verse. VIVA MUNRO, of Redfern (Qld.), has an Alsatian dog called "Max." JOYCE LAWRENCE, of Queensbeyan (N.S.W.), is very fond of swimming.

SHIRLEY BOWEN, of Ashgrove, Brisbane (Qld.), is ten years of age and does quite a lot of reading. MARE BRENNAN, of Travelling (N.S.W.), writes good verse. MARGARET BOWEN, of Pullerton (S.A.), likes playing basket-ball.

GEORGE BROWN, of Malvern East (Vic.), has recovered from his recent illness. ROSE HOLLY, of Colyton (N.S.W.), has for her pet a dog and some goats. BROWN JAMES, of Wellwood (N.S.W.), does clever sketches. SHIRLEY LINDSEY, of East Malvern (Vic.), writes pretty verse. NANCY SANDS, of Blackfield (N.S.W.), is fond of drawing. DOROTHY BELL, of Dandenong Stn., via Mares (S.A.), has just celebrated her thirteenth birthday.

DAPHNE STATION, of Lindfield (N.S.W.), writes a delightful letter. ERENE GILL, of Cent Park, via Liverpool (N.S.W.), can always enjoy a good joke. MARGARET MEYER, of Cheltenham (Vic.), lives 7 miles from Ballarat.

## FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. MARSHALL

ALLIE was a dear little boy of four who besides possessing a great many good points had also a few bad ones, the chief of the bad ones being to play with water.

Every now and again he would decide that the lawn needed watering or that his little pup required a nice cold bath. To-day, as no one was about, he felt sure that Sunny (that was the name of his pup) was in urgent need of a bath.

With the help of a chair Allie was able to turn on the big, shiny tap in the bathroom and put the plug firmly in the bath.

This done to his entire satisfaction, he raced out into the garden to fetch his poor, unsuspecting pup.

Sunny, seeing his little master, quickly ran to him, his tail wagging from side to side.

Allie picked him up, turned round to see if anyone was about, and then ran inside. As soon as he got to the bathroom he banged the door.

The chair came into use once more. Allie now stood on it while he dipped Sunny up and down in the water.

Allie reached for the soap on the other side of the bath, but it was too far away and poor Allie lost his balance, and fell right into the bath with Sunny.

It was hard to say which looked the most miserable—Allie, all wet and sore, or Sunny, with his silky coat a mass of tangled wet hair.

ALL this time the bath was getting fuller and fuller, and Sunny had to swim to keep afloat. Allie noticed all the water and tried to reach the tap to turn it off. But it was a long way from his reach. His next thought was for the plug, and he tried to pull it out. But it would not move. Try as he would, it still remained firmly put.

Allie now started to scream—that being another bad thing he could do well. Fred was passing when he heard pitiful cries coming from the bathroom. He stopped for a moment, thinking perhaps that Allie had been reprimanded by his mother, but when the cries continued still louder Fred hastened up the path and looked in the bathroom window.

Quickly he saw what was the matter, and ran inside just as the bath was beginning to overflow. He lifted Allie out and then Sunny, who were both wringing wet.

By this time the gardener and Allie's mother had arrived on the scene. The latter clasped her son in her arms, forgetting that he had been a naughty boy. Her only thought now was for his safety.

She thanked Fred warmly, and then put Allie to bed. Allie promised that he would never try to bath Sunny again, so we all hope he'll keep his promise.

ABOUT COMPETITIONS. Each week Cash Prizes and Prize Cards are awarded for good entries. All work with the exception of jokes, tricks, riddles, and games must be original. Pais must be under the age of 16. For 12 Prize Cards a 10/- prize is awarded.



HORRID MEDICINE. Price of 2/- to ENID TUNKS, 6 Barnsbury Grove, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.





## Your Worst Enemy

### CONSTIPATION

CONSTIPATION, every doctor will tell you is a continuous menace to public health. It prevents the elimination of poisons and waste matter from the system. To obtain relief from constipation, take Nyal Figsen. Figsen is a natural, pleasant laxative without any unpleasant after-effects. Figsen does not purge or gripe, and will not form a habit. For adults or children, Nyal Figsen is the perfect laxative. A tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

**NYAL FIGSEN**

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Figsen to The Nyal Company, 411 G, Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

W.W. 15/6/35

## Bring in the Pudding!

There's a smile on father's face, a slightly greedy one on Tommy's, and mother looks pleased with herself. She's made Sultana Pudding for dessert, and she rather prides herself on her puddings. She makes them with Copha, the pure vegetable shortening, because Copha really does make the best puddings—makes them lighter, tastier, and more digestible, and here's the recipe for the pudding:

### COPHA SULTANA PUDDING

4 ozs. brown sugar 3 tablespoons milk  
3 ozs. Copha 2 ozs. self-raising  
1 teaspoon mixed flour  
4 ozs. sultana  
1 egg 2 ozs. cut peel  
Little caramel crumbs  
colour if desired 6 ozs. sultanas

Cream Copha, sugar, spice, and caramel. Beat in the egg. Stir in the milk. Add remainder of ingredients and mix thoroughly. Boil in greased basin for 2 hours—or longer if a darker pudding is required. Puddings, cakes, pastry, sauces, sweets—make them all with Copha and you'll be thrilled with the results. But remember, where you would use 1 lb. of any other shortening use only 4 ozs. of Copha and add two tablespoons of water and pinch of salt. And if you feel you'd like to try some special Copha Recipes before using it in your own favourites, send for the Copha Recipe Book. It's free and post free, and can be obtained from

Edible Oil Industries Pty. Ltd., Department WW, Box 3525 EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

Then, of course, there's the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder, you'll want a copy of that, too. It tells you the most economical and appetising way of cooking your vegetables so they will lose none of their rich garden flavour.

"NAME THE NOISES"—a novel radio competition. Listen-in to 3CH every Monday night at 8.15 and to 3GB every Tuesday night at 8.5. 9 valuable cash prizes to be won every week!

## For Your Hair



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# AMATEUR LADY

"CHRISTINE!"

She answered him then. "You ought not to be here, at this time, Philip," she said, but her voice was gentle, not angry. "Don't say that," he begged. "I—I came to bring you a message, from Sally. She is going to enter Tuck for me at the fair; she—she sends you her love."

"I shall be glad to see Sally again," Christine said.

Then they were silent. All that Philip had meant to say to her, the lines of the verse Sally had sent, every persuasion he had meant to use, vanished into the night. Suddenly he knelt before her, pouring out to her an incoherent plea for understanding. Silence again, then he felt a fugitive touch on his hair. He caught her hand, clasped her round the waist and pulled her face down to his. Her cheeks were cold, her lips passive, more passive than when he had kissed her first and found her unawakened. He lifted her roughly to his feet, held her close, and then while she lay unprotected, unresponsive in his arms, he broke into a wild torrent of words.

She stopped him after a moment.

"Don't, Philip. It hurts me—"

He was quiet then. They sat side by side on the bench, Philip somehow afraid now even to take her hand. The noise of the night came close round them, the poplar tree swayed a little in the wind, roots in the herb garden gave out a pungent smell, in the darkness they could barely see each other's faces.

"This is a stolen meeting, Philip," she said, "but we will use it, since it has come. I love you Philip, you know that. But everything is changed between us. Even if your mother should come to feel differently, it wouldn't matter now. I'm still what I have always been, what I will always be. I forgot it for a little while, when we first knew of our love—but I won't forget it again, Philip, ever. I'll remember always now that I am someone unknown, someone lost—to the things I want most—lost—"

SHE had spoken evenly, without emotion, and the break in her speech was to give him time to realise its full meaning. Philip found his voice.

"It doesn't matter what you are, Christine. I—everyone—accepts that about you. It isn't important. You aren't lost, Christine. You are found—by love, by everything good in life. When this two months is over, Christine, we will be married—unless I have wounded you too deeply—"

"No, no. I wasn't surprised by your letter. I had half expected it, had thought it would be more final than it was. It is I who must make it a parting, not for two months, but for always, Philip."

And at that impasse they remained throughout an hour that Philip was to think of in later life as the most sorrow-filled he had ever known. They talked soberly, as two people infinitely parted, yet infinitely close. And finally Christine said:

"I want you to go now, Philip. Nothing you can say will change me. It only hurts us to talk to each other like this. Please go—now."

Philip stood up.

"As you wish, Christine. But we know now, both of us, that we love each other. If you could say you did not love me, then I would go away from you, away from this town. But until you tell me yourself you do not love me, I will believe in you. And I will believe that when I am free to come to you again you will promise to be my wife."

She went at last into the house, where Aunt Kate sat over some mending.

"My gracious, Christine, you look as if you'd been seeing ghosts."

"Perhaps I have," Christine tried to smile. "Philip was with me in the garden for a little while."

Aunt Kate nodded.

"I know. I heard his voice. And I sent Simon packing when he came over to see you a little while ago."

"Simon?" Christine frowned.

"Yes, he called in, but I told him you and Philip were in the garden and likely wouldn't want to be interrupted. He set out for home when I told him that. Looked as if he wasn't any too pleased to me."

Christine made a sudden gesture with her hand.

"I wish you hadn't told him Philip was here," she said.

"No harm done." Aunt Kate said placidly. "You know I don't hold with your encouraging Simon when you're in love with young Philip Ramsome."

Christine stared at her.

"If you're been thinking I'm going to marry Philip, Aunt Kate," she said deliberately, "I'd like you to know better. I'm not going to marry him. I told him so to-night."

"Girls are always changing their minds," said Aunt Kate comfortably. "You'd better go to bed, Christine."

Continued from Page 7

You look tired, and stop as you go by my kitchen and take a spoonful of that tonic, it'll put some color in your cheeks."

The ten days that elapsed before the opening of the fair kept Christine constantly busy. There were entries to acknowledge, final touches to be put to the ring where the horses were to be shown, and her own training of Psyche, whom she had decided to ride herself, to engage her attention. Simon helped her all he could, seeking excuses to be with her, saving her the trouble of many small errands, ever pleasant, ever thoughtful, and for the time being, stressing not at all the personal relationship between them.

For all this Christine was profoundly grateful. She alone knew how closely she had come to yielding the night Philip found her in the sweet-scented garden. And she alone knew how determinedly she meant to guard against another such meeting. Philip would come to her as soon as the time limit of his promise was over, she knew that, and she schooled herself severely, dwelling over and over again on the necessity for her to be strong for both of them.

The evening before the opening of the fair, Simon came to see her to be sure all details were arranged, and they talked for an hour over the plans.

"Mr. Frey for judge, he ought to suit everybody, because he really does know a lot about horses—John Rogers for ringmaster—Mr. Matthews has been teasing him about that. There won't be anything really for me to do now, once the entries are checked over, except to show Psyche. And I'm glad, for she's going to be a handful," Christine said with a sigh at the end of the conference.

"You'll probably take the blue ribbon with her," Simon observed.

"I'd like to, but I can't be sure how she'll behave. I've been using a curb on her this last ten days. She has to get used to it sooner or later, and she doesn't fight it as she did at first. She's a sweet filly."

Simon nodded and looked at the girl under whose eyes faint shadows could be seen. "I'm going home, now," he said. "You look tired, Christine, better get to bed. I shall see you in the morning."

She looked at him gratefully. "I am tired, Simon. I've never worked so hard in my life, and if only everything goes off well, I won't mind a bit."

"It will, you'll be quite a celebrity in this neighborhood when the show is over."

"Will it?" Christine laughed. "I'd never thought of that part of it."

Simon left, and as Christine went up to bed Aunt Kate called from her sitting-room, "Come, look at this, Christine," she said, and there was pride in her voice. "You've got your name in the local paper to-night—I've just been reading the item about you—in the society columns it is."

Christine came into the sitting-room. "Me?" she asked. "In the society columns? Heavens, what for?"

She took the paper and read the story Aunt Kate pointed out:

"Under the able direction of Miss Christine Grant there will be a showing of saddle horses at the annual local fair this year. A number of entries have been made from surrounding towns. Miss Sally Ramsome will show Tuck, owned by her brother, Mr. Philip Ramsome. Miss Grant will ride her roan filly Psyche. Postmaster George Frey will judge the saddle class. A large attendance is indicated for the day of the horse show. Local entries include—"

There followed a list of names and owners.

"I wonder who did that," Christine said. She was absurdly pleased. She told herself it was a very small thing, and yet it did give her a certain standing she had never known before.

"Mr. Frey, probably," Aunt Kate said. "He's terribly set up over being asked to judge the events."

"Well, it's an exciting time for us," said Christine, and she carried the paper off with her to read the story over again before going to sleep.

Meanwhile Simon had reached home and found Lydia and Selina still up, reading in the living-room.

Lydia looked up at him. "Home early, father," she said, "and I'm glad, for, honestly, you've got to do something about that well. You've been promising to have it cleaned all this year, and now we can hardly get the water to run, and when it does come out it tastes awful. Couldn't you have it done to-morrow?"

"Wouldn't be easy," said Simon. "Opening day of the fair and everybody will be there, but I'll see what I can do. And it won't hurt you to carry water from across the road for a while, a day or so. Your mother carried plenty of water when she was your age."

"All right, father," Lydia answered. "I don't mind."

Please turn to Page 50



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# WONDROUS Wimbledon GETS READY New and Old Tennis Stars to Scintillate

By RUTH PREDDEY

The stage is set! Wimbledon will be bigger and brighter this year than ever before.

New stands have been erected to carry many thousands of spectators. There will be new contestants vying with old favorites from all over the world.

SINCE the war Wimbledon has never been complete without its sensations.

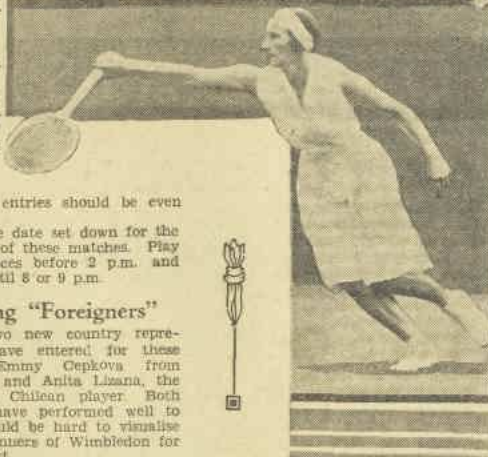
Suzanne Lenglen was the first woman to actually make the onlookers at these matches realise that women's tennis was just as big a factor, and quite as interesting, as that played by men.

Since her debut Wimbledon has been endowed with a homely feeling, and lawn tennis, and the association which controls the game, have endeavored to retain a feeling of goodwill and intimacy among the players.

The King and Queen and members of the Royal Family always attend these tennis championships and casually stroll down to their seats on the centre court without any pomp or ceremony, for such is the atmosphere created in this vast arena.

## Eighty-six Women

LAST year eighty-six women entered for these championships—just thirty-two entries fewer than those of the men.



This year the entries should be even larger. June 24 is the date set down for the commencement of these matches. Play seldom commences before 2 p.m. and continues on until 8 or 9 p.m.

## Interesting "Foreigners"

THIS year two new country representatives have entered for these matches in Emmy Cepkova from Czechoslovakia, and Anita Lizana, the twenty-year-old Chilean player. Both these players have performed well to date, but it would be hard to visualise them as the winners of Wimbledon for this year at least.

Gen. Hoang is the little British-born Chinese player, who, after beating all the junior players, was unable to compete in the junior events at Wimbledon, because she was too young. It is still doubtful as to whether she will be a competitor again this year.

She will still be a few months under junior age, but the officials may waive the rule in her case and permit her to take part.

Wimbledon courts are generally found to be a trifle slower than those in Australia, and as rain often falls in England during the months of June and July the courts do not as a rule favor the player who revels in a fast, high, bounding ball.

Wimbledon, from becoming the mecca of tennis players, also turns itself into an auditorium, wherein spectators and players endeavor to create and produce one of the best mannequin parades. Last year's vogue was shorts, and it is still doubtful as to whether frocks will again find favor in the eyes of the players and onlookers.

All the masters of the game in former years, with the exception of Suzanne Lenglen and Cioely Aussem, will be present again. There are many newcomers, but the finals appear to rest between Dorothy Round, Helen Wills-Moody, Helen Jacobs, Joan Hartigan, and Frau Sperling.

## Victorious Frau Sperling

THE French championships have already changed hands. Madame Mathieu, the Frenchwoman, and Frau Sperling, formerly Fraulein

Krahwinkel, of Germany, fought out the finals, which Frau Sperling won.

Frau Sperling is a wonderful athlete, having gained a reputation as the cross-country running champion of Germany. Hilda Sperling knows the value of training for her tennis, and the efforts of an opponent to tire her out are futile. Will she also gain the Wimbledon crown? Can Helen Wills-Moody stage a comeback. All her admirers hope so, but to return to top form after an absence of two years, is rather too much to expect.

## Hopes of Joan Hartigan

AUSTRALIANS will no doubt favor Dorothy Round and Joan Hartigan. While Dorothy, perhaps, holds pride of place, because we have watched her conquer all her opponents here in Australia, Joan Hartigan nevertheless carries all our hopes.

This year Joan is a more experienced player, and she knows her opponents. She will take advantage of all this, and if not the actual winner, we feel sure she will be contesting the finals.

Helen Jacobs—unlucky Helen—may be seen in Australia next summer. We have known her to contest so many finals—probably she has played in more finals than any other tennis champion—that we will not begrudge her first win at Wimbledon should her luck change this year.

The time is not far distant when Wimbledon will have champions present who will represent every nation in the world.

# YOUNG BRITISH GOLFERS Australia will Have to Rely on Veterans

THERE is great excitement among women golfers at the prospect of seeing the youthful Pam Barton, twice runner-up in the British championship, playing in the Australian championship.

THE president of the V.L.G.U., Mrs. Austin Gatehouse, says that as far as she knows there will be nothing to prevent Pam Barton wearing trousers on the golf course as she does in England.

"It will be a team of young players," said Mrs. Gatehouse, "and Australia does not seem to have many young and promising players to play against them, so we shall have to rely on 'veterans'." The Englishwomen seem to be much better in their long game and with their iron shots than Australian players.

"Phyllis Wade is another youthful, strong player. Australian golfers who

have seen Mrs. Walker, a third member of the team, say she has shown marked improvement in the last few years. Although English reports state that Wanda Morgan, winner of the English championship, will be unable to come to Australia, the committee is still hopeful that she will be a member of the British touring team.

"The committee expects to learn the names of the rest of the team within the next few days."

A record entry is expected from all States for the Australian championships, to be held in Melbourne in August.

For the first time West Australia will be represented by a team of women golfers, and the record entry from N.S.W. includes Miss Hammond and Miss Mackay. A big entry is predicted from the major country clubs in Victoria.

The Victorian section of the committee appointed by the A.L.G.U. is holding meetings every week to cope with the enormous amount of organisation and detail necessary for the team's visit.

The visitors will stay at Menzies Hotel. Mrs. Thompson, wife of the president of Victoria Golf Club, has lent a Rolls Royce for their use, and a second car will be available.

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ABOVE: Joan Hartigan (Aust.). (TOP LEFT): Helen Wills-Moody (U.S.A.), and (LEFT): Dorothy Round (Eng.), who are three of the outstanding competitors in the Wimbledon championships this year.

## WOMEN'S WEEKLY BOOK OFFER

Here is taken No. 7 in the Women's Weekly book offer. Cut it out now and paste it at once in your voucher before you forget it.

TOKEN  
7

Token No. 6 was inadvertently omitted in early copies of last week's issue. It is re-printed here for the benefit of readers who missed it.

TOKEN  
6

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(Mrs.) J.Y., Dunedin, N.Z.

(Original letter on file for inspection.)

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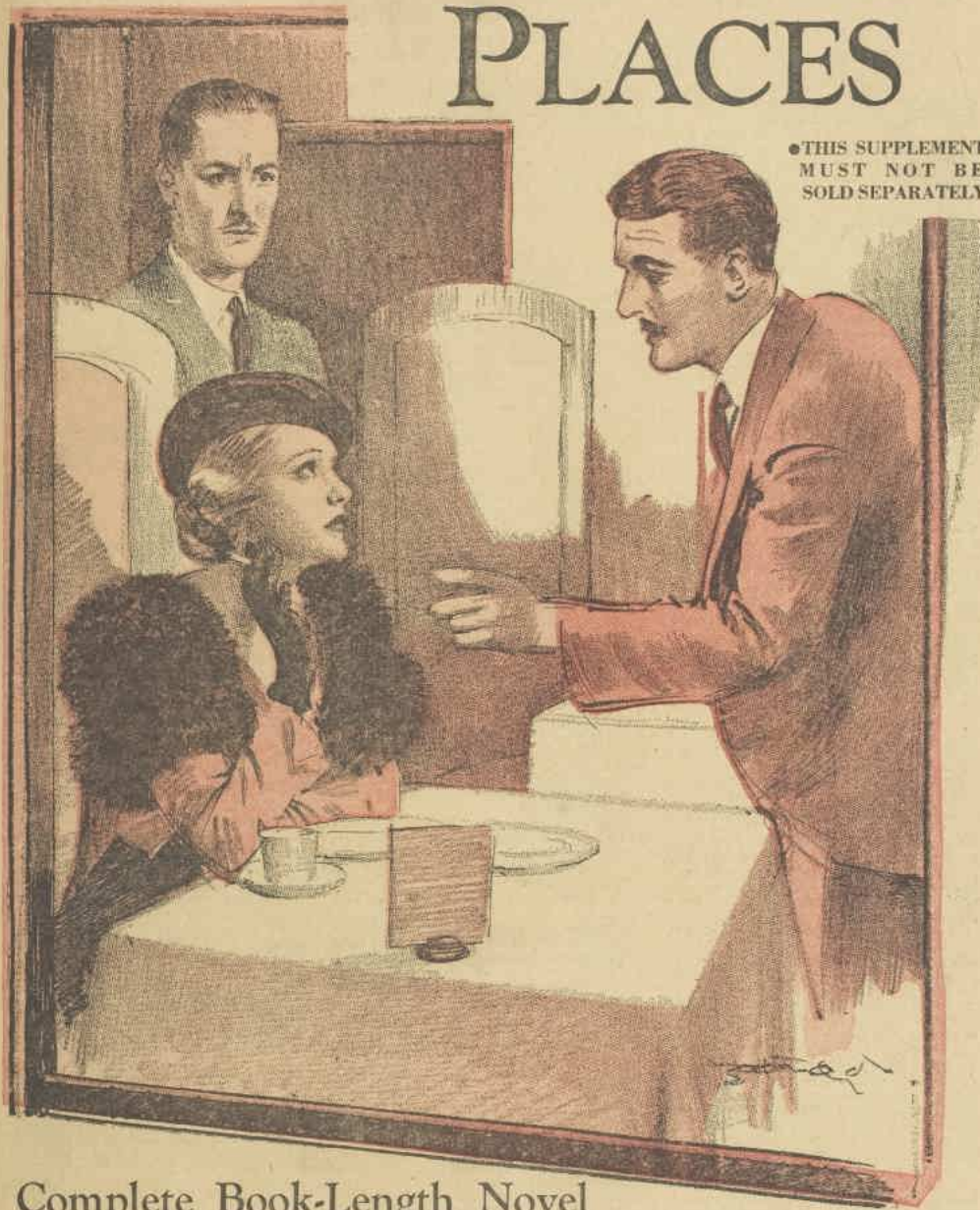
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# Trouble in High Places

By ARTHUR MILLS

## CHAPTER I.



"YOU ought to marry, Bay," said Bob Agar.  
"I couldn't stand captivity, old boy."  
"I should be sorry for your wife, I must say," Bay Stratton shook his head. "I should be the one to suffer."  
"Why?"  
"You wouldn't be able to understand; you've forgotten what freedom is."

"I've been very happily married for fifteen years, if that's what you mean."  
"Yes, that's exactly what I mean," smiled Bay.

The two men were old regimental friends. Now they had met again in the ballroom of the British Embassy in Paris. Bob Agar was passing through France on his way to take command in India. Bay Stratton was something at the Embassy; nobody quite knew what.

He occasionally carried dispatches between London and Paris; at other times he assisted Major Haddon, the military attaché. He was at all times at the beck and call of the ambassador's wife; it was a poodle-faking sort of life.

Colonel Agar was thinking this. He had known Bay well in their regimental days. Bay was no "tea-party" soldier; he liked a pretty woman to talk to in the evening, but preferred outdoor sports as long as there was daylight.

He had plenty of money and enjoyed his life. It was funny that he had never married. He must be about thirty-eight, though he did not look it. Not a grey hair anywhere; slim and trim as he'd been when he joined; face scarcely lined; eyes brown and merry. He ought to get married. Where was life leading him? At fifty he'd be a lonely old man.

"How do you like this job?" Bob asked.  
"It's interesting."

"Can't think what they find for you to do," said Bob.  
"Well, I arrange dinner parties and receptions for her ladyship; I play golf with his Excellency when he gets an afternoon off; and I sometimes take the bag to London if there is anything urgent that needs sending."

"You do King's Messenger, you mean?"  
"Yes. That's a good job; you get all expenses paid and a couple of days in town."  
"And a carriage to yourself, and treated like Royalty on the boat, I suppose?"

"Not nowadays. The King's Messenger generally goes by ordinary Air Mail. They don't throw their money about as they used to."

Colonel Agar suddenly remembered something about Bay which might explain his present occupation. At one period of his career Bay had surprised his brother officers by going off first to Germany and then to Spain and passing examinations that qualified him as a first-class interpreter in the two languages.

None of his companions in those days had suspected him of having the brains to do this, but when they had chaffed him about it he had said that languages always came in useful. They must certainly be useful to him now.

Colonel Agar wondered if there might not be something more in Bay's appointment in Paris than appeared on the surface.

"Those languages you swatted up are useful now, I expect," he said.

"Yes, they help."

Agar sensed that Bay was not anxious to talk further about his job. That would be natural if he was doing any kind of secret service work.

"Here's your chief's wife," Colonel Agar said.

Bay looked up and saw Lady Heddingway coming towards them. A girl wearing a black dress was with her. Good-looking and a good figure, he noticed. Lady Heddingway probably wanted to find her a partner. It was as he expected.

"Bay," said the ambassador's wife, "I want to introduce you to Miss Sims. She is a beautiful dancer."

Bay would have had to dance after this if he had had the skin off both feet.

An hour later he was still with the same partner. They had danced; they had sat out and talked; and they had danced again. Now they were sitting opposite one another at a table in a corner of the supper-room.

Bay had discovered almost everything there was to know about the girl except her Christian name.

Her people were friends of Lady Heddingway's; she was in business working for the London branch of a firm of Paris dressmakers; the firm had brought her over to Paris for a show; she was, in fact, a mannequin. That walk of hers! And that figure! Yes, she would show off a dress or a swimming suit better than most.

"Do you like the job?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, after slight hesitation. "Gets run after a good deal." Bay thought. "Bound to with a face like that!"

NOW he could study her face at leisure, he could see that she was really lovely. She was twenty-six or seven, he decided. One of the sort that could not make up their minds to marry, he supposed.

"A lot of girls prefer being on their own," he said, lightly. "I know any number in business."

"There's quite a lot to be said for independence," she suggested.

"Do you think girls are any the better for independence?"

"I'm sure they are."

There was laughter in her eyes as they met his.

"I rather like the sentimental clinging kind myself," he said.

"I can well believe it!"

"What exactly do you mean by that?"

"An ordinary modern girl who knew how to take care of herself would probably make you nervous."

"It takes a good deal to do that."

Her eyes twinkled. "I have heard all about you; Lady Heddingway has told me. You're the man who goes about boasting he will never be taken alive."

Bay Stratton often got teased at the Embassy about his confirmed bachelor state.

"I've lived up to it so far," he laughed.

"That is because nobody has tackled you properly. You'd lose like most other men do if any girl really went for you."

"Do you really mean to say you genuinely believe that old-fashioned tosh?"

"I certainly do."

Bay was interested. Maybe a girl as lovely as this one had reason to be confident. Beauty was certainly a powerful weapon. But every man did not give in. He himself never had, although he had known some lovely creatures. He had been born with the mentality of a butterfly. That was what had saved him.

He lifted his glass of champagne. "Here's to the day that we met."

"What's there to drink about over that?" she said, but she, too, picked up her glass.

"The most attractive girl I ever met in my life is something to drink about," he smiled.

"I should think you must be tight half the time," was her laughing comment on that.

Bay laughed, too. This girl was refreshingly natural. He noticed for the first time a peculiarity about her nose; the tip of it was rounded off like the handle of a cup. This gave her a "Wonder-what-you'll-be-up-to-next?" air.

"Excuse my being personal," he said, "but I want to understand your viewpoint. Suppose you, for example, wanted me for a husband, you maintain that you could get me?"

"I'm sure I could."

She answered without blinking an eyelid. "What conceit!" he thought.

"I'll bet you a thousand to one you cannot bring me up to scratch," he challenged.

"What in?"

"France."

"Not worth it!"

"Pounds if you like?"

"Make it five and the bet's on."

"Five thousand pounds! That's a lot of money."

"Five pounds is a lot to me; but I'll pay if I lose. And I'll tell you another thing. If I win I won't marry you. The cash will do!"

"Is there to be a time limit?" Bay asked.

"A year if you like."

"And I can hide as much as I like?"

"You can live underground if you want to!"

Bay took a pencil from his waistcoat pocket, turned over the supper menu, and wrote:

"I, Bay Stratton, captain in H.M.'s army, do this 12th day of November wager Miss . . . He looked up. "Your Christian name?"

"Juliet."

" . . . Miss Juliet Sims the sum of five thousand pounds to five pounds that within twelve months of this date I shall not have asked her to marry me."

He signed the document and passed it across to the girl to read. "Now you write below, 'I accept this bet,' sign and date it, and that is all."

"Who keeps the paper?" she asked.

"You can if you like."

"I'd rather give it to Lady Heddingway. I'll put it in an envelope and ask her to keep it for me."

Bay laughed. "I believe she's put you up to the whole thing."

"She has not; I promise. She told me you were a bit elusive; that was all. By the way, she also said we should probably be going over by the same air mail the day after to-morrow."

"I hope we are. I shall have to take the one they tell me to, but I'll let you know which it is. Fair play is my motto."

"You can play any way you like," she laughed merrily.

LATER in the evening Lady Heddingway spoke to Bay about Juliet Sims.

"I hear you have been betting," she said. Bay grinned. In spite of the girl's denial he believed that the whole thing was a joke arranged between the two women.

"Has she given you that paper we signed?"



"Yes; it's in my bag at this minute."  
"I'll pay if I lose."  
"I expect she'll see to that," said His Excellency's wife. "What did you think of her?"  
"Most attractive."  
"Isn't she? I think she is one of the loveliest girls I have ever seen in my life. I'm not surprised at Ranelle giving her a job."

"And they can take their pick."  
"Yes, I know. By the way, she is going back to London on Thursday. I told her you would very likely be travelling, too."  
"So she said. Whose side are you on?"  
"None of course. It would do you good to get married, Bay."

"When I do it will probably be to some nice simple little country flower. Not to a dazzling orchid like Juliet!"  
"How do you know she is an orchid?"  
"She looks like one."

"I don't suppose Ranelle would have given her a job if she'd looked like a woman hockey player," smiled Lady Heddingway, "but she is perfectly genuine about her job. I happen to know she keeps herself because her mother has no money."

This interested Bay. He had placed Juliet Sims as a society beauty working for the fun of it.  
"They live in Brixton," went on Lady Heddingway.

"Where?"  
"Brixton. Her father was on the night staff of some paper. A lot of journalists live in Brixton; it is easy to get back to it nights."

"Yes, I suppose it is."  
"I must go back to the ballroom now; people are starting to go at last. You'll look after Juliet on the journey, Bay, won't you?"

"I will," he promised.  
She strolled off to see to her guests, while Bay went back to the buffet and helped himself to another glass of champagne.  
It occurred to him as he was drinking it that he had put his bet in writing and signed it. Five thousand pounds would be very welcome to Juliet Sims if her mother was as poor as Lady Heddingway said.  
From her point of view the wager might not be as big a joke as it was to him; indeed, it was possible she would set herself seriously to try to win the money.  
That would certainly be great fun . . .

**L**ORD HEDDINGWAY rang his bell and told his secretary: "Tell Captain Stratton I want to see him."  
This done he took up the notes of his conversation with the Minister for Foreign Affairs. He had decided to send these notes in full to his Government.

He hoped there was nothing in them that could be called "alarmist"; as an Ambassador his primary duty was to preserve peace.

France was in a state of tension. Within the last sixty-five years her armies had twice been driven back to the walls of their own capital by an invading Power. She did not want to be invaded again.  
She was like a tigress, surrounded by beaters in a thicket, eyes blazing, teeth bared. The snapping of a twig might make her spring. That twig must not snap.

Most decidedly the proper course was to acquaint his own Government with the information he had been given that morning.

A knock at the door made his Excellency look up.  
"Come in. Ah, hullo Stratton, I want you. Sit down." His Excellency pushed a silver cigarette box across the table. "You are taking the bag over to-morrow, aren't you?"  
"Yes, Chief."

His Excellency looked out of the window at the grey mist enveloping Paris. "Air service suspended, I suppose?"  
"It is to-day, Chief. They can't see

much here and it is as black as night over London."

"Will the boat trains run to-morrow if it is as bad as this?"  
"They are running to-day. They are sure to keep one service going to-morrow."

"Well, you'll have to go by that. I've a paper that must be in the Secretary of State's hands to-morrow night. The matter concerns your department, so I'll read it out to you before I seal it up."

Lord Heddingway picked up the paper on his desk. Bay Stratton leaned back in his chair watching the Ambassador's face. A clever man—Lord Heddingway.

In appearance a typical British aristocrat, owner of racehorses, fond of the pomp and circumstance that befit his state; outwardly suave, steel-built beneath; liked by the French nation, respected by most other Powers and profoundly feared by at least two.

Such was His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to France in the year of grace that Captain Stratton was posted to the Embassy to assist the Military Attaché in his duties.

Lord Heddingway leant back. "I am going to read you the notes I have made of a conversation I had with the Minister for Foreign Affairs this morning." In a quiet voice he began to read:

"Duchanel asked me to go and see him this morning. Called at the Elysees at eleven o'clock, and remained with the Minister for an hour. We were alone."

"Duchanel began by expressing his grave doubt about the intentions of a neighboring Power. He declared that this Power, the name of which you will know, was resolved to force a war upon France."

"I said that I did not think another war was likely in our lifetime and that in any case the British Nation would not involve itself a second time."

"I suggested good-naturedly to Duchanel that his country was nervous about nothing; in fact, I used the French equivalent of our own expression 'wind up.'"

"Duchanel became excited. He took a document from a drawer and placed it in front of me, saying that it had been given to him that morning."

"The document was a report from the French Intelligence Service to the effect that the Power named had completed arrangements to destroy at twenty-four hours' notice the cities of Marseilles, Lyons and Rouen, if certain international concessions, for which they had asked, were not granted immediately."

"The destruction of these cities was to be of the most complete and absolute nature. No three bricks would be left standing one upon another; no human being remain alive."

"I asked Duchanel how the invading Power proposed to do this. He replied, as I expected, that the attack would come from the air."

"I said that though I fully believed the next war, if we had one, would be fought in the air and cause terrible suffering to private citizens, I did not think science had yet invented anything as drastic as he forecast."

"In support of this I cited the recent war between China and Japan. I pointed out that Japan was admittedly one of the most up-to-date modern Powers, and suggested that if any startling developments had taken place in aerial warfare some evidence would have been forthcoming during the conflict between the two nations."

"Nothing of aerial importance had occurred in the Sino-Japanese war. No great city had been wiped out. I said I was sceptical about all this talk of the invention of bombs capable of destroying towns like London and Paris."

"I further pointed out that before an aerial armada could attack, it must command the freedom of the air. I challenged M. Duchanel to name any European Power

possessing an air force half the strength of the air force of France."

"He replied: 'If we had ten million aeroplanes we should be as defenceless as if we had none.'"

"I asked him what he meant. He then disclosed to me the full details of the report he had received from the Intelligence Department that morning. I consider this report so extraordinary that I am informing you of the contents at once."

"Duchanel reminded me that the Soviet Government recently carried out an altitude test, reaching the highest point in the stratosphere ever attained by man."

"Duchanel then said: 'Any Power possessing aircraft capable of reaching a height to which other aircraft cannot climb has command of the air.'"

"I agreed with this, but said that so far as I was aware, except for a balloon manned by some Dutch scientist and the Soviet experiment, there was nothing of this kind in existence."

"Duchanel said: 'The stratosphere ship has been discovered.'"

"I realised the immense importance of this. A Power possessing stratosphere ships would—as Duchanel said—have at its mercy any Power possessing any number of ordinary aircraft."

"Working high up in the stratosphere, equipped with powerful telescopes, special range-finding appliances, and deadly bombs, these airships would be able to hover over their objective undisturbed and do their work at leisure."

"I asked Duchanel if he was satisfied about the source of his information. He replied that he was absolutely satisfied. It was the same source that had supplied him with details of the recent Soviet experiment; these details had since been verified in every particular."

"I then asked Duchanel what action he wished me to take in the matter."

"He again showed signs of great emotional excitement. He said, 'Do you wish to see England wiped out, too? France and England must act without delay. These airships are not yet ready. When they are, it will be too late.'"

"How are we going to act?" I asked.  
"He got up and thumped the table. 'By marching into the country that menaces us and seizing the whole territory at once. No airship can operate without a base.'"

"The foregoing is an exact resume of my conversation with him this morning. I have the honor to forward it for your information."

"Heddingway."

**Y**OU knew about it, of course?" Lord Heddingway said as he folded up his notes.

"We knew they had something to threaten with but not that a threat had been definitely made."

"Well, it has!" Lord Heddingway drummed his pencil on his blotting pad and looked out of the window again. "This fog is a nuisance. I'd much rather you flew over. If this document I'm sending by you got into the wrong hands it would cause a bit of a mess."

"That won't happen, Chief."

"It might. A lot of people must know you are liaison officer between the Embassy and London."

"Every porter between London and Paris does; but King's Messengers don't have adventures nowadays except in films."

"Well, I don't want you to have any adventures, Stratton—not on this trip. If you have to go by boat train don't talk to anybody from the time you leave here till you reach London. Do you understand?"  
"Yes, Chief."

"What's the matter?" asked Lord Heddingway, noticing that his liaison officer did not seem very enthusiastic about these instructions.



## CHAPTER 3.

"Nothing, Chief. Only, as I was taking the bag to London to-morrow anyway, I agreed to look after a friend of Lady Heddingway's—help her through the Customs and that sort of thing."

"Help whom?" inquired the Ambassador. "Miss Sims. She was at your party last night. Lady Heddingway met her in London. I believe. Of course, I can explain to Miss Sims that I'm travelling on duty, but I shall feel a bit of a fool when she sees me sitting in a reserved carriage all by myself at the Gare du Nord."

"You'll feel considerably more of a fool if anything happens to your dispatches." "I don't think Miss Sims is an international spy or anything like that, Chief. As a matter of fact, she's a mannequin."

"A what?" exclaimed the Ambassador, letting his eyeglass drop.

"She is with Madame Ravelle, Chief. She works in the London shop; they brought her over here for a special show."

"Struts about all day like a peacock crossing a lawn, I suppose! Why do they make 'em walk in that ridiculous way?"

"I couldn't tell you, Chief." Lord Heddingway drew a pig on the piece of blotting paper in front of him and carefully put it in his eye. Then he raised his head and looked at Stratton.

"It cuts both ways, of course," he said. "Everybody knows you are a King's Messenger. In the ordinary way you don't take any special precautions, do you? You talk to your fellow travellers, and that sort of thing?"

"I keep the bag by me, that's about all." "Well, if you make a lot of fuss this time, travel in a locked compartment and so on, any persons watching your movements will guess something is up. I daresay it won't be a bad thing if you do travel with this young lady and assist her in any way you can."

"I'd suggest you keep the paper. I am anxious about it in a special place instead of putting it with the others in the bag."

"I'll do that, Chief."

"Good! I'll keep it in my own safe in the meanwhile. Come to me and get it half an hour before you start. To-morrow you may be able to go by air after all. That will be the best solution."

"If the plane doesn't crash and burst into flames—"

"If your plane bursts into flames, Stratton, I shall at least have the comfort of knowing that my document is safe. I should be sorry to lose your services, but if the information I am sending by you became known in the wrong quarter it would be an even more serious calamity."

"You will probably be given a reply to bring back; the reply will be quite as important as the original report. By the way, just one other question before you go. How many people in Paris besides myself know what your real job over here is?"

"So far as I know, nobody in Paris knows, Chief. Major Hadden has been told that I have been sent to him for instruction in the duties of a Military Attache. In the War Office files I am seconded for those reasons."

"The Surete know I act as King's Messenger and keep an eye on me on that account; the F.O. think the same thing. In fact, I believe only two persons living know my real job. One is yourself."

"And the other the mysterious gentleman you call 'Old P.'?"

Bay nodded. Lord Heddingway took a cigarette from the box on his desk.

"And I don't know who 'Old P.' is," he said, as he lit the cigarette. "No wonder the British Secret Service is the most efficient in the world. Well, that is all, Stratton. Come and see me and get the paper just before you leave to-morrow."

Stratton's valet, as he drew the curtains.

Bay looked out of the window and saw the same pale grey mist that had shrouded Paris the day before. Leon's expression amused Bay; it was funny how utterly disconsolate Parisians became when their lovely city was invaded by fog.

"Get through to Le Bourget and find out if the passenger service is working," he said.

Bay did not expect any aeroplanes would be leaving. If there was a grey mist in Paris there would probably be a black-out in London.

The valet returned after a few minutes to announce: "Non, monsieur; no aeroplanes to-day."

"Very well, I shall be going by train; the 12 o'clock from the Gare du Nord. Meet me on the platform with my suitcase, find out where my carriage is, and get a ticket for the first luncheon service."

"Bien, monsieur."

"Wait! Reserve two seats for lunch. And give me my address book; it's on the table."

Leon gave him the address book, and after consulting it Bay lifted the receiver of the telephone by his bed and dialled a number.

"Hello! Can I speak to Miss Sims—Captain Stratton, British Embassy?" A short silence and then:

"Good morning. I just gave you a ring to tell you the air service is still suspended. I'm going over by the twelve o'clock. Will that be all right for you? Good! I'm sending my man to reserve a couple of seats in the restaurant car."

"Do you like the first or the second service? The second. Right. I'll tell him to get places for that. What? Not a bit. I'll be looking out for you on the platform. Good-bye."

Bay bathed and dressed and went to the First Secretary's room to get the bag of dispatches. This he locked personally, putting the key in his waistcoat pocket.

"Is the ambassador in his room?" he asked the First Secretary.

"Yes. That is all there is to go, though—in that bag."

"He said he wanted to see me before I left."

"Go on in, then."

"Here it is, Stratton," said his Excellency as Bay came in, and he handed over an envelope marked "Most Secret."

Bay put the envelope in the inside pocket of his coat.

"Are you going to take it like that?" his Excellency asked.

"Only as far as my own room, Chief. It will be in a safer place on the journey."

"I leave that to you, but don't forget you may start a war if you lose it."

"I won't do that."

When he got to his room Bay took a pair of well-polished brown shoes from his cupboard, detached with a penknife the sole flap from the inside of the right shoe, fitted in the envelope, replaced the sole flap, and put on the shoe.

Then he took a look at the King's Messenger bag. He knew there was nothing in the bag but the ordinary routine dispatches that passed weekly between the Embassy and London.

As a matter of form he would not let the bag out of his sight during the journey, but it was his shoes that really mattered. It would take a good man to get them off!

The Ambassador's own car was waiting outside the Embassy to take Bay to the station. Lord Heddingway's blue and silver car was almost as familiar a sight to Parisians as the Arc de Triomphe. The colors were his racing colors, the body aluminium, the wheels and wings of blue. Bay settled himself in the back, with the attache case containing the dispatches on his knee.

He was looking forward to meeting Juliet

Sims again and to making the journey to London with her. She certainly would not be able to say he was not giving her a fair chance. A carriage to themselves from Paris to Calais and another from Dover to London. She would have nearly five hours alone with him.

What a comfort it was to have a sensible chief like Lord Heddingway. Some Ambassadors, after giving their King's Messenger a document as important as the one that he had been given, would have been scandalised by the suggestion that a young woman should be allowed to share the King's Messenger's compartment.

Actually, as Lord Heddingway had said, it was far wiser to travel with no show of special precaution. Bay wondered what his chief in London would say when he told him the contents of the dispatch that lay folded under the sole of his right foot.

"Old P." never said much. If an agent reported to him that he had discovered the mouth of a secret tunnel leading under the North Sea he would not twitch an eyelid.

He was certain to have all the information about stratosphere ships that could be had, quite independently of Lord Heddingway's report. The only thing that might be news to him was the definite threat to three French cities.

A shrill blast from the Maxon in front, the screech of brakes jammed full on, and a violent swerve of the tail of the car made Bay grip his dispatch case and look out of the window.

He was just in time to see a dark brown limousine flash by and to notice a man with a sallow complexion and short clipped side-whiskers sitting in the back. The Embassy car had come to a standstill.

Bay put his head out of the window.

"What's the matter?" he asked the driver.

"We pretty near piled up. That car came out of a side street straight across me."

The chauffeur's face was white.

"All right, carry on. You needn't hurry; we've plenty of time."

Bay was not as shaken as the chauffeur, an English lad who had only recently been brought over to Paris and had not yet grown accustomed to the French system of driving upon their brakes.

It was a bit disconcerting at first to see another car approaching a cross road at full speed at the same time as you were, and get used to the rule that whichever car reached the junction first drove straight across, whilst the other driver applied every brake he had.

That was the way people drove in Paris. "If we had crashed they would have taken my shoes off—in a hospital!" Bay thought to himself. Then he wondered if the other car had tried to run him down on purpose. It would not surprise him if someone did one day.

If certain people knew the real nature of his work they would consider him worth killing. He was glad he had looked out of the window in time to catch sight of the passenger in the other car.

Blue suit, soft black hat, sallow face, short side-whiskers; a foreigner obviously; possibly a Spaniard. He could think of no Spaniard on his special list at the moment. Just one of the thousands of citizens of Paris in a hurry. Everybody in Paris was in a hurry.

All the world was in a hurry except the members of the Chinese Government and the jolly old British public. The whole British nation would go to the Derby as usual even if the stratosphere were black with airships.

At the Gare du Nord he found Leon waiting for him at the ticket barrier.

"Did you find my carriage?" Bay asked.

"Yes, monsieur; it is the one next to the restaurant car. I have taken two tickets for the second luncheon."

"All right. I shan't want you for any—"



thing more. I shall be back on Friday, I expect."

Leon lifted his trim little bowler hat and walked off. Bay looked up and down the platform, wondering if he had arrived before his travelling companion. A moment later he saw her coming through the barrier. He hurried forward to greet her. "Hullo! This is splendid. Let me take that rug. I have a carriage and I've got the seats for the second service. Here we are; this is the carriage."

Juliet Sims looked at the notice, "Reserve," in the window of the carriage. "Not this one," she said. "Yes, it is. That notice is for us."

"A carriage to ourselves!"

"They generally give me one when I'm travelling on duty."

"Of course. You are a King's Messenger. Lady Heddingway told me. I say, this is grand!"

"It is certainly more comfortable. The train is pretty full."

Bay opened the door of the carriage. Juliet put one foot on the step, then turned to him. "You are sure you don't mind my coming with you?"

"I'll pull the communication cord if you get violent. Here—there's a present for you."

He gave her a bunch of Parma violets that Leon had purchased by his orders. She undid the tissue paper. "How lovely! I adore violets. Did Lady Heddingway send these?"

"No, I thought of them all by myself. Now what papers shall I get you?"

"The 'Daily Mirror' and 'L'Ingenue'."

She opened her purse and took out a five-franc note.

"I've got some change," Bay said.

"I'm not going to let you pay for everything. I feel quite guilty about those violets. You shouldn't have bought them for me."

"I've done a lot of things I shouldn't do," he laughed back at her.

"I bet you have!" Her blue eyes met his for a moment, but their loveliness left Bay unperturbed. He was hard-boiled so far as eyes went.

AS soon as the train started they settled down in the two window seats and opened their papers. After reading every word of a long and complicated murder trial, Bay peeped round the edge of his paper and observed his companion.

He thought she was reading her paper, but she must have been watching him out of the extreme corner of one eye, just as a dog will watch everyone in a room though apparently asleep in his basket, for she put down her paper and looked out of the window.

"Foggy everywhere," said Bay.

"Yes. I'm not surprised the air service is stopped. Do you prefer going by air?"

"I do when I'm taking the bag."

Her eyes travelled to the rack above Bay's head, where Leon had stacked his suitcase and he himself had put a black leather dispatch case with a brass lock.

"Do you have many exciting adventures when you are doing King's Messenger?"

"No such luck! I should love some beautiful foreign spy to try to ensnare me."

"What would happen if anybody stole your dispatches?"

"I'd be in the same position as a captain who let his ship run aground; I'd lose my job."

She looked at him ruminatively, wondering how deep his coating of self-satisfaction went.

Bay, in his turn, took stock of Juliet Sims. A girl who had the effrontery to tell him to his face that she could make him ask her to marry him within a year was worth studying. She was certainly beautiful.

Still, many horses with good points did not make good hunters. He wondered what sort of character she had.

"I shall be coming over to Paris more often," she said now. "Madame Ranelle told me this morning that she would very likely want me to do a show for her every month during the winter."

"What do you do at a show?"

"Just wear different dresses. Sometimes we have to change twenty times in an afternoon."

"That must be tiring."

"It is."

Bay looked out of the window. He had always supposed that mannequins had a very easy life.

"We're passing Chantilly; it'll be lunch time soon," he said.

"Thank goodness!"

BAY reached up and took down the black leather despatch case from the rack. Juliet observed the act.

They went along to the luncheon car and took their places. All the tables were laid for four persons, so Bay and Juliet chose seats opposite to one another against the window. Bay wedged the despatch case between his hip and the wall.

As he was passing the menu across to the girl, the maitre d'hotel filled the two vacant places at their table, a white-haired old lady who looked English taking the seat opposite to Bay, and a man, whom Bay did not turn to look at, sitting down by his side.

Juliet studied the menu and passed it to the white-haired old lady, who said "Thank you" and handed it in turn to her vis-a-vis.

"Gracias, Senora," said the latter. Bay turned then and instantly recognised his neighbor. It was the sallow-faced Spanish-looking man with side whiskers whose car had nearly crashed into his at the Place de la Concorde. He was sure of this; he never forgets a face.

Bay allowed a minute or two to pass before making a request for salt, a pretext for looking full at his neighbor.

"Excuse me," he said, "but weren't you crossing the Place de la Concorde at 11.15 this morning?"

The Spaniard's eyes met Bay's; they were as black as sloes, and as enigmatical as an Oriental's.

"My driver nearly ran into the car of the British Ambassador."

"Yes, I know! I was sitting in it!"

"You were in that car! You are from the British Embassy! A thousand regrets. Permit me to present myself." He opened his cigarette case and took out a card which he gave to Bay.

Commandant Alvaro de Lena, Legation de la Republique de Bolivie, Paris.

Bay gave Commandant de Lena one of his own cards.

"You are the Attache Militaire, Capitaine?"

"I work in his office, Commandant."

The two men's eyes met, each trying to read beneath the surface.

Bay was wondering whether it was by coincidence or design that this sallow Spanish-American officer was sitting next to him.

Bolivia was a very small South American republic. She could not have any real interest in affairs in Europe, but enjoyed the full advantages of diplomatic status. Commandant de Lena might easily be employed by a European Power without the knowledge of his Government. This being so, it was conceivable he had received orders to stop the King of England's Messenger from crossing to London.

CHAPTER 3.

WHILE Bay and Commandant de Lena were exchanging cards Juliet studied the menu. The commandant having introduced himself as a member of the Diplomatic Corps, Bay felt obliged to present him to his companion.

The commandant's eyes popped like a

dog's when it sees a biscuit as Bay made the introduction.

"Mademoiselle has had an agreeable visit to Paris?" he inquired.

"I have been working over here," Juliet replied.

The commandant smiled amicably, but looked as though he disbelieved this. Talk continued desultorily throughout the meal, and the white-haired old lady who had said "Thank you," and was obviously English, never took her eyes from her plate.

Bay watched to see that the Bolivian did not put anything into his food; they had a choice collection of herbs out in those parts, he had always heard.

It was not until the table had been cleared that the first act of the drama began. A waiter arrived with coffee, and had just set a cup in front of the white-haired old lady when, without the slightest warning, she suddenly fell sideways into the corridor, rolled over on her back, and her features contorted in the throes of a fit.

The waiter let his tray of coffee cups fall with a crash, threw up his hands, and exclaimed, "Mon Dieu!"

Commandant de Lena and Bay jumped to their feet. The commandant rushed to the old lady's head; Bay put his ear to her chest. The poor old soul appeared to have a heart attack.

"We had better get her out of here," Bay said.

He took hold of her legs; the commandant put his hands under her arms. At this moment the maitre d'hotel rushed up.

"Permit me, Monsieur."

The commandant stood back.

"I'll go with her," Bay said, as another dining-car attendant came forward. "She may need someone who talks English when she comes round."

He and the maitre d'hotel got the old lady out of the restaurant and laid her on the seat of a first-class carriage at the end of the next coach. They were quickly joined by the chef de train and began trying to revive her. The chef de train was convinced she was either dead or dying.

"Is she English?" he asked Bay.

"Yes," said Bay. He was certain the old lady was English; she did not look as though she could be anything else.

"It is necessary to be sure," said the chef de train. "Also to know her destination." He opened the old lady's hand-bag and took out her passport and railway ticket.

"She is Swiss," he exclaimed, looking at the front page of her passport.

"Swiss!" said Bay astonished.

Then, like a flash of lightning, he remembered that he had left his King's Messenger bag in the restaurant car.

"Excuse me," he pushed past the two officials. "I'll be back in a minute; I have forgotten something."

"Is he mad?" the chef de train asked the maitre d'hotel as Bay dashed down the corridor like a wing three-quarter.

"Probably," said the maitre d'hotel. "Ah! Regard! She opens her eyes!" He bent over the old lady, who had opened her right eye slightly and closed it again.

"Snared like a one-eyed bear!" thought Bay furiously, as he elbowed his way down the corridor. Heart attack! That old woman had done her stuff well! He had left Commandant de Lena alone with the King's Messenger bag in the restaurant car.

Juliet might have noticed that he had left the bag on the seat, but she would not know what to do about it. Luckily the dispatch that mattered was not in it, but that was not the point. He had let the King's Messenger bag out of his sight. The most junior office boy in the Foreign Office would have known better.

The harm might be already done. If that Spanish American was the type he suspected, he would not lose so good a chance. As soon as Bay left the restaurant



car he would pick the dispatch-case up, go quietly along the corridor, and hide it.

Bay knew he could make a fuss at Calais, or before they arrived, if he liked. He could report the matter to the police and demand that the whole train be searched. A nice picture that would make!

Even if the story could be kept from the Press, it would make little difference. That bogus Spanish American Military Attache—Bay was certain he was an "agent" now—would go through the dispatch case, and though such papers as he abstracted might be of no importance, the matter would have to be reported to the Foreign Office.

That would be the end of his job. As he had told Juliet Sims: "A captain must not lose his ship, nor a King's Messenger his dispatches." There could be no excuse.

THESE thoughts raced through Bay's brain in the few seconds it took him to return to the restaurant car. His eyes went straight to the corner where he had left his dispatch case.

It was not there, but to Bay's surprise Commandant de Lena had not left the restaurant car. He was standing by Juliet, who was sitting in her corner, one elbow on the table, a cigarette in her mouth.

Bay walked up to the table. "The old lady is all right," he said. "I say, has anyone seen a black dispatch-case? I brought one in with me."

"Yes, I'm sitting on it," said Juliet. Bay looked quickly at Commandant de Lena, but the man did not flick an eyelid.

"I am glad the old lady is not seriously ill," he said. "She is a compatriot of yours?"

"No, she is Swiss," said Bay.

The commandant made to go. "I was waiting until you returned, Capitaine. I will go along to my compartment now; we shall be in Calais in about an hour. If I do not see you on the boat then I hope we may meet in London. Au revoir, Mademoiselle; au revoir, Capitaine."

As soon as he had gone Juliet pulled the dispatch case from beneath her and passed it across to Bay.

"That was intelligent of you," he said. "You knew what it was?"

"You've never let it out of your sight since we met."

"I did—just now; at the very moment that I shouldn't have done."

"The commandant seemed to realise that. He asked if he should take it along to you."

"The devil he did! And you had the sense not to let him. When did you get hold of it?"

"While you were bending over the old woman. I saw it in the corner and thought you would like it taken care of."

"You are pretty level-headed," said Bay. "That old woman didn't have a real heart attack, but it was real enough to take me in. Their game would have come off if you hadn't been here."

"What game?"

"They would have got my dispatches. That fellow tried to get the bag from you, you say?"

"Yes. As soon as you were out of the carriage he came back to the table and started looking about everywhere, up on the rack, and in the corner, and under the seat. Then he said to me: 'The captain had a dispatch-case with him.' I thought it a bit funny and just said 'Yes.' I didn't tell him I'd got it."

"He looked excited. 'We diplomats always carry our dispatches with us,' he said. 'They are sometimes important; that is the reason I ask. If I could find the captain's dispatches I would take care of them for him till he returns.'"

Juliet knocked the ash off her cigarette, looked at Bay and smiled.

"I had a feeling there was something

odd about that man from the moment he sat down. I heard what you and he said about the accident that nearly happened in the Place de la Concorde, and I noticed when he came into the restaurant car he looked around till he saw us and then came straight here. The maître d'hôtel wanted to put him at another table."

"I thought I'd try a little experiment on my own. I didn't say anything for a minute or so, and he kept on looking about trying to find the dispatch case."

"Then he beckoned to the waiter who brought us lunch and asked him if he had seen it. I let him start questioning the waiter, then I put my hand down, pulled out the dispatch case, and held it up."

"Do you mean this?" I said.

"He jumped to his feet and I never saw a man more excited. He said something in Spanish; then he spoke in English."

"Yes, Mademoiselle, that is it. Give it to me and I will take it to the captain."

"I grinned at him and said: 'It'll be all right with me.'"

"I think he was going to try to snatch it from me, but someone passed through."

Bay looked at her with real admiration. Not one girl in a thousand would have had so much sense. He had never told her what the black dispatch-case contained; she had just watched him and guessed.

"Thank you," he said. "You've probably saved me my job."

"Is that fellow an agent, or a spy, or whatever you call it?"

"I think so, and that innocent-looking old lady was working with him. It is the first time I have had anyone try to put anything like that over on me."

"Well, I'm glad you were here to share the adventure with me—very glad. You are a pretty useful sort of person."

A twinkle lit her eyes, and Bay remembered their ridiculous bet.

"We may as well be getting along to our carriage," he said. "We shall be at Calais soon."

"I wonder if our Spanish friend will have another try."

"I don't think so—not to-day. He knows he has shot his bolt."

## CHAPTER 4

BAY and Juliet did not see Commandant de Lena again during the journey.

Bay thought it possible that, having missed his chance, he had doubled on his tracks at Calais, taking the next train back to Paris. Or he might have slipped on board, gone straight to his cabin, and stayed in it till the boat reached port.

Whatever he did, he took care to keep out of their sight. Neither of them set eyes on the old Swiss woman again, either.

Comfortably ensconced in the boat train for London, Juliet read her papers until, suddenly, she looked up and said: "I'll let you off that bet if you like!"

"Indeed you won't!" he protested.

"It doesn't seem quite fair now. You see, when we made it you were working in Paris and I was working in London. Now Madame Ranelle says she wants me over at the Paris shop most of the time."

"That doesn't make any difference," Bay answered, wondering if the girl had arranged the transfer on purpose.

"It might." She looked down at her feet.

"I'll risk it. I say, I think we ought to celebrate the saving of the dispatches. Will you dine with me and do a show to-morrow night? I owe you a dinner."

"That's awfully kind of you, but really I don't think you do owe me anything. The whole thing may have been our imagination. I dare say the southern-looking gentleman with the whiskers was a perfectly harmless South American, and perhaps the old lady really did faint."

"Perhaps!" said Bay. "I may be able to find out."

"How?"

"You know there is such a thing as the British Secret Service? I'll hand in a description of those two and what happened to-day, and if they are agents our people will know all about them. They have got a fairly accurate list."

"I believe you are in the Secret Service yourself," said Juliet.

"Why should you think that?" Bay asked, smiling.

"You are not just like an ordinary army man."

"I'm not an ordinary army man; I'm seconded to the Embassy in Paris."

"And though you have got a perfect diplomat's manner when you are handing loes round, I think you can do other things as well."

Bay smiled. "If I were in the Secret Service I shouldn't be carrying the King's Messenger bag. The Secret Service is a whole-time job."

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"But I may be able to find out what you want to know and what I want to know, too. If I do, I'll tell you. I know I can trust you not to talk."

"I won't say a word." Bay rubbed the window with his newspaper. All along the line twinkling lights glimmered in the murk.

"We're getting into London," he said.

"Where shall we dine to-morrow?"

"You really want me to come to dinner?"

"I shouldn't ask you if I didn't."

"I'd like to go to the Plaza; the band there is so good."

"All right—the Plaza. Shall we meet there or shall I collect you?"

"I'll meet you there. Half-past eight."

"That gives me time to get cleaned up after work. I don't want to go to a show unless you do."

"No, I'd much rather sit and talk to you."

He said the same thing to every woman. Juliet knew this, but she chuckled inwardly all the same. He had only two nights in London—he had told her that was all a King's Messenger got—and one of them was to be given up to her. It was even on the field.

## B

BAY STRATTON was doing more than set aside one of his two nights in town to spend in Juliet Sims' company. He was giving up to her the only night he had.

His first evening in London was not his to give to anybody. He had a dinner engagement for that night, and nothing short of a Royal Command would have made him break it.

After delivering the King's Messenger bag and Lord Heddington's private dispatch, which he removed from his shoe in a dressing-room at the Foreign Office, he went to his club, bathed and changed, and then set out to keep this engagement.

It was a fine winter's evening, so he walked the few hundred yards necessary to take him to an old-fashioned club in St. James Street, much frequented by country gentlemen.

"Is Sir John in?" he asked the hall porter.

The hall porter knew Captain Stratton well. He often dined with Sir John Palling when he was in town. A page-boy was sent to find Bay's boat.

After a few minutes a ruddy-checked, hearty-looking old gentleman came straddling across the hall, greeted Bay with a slap on the back, and led him into the smoking-room.

Several members nodded to Sir John as he came in. Country squire, landowner, and former Master of Hounds, he was well known in the West Country. Though times were bad for landowners, he still preserved a fair number of pheasants, kept a stable of good horses, and a cellar stocked with excellent wine.

He came to town once a month in con-



nection with various agricultural committees in which he was interested. It was said that no man in the country knew more about pig breeding than Sir John Palling. In his early life he had been for a short while in the Army and afterwards at the Foreign Office, but soon after his father died he had retired and devoted his time to his estates.

Now he walked over to the fireplace, rang the bell, and spread his legs across the hearth.

"No fancy French cooking for you tonight, my boy! I've ordered a real old-fashioned English dinner. Glass of sherry?"

"Thanks, Sir John." Bay would have preferred a cocktail, but knew better than to say so.

After they had each had a glass of sherry Sir John took his guest into the club's famous Regency dining-room. His table, which no other member dared sit at when he was dining at the club, was in a corner by the fire. A bottle of the club's celebrated claret stood in a corner of the hearth, glistening in the light of the fire.

He ate steadily through a very good dinner which, as he said, was English in every detail.

"French cooking is all sauce," he said when the pheasant came. "Good vittels oughtn't to need sauce. How's Heddington? Things are pretty tricky over there now, I hear."

Bay saw the wine waiter, whose ruby-colored face was a credit to the club cellar, stooping to pick up the claret decanter. He waited till the man had filled their glasses and gone away, then said: "Shall we talk here?"

Sir John glanced sideways; the two next tables were empty. "We're all right," he said.

Bay leaned forward.

"Things are tricky. I brought over a dispatch from the Ambassador for the Foreign Secretary. Before I left his Excellency went through the dispatch with me, and said I was to inform you of the contents. The dispatch was about these new stratosphere ships."

"How does Heddington know about 'em?"

"They seem to be pretty well an open secret now. The French have got hold of the story. It was Duchanel who told Lord Heddington."

"Told him what?"

Bay was used to Sir John's abrupt manner. "Old P." liked facts—what he called "the meat."

"Duchanel asked the Ambassador to go and see him yesterday morning. His Excellency said he found him in a state of great excitement. Duchanel told him about the new stratosphere ships, and said a definite threat had been made to use the ships against Marseilles, Lyons, and Rouen unless certain concessions that have been asked for are granted."

Sir John sipped his claret, set down his glass, and called over the wine waiter. "This is not the '87."

"No, Sir John; it's the '95. The '87 has started to go off a little."

"All right; never mind." He waited till the man had gone. "Bomb Marseilles, Lyons and Rouen, you say?"

"Wipe them out! Not a woman or child to be left alive or three bricks standing one upon another. Those were Duchanel's words."

Sir John nodded. "I warned 'em about the stratosphere ships. I warned 'em months ago. Nobody took any notice, of course; they never do until something falls right on their heads."

"Have you seen a plan of one of these ships, Sir John?"

"I don't think anybody has. They are not such fools as to leave plans about. But they have got the ships. We know that."

"They are invincible?"

"Of course they are. You can't attack a thing you cannot reach."

"Then Duchanel's idea to march in and seize the whole territory and destroy their base is right?"

Sir John cracked two walnuts together in the palm of his hand. "Have a glass of port?"

"No thanks."

"All right, please yourself. March in, you say! That means war."

"It looks as though we have got to have one or be exterminated ourselves."

"BAH!" Sir John flicked a piece of nut shell from his dinner jacket. "Nobody is going to exterminate anybody. I'll tell you what I think." He put his head close to Bay and lowered his voice.

"I think the present threat is bluff. They won't wipe out Marseilles, Lyons, and Rouen if they don't get what they want. And for a very good reason. They couldn't if they tried to."

"That was what Lord Heddington said to Duchanel. He said there was a lot of talk about the terrible bombs and poison gases that would be used in the next war, but that after all there had been a war between China and Japan not very long ago and nothing very startling had happened in that."

"He said that if there were any very dreadful gases the Japanese were sure to have had them and they would have used them."

"Some pretty bad bombs have been invented! You needn't doubt that," Sir John said gravely. "But nothing will happen to Marseilles, or any other French city just yet. The inhabitants are as safe as they'd be in Lhasa. The whole thing is bluff."

Bay waited eagerly to hear more. "Old P.'s" sources of information were amazing. And he was always right.

"You mean they haven't got the stratosphere ships at all?"

"They have got 'em, but what good are they going to be? Ordinary aeroplanes, flying a few thousand feet over a town miss the target they aim at as often as they hit it. How the blazes is a fellow who is twenty miles up in the sky going to see what he is doing?"

"They say they have special telescopes."

"Yes, and they say they can see the mountains in the moon through a telescope! They say they can; but probably nobody living really knows whether there are mountains in the moon or not."

"The truth is, our much-to-be-respected neighbors are trying to run before they can walk. Mind you, in time these things may be possible, but nothing has been invented yet."

"You know that, Sir John?"

"I know that there are three airships capable of reaching a height in the stratosphere never reached before, and I also know that the crews have been having a bit of target practice north of Arcangel and that so far not one of them has succeeded in hitting an island the size of the Isle of Wight. We keep ourselves informed, you know; we have to."

Bay stirred his coffee. The information he was getting was the real truth. What "Old P." did not know, nobody knew. He was the ablest head of the British Secret Service there had been for four generations and the best hidden. Only three men in England knew the real identity of "Old P."

His own history was absorbingly interesting. He had been attracted to the Secret Service as a youth and done his first work for the department at the time when he transferred from the Army to the Diplomatic Corps.

He had foreseen then that circumstances would one day provide him with a magnificent natural disguise. As the son of a country gentleman it would be natural for him to live upon the family estates when his father died.

Living the life of a typical John Bull in the country, occupied with pig-breeding and occasionally making visits to town, Sir John Palling, Bart., was the last person that the agents of any foreign Power would suspect of being the head of the British Secret Service.

The value of his alibi came into play in the meeting between himself and Bay Stratton that evening. If foreign agents knowing Bay's connection with the Secret Service, had kept him under observation for every hour of the forty-eight that he was in England, the one engagement they would classify as purely social was his dinner at Sir John's club.

"Old P." always did his business with Bay in the dining-room of his club. The only precaution taken was to delay discussing really vital matters until coffee had been set on the table and the waiters had left the room.

"Good brickwork," Sir John said, slapping the wall behind him. "They knew how to build a house in those days."

"So you really think it is bluff," Bay said, reverting to the threat to the three French towns.

"Can't see how it can be anything else."

"You wish me to tell Lord Heddington that that is your view?"

"The P.O. will do that. They'll get it from the War Office and the War Office will get it from me. By the time Heddington hears maybe they will have thought out something, but they've nothing at present. I'm sure of that. You can tell him my opinion unofficially if you like."

"I will, Sir John. There is another matter I want to talk to you about. An attempt was made to ram my car as I was leaving Paris and a fellow had a try for my dispatches on the train. It looks as though someone knew I was carrying a document worth having. I've never had any trouble before."

"They're watching us pretty closely," Sir John held his port up to the light. "What happened?"

Bay described the incident in the Place de la Concorde and how the same man, who had been in the car that nearly ran him down, had turned up on the boat train and come into the restaurant car. He gave a short account of the old woman who had fainted and the attempt on his dispatches.

"Smart girl!" said Sir John when Bay described Juliet's intervention. "Can you tell me what this Bolivian, or whatever he called himself, looked like?"

Bay described Commandant de Lena, with special reference to his remarkably black eyes.

"Eyes are the only things a man can't disguise," Sir John said. "I think I can place the fellow; our New York man sent in a report about him early this week."

"New York?"

"Yes. Commandant de Lena has been living over there; in Detroit, to be exact. Before that he was down in South America for some time, lying low after an affair out in California. If he is the man I think, he is a pretty dangerous fellow."

"How has he got a job at the Bolivian Legation?"

"While Bolivia is in its present state, anybody could get a job at their Legation. They have a different President every week. This chap is over here in the pay of our neighbors. He is on a roving commission to make himself useful in any way he can; he is a gangster by profession."

SIR JOHN smiled as he saw Bay's astonishment.

"Our neighbors intend to do things thoroughly. The most difficult class of man to obtain, and, from their point of view, the most useful, is a fellow who has not the slightest compunction about killing people in cold blood."

"I am not talking about dropping poison gas bombs from the stratosphere, but just



ordinary, every-day murder in a public street. They hit on the idea of getting recruits from the American gangs, which are in a bad way since the end of Prohibition.

"They have two or three of the fraternity over here and Commandant de Lena, from your description, is one. I can check up this for certain. You would recognise his photograph?"

"Yes."

Sir John took a leather case from the inside pocket of his dinner jacket. From the case he pulled out a photograph, which he passed across to Bay.

"Is that the fellow?"

"Yes."

Bay had seen too much of "Old P." methods to be surprised at being shown a photograph of the very man he wanted information about. Any new agent working for a foreign Power was sure to become known to "Old P." after a very short time.

Sir John put the photo back in his wallet.

"He is what the Americans call 'a pretty tough guy.' He was with Jack Diamond at one time; then he worked for Dutch Schultz; finally he tried to open up in Detroit on his own, but met with too much opposition."

"What is his real name?"

"De Lena. He came from Bolivia originally. That is where he has been cunning. By getting a job at the Bolivian Legation he protects himself against the police—diplomatic privilege. Otherwise we could tip off the Surete about his record and get him run out of the country as an undesirable alien."

"Couldn't that be done in any case?"

"Not without making an 'incident.' These small South American republics are as touchy as retired Indian Colonels. Any one of them would raise a fearful uproar if one of their diplomatic representatives was asked to leave the country."

"Even if he was proved to be an American gunman?"

"That can't be proved. You and I may know it is the case, but there is no evidence at all. Remember, in America gangsters and gunmen live just like ordinary citizens. Unless there is a conviction against them there is no proof in law that they are criminals."

"There has never been any conviction against de Lena. You will have to look after him yourself; the police cannot help you unless he breaks French laws."

"All right, Sir John."

Sir John looked at his watch. "I think that's all; we mustn't stay talking too long. You are going back the day after to-morrow."

"Yes, I'm taking back the bag."

"Well, you know what to tell Heddingway?"

"That in your opinion the threat is bluff. Shall I tell him about the target practice up at Arcangel?"

"You can if you like. The island was quite big, but they dropped bomb after bomb without getting anywhere near it; not surprising when you consider the complications of windage in thirty vertical miles of air."

"I don't consider there is anything really to worry about until there is evidence of accurate ranging appliances for use in the stratosphere. This may come in time, of course, but there's no point in anticipating our worries!"

**B**AY pushed back his chair.

"Thanks for an excellent dinner, Sir John."

"Glad you enjoyed it. Come and dine with me again when you are next over. Just one other thing. Dealing with Latin races—Italians, French, Spanish-Americans, a woman is often useful. Women

have the same effect upon them that cheese has on mice."

"There are no women in our organisation in Paris."

"I know there are not and I don't want any—not in the organisation. But a little outside help wouldn't do any harm, if you can see your way to getting any."

Bay was not clear what Sir John meant by "outside help." In the Secret Service individuals were either classified and graded for pay as first-class, second-class, and third-class agents, or they were not employed at all. Certain persons might be made use of unbeknown to themselves, but that was quite another matter.

"What sort of outside help?"

"Ever done any duck shooting?"

Bay grinned. "I see—a decoy?"

"That's the idea. You'd have thought of it yourself. I'm sure, but I just thought I'd mention it, as the gallant commandant has come among us. That'll be the way to get him, if you have to. Well, good-night and a pleasant journey back. If you meet any more fainting old ladies, try pepper!"

#### CHAPTER 5.

**B**AY walked slowly back to his club. He had plenty to think about. The arrival of Commandant de Lena in Europe was going to complicate life.

His work in the Secret Service had never brought him in contact with personal danger before, but then, until a few days ago, there had been no real likelihood of another European war. A war seemed likely enough now; inevitable, indeed, if a means of attacking objectives from the stratosphere was discovered.

He wondered what England was doing? Had she any stratosphere ships in preparation? He had not heard of any. One of the anomalies of being in the Secret Service was that you were often the last person to learn what your own country was doing.

Next morning Bay received orders to call at the Foreign Office, collect dispatches and return to Paris at once.

The fog had lifted, which meant that he could go by air mail. Wondering what was up, he sent off a wire to the Embassy in Paris asking for a car to meet him at Le Bourget, ordered his bag to be packed, gobbled some breakfast and hurried round to the F.O.

Here a very high personage told him "what was up." Bay, by virtue of his work, enjoyed the confidence of heads of departments; they had to give it to him.

"This is the reply to the message you brought over from Heddingway yesterday."

Said the very high personage. "We have been into the matter, and the view of the Government is that the whole thing is bluff."

"They have got three of these stratosphere ships certainly, but how can they hit anything from that height? We have taken the views of the Air Ministry, War Office and Admiralty; they all agree. The Air Ministry should know."

"In any case," the high personage partially closed one eye, "we have other sources of information, which you probably know about better than we do. From these sources we know that so far stratosphere ships have proved ineffectual as a means of attack."

"Yes, sir," said Bay. "Old P." must have circulated his report of the Arcangel show pretty quickly."

"Now you get along back," said the Foreign Secretary, "just as quickly as you can. Here is the official reply; unofficially tell Heddingway from me to let the French to calm down. There's nothing to worry about—at present."

From Croydon, Bay put a call through to Ranelle, Modes et Robes, Berkeley Square. He asked to speak to Miss Sims.

The clerk appeared perplexed; he did not know of any one of that name in the place.

"Miss Juliet Sims—she is one of the mannequins."

"Oh! Miss Juliet! Models aren't allowed to come to the telephone during office hours, sir."

"This is business. I am speaking on behalf of Lady Muttieberry, who is getting a dress from you." Bay invented a name wildly.

The idea worked; Juliet came to the phone.

"Hullo! Is that Miss Sims? This is Bay Stratton. I say, I'm terribly sorry I've got to go back to-day. We shall have to have that dinner in Paris. When are you coming over again? Next week. Splendid. Ring me up."

"What? Yes, I'll ring you if you would rather. Where? Right. I'll ring Ranelle's on Friday. I say, thanks most awfully for what you did yesterday. Good-bye."

On the way to Croydon Bay regretted that he had sent a telegram asking for the Embassy car to be at Le Bourget. One of Lord Heddingway's personal cars was sure to be sent to meet him.

The glittering aluminium body and blue wings were rather conspicuous when people like Commandant de Lena were about. However, the wire had gone now. At any rate, he would have a tranquil journey as far as Paris; nobody could surely steal his dispatches while he was in an aeroplane.

During the journey he reviewed the events of the past forty-eight hours. Plenty had happened, but there was no specific task for him to tackle yet. He was not, for example, under orders to secure plans of the new stratosphere ships.

Possibly "Old P." was employing somebody else to do that, or it might be that he would get his own orders later. In the meanwhile there was the matter of Commandant de Lena. Life in the Secret Service was going to become tough if ex-gangsters were to be employed.

**W**HEN the mail plane landed at Le Bourget, Bay took a good look to see if de Lena was among those who had come to meet the passengers. He saw that the Embassy car had been sent for him; it was standing by the Customs.

He showed his special diplomatic visa to an official and walked straight to the car. He was just going to get in when he noticed that the other passengers who had come over with him and the officials of the airport were looking up at the sky.

"What's happening?" he asked the chauffeur.

"One of these height record attempts," the man said.

Bay looked up and after a moment or two was just able to make out a tiny speck at an immense height in the sky. It was so high that he would not have been able to see it at all if a glint of sunlight had not been reflected like rays from a heliograph, from part of the structure.

Leaving the car, he walked over to a French pilot and asked him what machine it was that was in the sky.

"I do not know," the pilot said. "It is higher than an ordinary plane can go."

Could it be one of the new stratosphere ships? Bay felt a thrill of excitement as he looked up at the tiny object miles above his head.

"Our signal station has called them, but they do not answer. Maybe they have no wireless," the French pilot said.

Bay went back to his car.

"Drive carefully," he said to the chauffeur. "I don't want any more narrow escapes like we had in the Place de la Concorde."

"It was the fault of the other car; he drove like a madman."

"I daresay, but to-day drive as though everybody is mad. It always takes two



people to cause an accident; remember that."

"Very good, sir." The chauffeur touched his cap, but he looked displeased. He was an excellent driver and did not relish such instructions.

AT last the car turned into the Champs Elysees, and with only a few hundred yards to go to reach the Embassy gates Bay felt safe. Traffic signals were against them at the Ronde Point.

While the car was at a standstill he lit a cigarette. He had just taken his first puff when a smack sounded on the roof, like a stone hitting a tin can, and something hurtled past his legs and tore a hole in the floor between his feet.

He realised at once what had happened. He had been fired at!

He tapped the window and signed to the driver to pull the car in to the side of the road.

"Somebody has just fired at the car," Bay pointed to the hole in the roof. "See! It went right through." He indicated the place in the floor.

The chauffeur gaped. Bay got down on his hands and knees and studied the line of the bullet—for bullet it had been, he was sure—taking a sight between the two holes. He looked round at the houses on the right and left, then whistled softly.

Whoever had fired that shot had not been on the top of any roof. If they had, the trajectory would have been cross-wise. The line of this bullet ran at an angle of 45 deg. from the front of the roof of the car to the back axle. There was no house-top nearby from which such a trajectory was obtainable. The shot must have been fired from the sky!

"All right, drive on, and go straight to the garage," Bay said.

When they got to the garage he told the man to take up the floorboards of the car. He bent down, groped about, then gave an exclamation of triumph. Wedged into the machinery, near the back axle, he had found a small bright bullet, scarcely dented.

Bay took the bullet in his hand and walked across the yard. In his pocket he had the Government's reply to Lord Heddington's memorandum. That reply was no use now. The real answer, still warm, was in his palm. A pretty good reply, too! They had certainly found a means of ranging accurately upon a target from twenty miles above the earth, and had selected one of His Majesty's King's Messengers for the first shot. Nothing could be more convincing.

That bullet had come from the stratosphere! There could be no doubt of that, thought Bay, whilst waiting to see the Ambassador. "Old P." for once in his life, had got behindhand with the news.

Maybe they had not succeeded in hitting an island during that trial north of Arcangel, of which "Old P." had obtained a report, but it was obvious that a means of ranging on an object from the stratosphere had been discovered since.

Bay took the bullet from his waistcoat pocket and had another look at it. No one could mistake that small bright piece of metal for a thunderbolt.

#### CHAPTER 8

BAY turned the bullet over in his palm. It had been fired from a rifle; the groove marks showed clearly. A remarkable shot to hit one car out of many hundreds in the Paris streets. Bay tried to work out how the result had been achieved.

There was one possible explanation. A new camera gun had lately been invented for aerial warfare, a camera gun worked on the principle of a kodak.

When the target came on to the centre line of the lens it was only necessary to

press a button to secure a hit, in the same way that a photograph is taken. A camera gun with a powerful telescopic lens might have been used against him.

The whole enterprise would have been facilitated by the conspicuous type of car that the Ambassador chose for his personal use.

Bay's ruminations had reached this point when the First Secretary came out of the Ambassador's room and said: "H.R. can see you now. Did you have a nice time?"

"Delightful, thanks," Bay said.

"Hullo, Stratton! Glad to see you back. What's the news?" Lord Heddington looked up as Bay came in.

"Quite a lot, chief; this is the latest bulletin!" Bay put the bullet down on the Ambassador's blotting-pad. "By the way, I take it the French have got aeroplanes up observing?"

"Observing what?"

"There is a stratosphere ship over Paris. They know about it at Le Bourget."

"A stratosphere ship!" Lord Heddington refixed his eyeglass. "Whose?"

"Couldn't tell you, Chief, but I don't think it can be one of ours for they took a shot at me."

"What! Here, wait a moment..." Lord Heddington lifted the receiver of his telephone. A few moments later he was speaking to the French Minister.

"Hullo! Is that Monsieur Duchanel? I say, has any report come through to you of a foreign airship flying over Paris. There has been one? Yes. Yes. It has gone, you say? Your people are following it. Thanks. No, I haven't heard anything."

"The K.M. has just come back from London with the bag. I haven't had time to go through it yet, but I'll let you know what our people say. Urgent? Yes, I agree. I'd like to have a word with you some time to-day. Shall I come round at 4 o'clock? All right. Au revoir, Monsieur."

His Excellency hung up the receiver.

"A stratosphere ship has been over Paris; it is on its way back to the frontier now. French aeroplanes are following; they are flying as high as they can, but report they can't get within five miles of it. Well, they will see where the thing comes down; that will be something to know."

"It won't come down—not in daylight," Bay said.

Lord Heddington picked up a pencil and started to draw a pig. His blotting-pad pigs were famous.

"DID you bring back an answer to my memorandum?" the Ambassador asked, when he had finished his sketch.

"Yes, but it's not much use now," Bay took an envelope from his pocket and gave it to his chief.

Lord Heddington opened the envelope and read rapidly through the reply. "Bluff, eh! You could tell them something, couldn't you, Stratton? Your department seems to have missed the boat this time."

"I dined with 'Old P.' last night, Chief. Of course, he could only tell me the latest report he had had himself. He did say that developments might have taken place since, but having no definite information he could not say any more."

"You'll let him know about to-day's events, of course."

"He will have heard by now. Nothing, except light, travels as quick as news does to 'Old P.'"

"And yet he didn't know they had perfected a range-finding apparatus?"

"I don't suppose anyone knew except the people who had actually perfected it. It is the only way to keep a secret."

Bay recounted to the Ambassador the whole story of his journey, following it up with the information "Old P." had given him about Commandant de Lena's earlier history. Lord Heddington listened attentively. When Bay had finished he picked up his pencil and added a wiggly tail to the torso of the last pig he had drawn.

"You know, Stratton, my old father used to say that there was one thing about diplomacy as a career, and that was that whatever happened—war, famine, or revolution—a diplomat was always safe. He wouldn't have said so to-day."

"Ambassadors don't often get assassinated, Chief."

"Maybe not. But it looks as if they are going to change all that. How did they know it was you in the car to-day and not me? Well, I must be going along. Duchanel will be waiting. You say you don't want me to say anything to him about Commandant de Lena?"

"It would be better not to. He would only pass the information on to the Surete."

"If the man is an ex-gangster, I should have thought the police ought to know. He sounds a most dangerous fellow."

"He is," Bay agreed, "but in our show we prefer to conduct our own wars. And I think it would be better to say nothing about the shot they took at me."

"But why do you want the matter kept secret? It is an outrage," said Lord Heddington.

"Exactly. That is my reason. It is an outrage. You know what the French are. They always fire back. If this became known, France would make a frightful fuss. We don't want that."

"No, we don't," Lord Heddington sat back, and Bay noticed that he was looking old and rather tired. "All right, as you like," he agreed at last. "By the way, my wife said she would be glad if you would see her when we had finished. She is having another of her parties."

Bay found Lady Heddington having tea in her sitting-room.

"How did you enjoy your journey to London?" she asked. "I hope you took good care of Juliet Sims?"

"She took care of me," Bay laughed.

"She would! After all, you are worth something to her. Do you know, I have an idea, Bay, that you are going to lose that bet. One lump or two?"

"One, please. What makes you think that, Lady Heddington?" Bay was very fond of the Ambassador's wife; she had always been a good friend to him.

"I think your time is up for one thing; you have had a pretty good run for your money. I don't suppose you have ever had what they call 'honorable intentions' in your life, have you?"

"I have never asked anyone to marry me, if that is what you mean?"

"Of course it's what I mean. What do you suppose women are put in this world for—to play with?"

"A LOT of women seem to enjoy a romp," Bay chuckled.

"I daresay," retorted Lady Heddington, "but at the bottom of her heart nearly every woman wants to become a respectable wife. You think I'm being Victorian—I can see it in your eye—but I'm not. I'm sixty years old, and I have lived through forty years of society."

"Juliet said that she would not marry me if I did ask her!" Bay protested.

"I don't suppose she would. You are good-looking; charming, when you like to be, and look much younger than you are. But scrape the paint off and what is left? Just a battered old wreck!"

Lady Heddington watched her unofficial A.D.C. stirring his tea. He looked like a sulky child that had been told it could not have jam with bread and butter. She chuckled. It was always funny to see Bay Stratton get his confidence shaken.

"I expect you are wondering why I am saying all this. I'll tell you. I thought it time you came down to earth. Has it occurred to you that the bet you made with Juliet Sims was exceedingly impertinent?"

"They were good odds!"

"Good! I should call them idiotic. If the bet had been the other way round there



would have been some sense to it. Juliet is one of the loveliest girls in Europe, and you calmly offer to bet her a thousand to one that you won't ask her to marry you. It's a thousand to one you will."

"Not during the next twelve months," said Bay very decidedly.

"Well, we shall see! She is coming to stay here for a couple of nights when she comes back. I daresay she told you she is going to work in Paris regularly this winter and—mark my words—you'll be on your knees to her before she has been here three months."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, Juliet is just a little bit interested in you, and once a girl gets that way it is all up with the man."

"That's what she said," said Bay, fidgeting his feet. Under the penetrating and commanding eye of his Excellency's wife, he was beginning to feel ill at ease. He had had a tiring day one way and another.

"H.E. said you wanted to speak to me about a party," he said, to change the subject.

"Yes, I do. I must give another dinner for the Embassies. Whom had I better ask? Have you got a list of the people who came last time? I don't want the same ones twice."

Bay took out his pocket-book and read through a number of names.

"We'll ask all the ones that aren't on that list then but only the heads. I don't want a lot of typists and secretaries. Food is dear enough in all conscience. It is disgraceful the way they profiteer in this country. When you have got the replies tell me how many are coming."

Bay was just going when an idea came to him. "There is just one thing, Lady Heddingway. When I send a card to the Bolivian Legation, may I include the new Military Attache?"

"Bolivia! Where's that? What is he? An Indian?"

"He most likely has Indian blood in him, but he is quite civilised to look at."

"Well, all right. He can come as long as he doesn't wear a ring in his nose. I really can't stand anything eccentric. Where's my husband?"

"He has gone across to the Elysée."

"He's always going across somewhere. I never knew such a man. I believe he frequents taverns. Well, that is all, Bay. Let me have that list as soon as you can. Where's that dog of mine? I haven't seen him all day either. Ah, there you are! Lu-lu, come here, darling!"

Bay left Lady Heddingway caressing her Pekingese which had come out from under the sofa—the little dog hated the sight of him—and went off to his own room. The official dinner party could wait. He must get off a report to "Old P." about the day's events.

#### CHAPTER 7.

**B**AY gave considerable thought to the wording of his report for "Old P." It had to be brief on account of the method employed for transmitting it.

This method was constantly changed. Sometimes pages of detail could be sent. At others only a few words. He was restricted to a maximum of three lines whilst the present system was in force. This did not allow much room to talk about a matter that might mean war.

The question to be decided was whether it was necessary for the safety of France (and England, too) to invade and seize the territory of another nation, or if Europe could be left in peace?

An isolated shot fired from—as Bay believed—a telescopic camera rifle was no proof that a means had been discovered of wiping out entire cities. And that was the threat—to raise to the ground Marseilles, Lyons, and Rouen.

Bay dipped his pen in the ink several times before finally writing out his report.

"Car hit by stratosphere bullet in Champs

Elysees to-day. Telescopic camera rifle probable—weather clear—target stationary. What orders?"

Having written this, Bay opened a newspaper, turned to the financial page, and coded his message. He then burnt the original, put the coded report in an envelope, rang the bell and told a messenger to take the letter to the office of a Paris firm of stockbrokers.

Stock and share quotations, with their numerals and curious names, are a good medium for code messages, and, owing to so much genuine business being done in cipher, difficult to detect.

He had just sent off the report when he got a message to go to the Military Attache's room. The order nearly made him lose his temper. As if he had not enough on his mind already.

Major Haddon, a pukka Staff College man himself, regarded Captain Stratton as an amiable nitwit, who had got a soft job in Paris partly through influence, and partly because he was well suited to the life.

He knew Bay had had a certain amount of training in intelligence duties, and that he was a good linguist. That was all he did know, and all he was intended to know. Secret Service men work in watertight compartments. Staff College men move about in flocks like sheep.

"The French War Ministry have been through on the phone," Major Haddon, remarked as Stratton entered. "They said that a foreign airship had been flying high over Paris and wanted to know if I could tell them anything."

**"D**ID you tell them I had been fired at?"

"No. I have only just heard about that. I suppose it will be in all the papers to-night."

"I hope to goodness it won't," Bay said. "I have had a talk with the Ambassador, and he agrees that it will be very much better if we keep the whole thing to ourselves."

"But it is an act of war, my dear fellow!"

"It will be if the French hear about it. England is not ready for war yet, Major."

"I'm not a fool." Major Haddon stroked his moustache. "This is a serious business, Stratton. The French will naturally want a satisfactory explanation why a foreign airship flew over their territory without permission."

"Does anyone know who owes the explanation? Has the stratosphere ship been identified?" Bay asked.

"The what?"

"Stratosphere ship, Major."

"Never heard of such a thing. I understood this was an ordinary aircraft flying high."

"If it had been that, the French pilots would have got up to it. They were not able to get within five miles."

"Who told you all this?"

"Lord Heddingway telephoned to Monsieur Duchanel while I was with him. Monsieur Duchanel said that French aeroplanes were up."

Bay remained standing in front of Major Haddon's desk, but said nothing. Looking at the Military Attache's eyeglass, carefully brushed moustache, and dazzling row of foreign decorations, he thought of "Old P.'s" comment.

"I don't know who thought of sending Haddon to Paris," "Old P." had said, "but it was a stroke of genius."

Major Haddon had a file on his desk marked "Aerial Warfare." He turned over several pages.

"Nothing about stratosphere ships here," he said.

"I don't suppose there would be."

"The Major looked up sharply. He did not quite like Bay's tone. "All right, Stratton, you needn't wait. Another time when anything unusual happens, come and tell me at once."

"Very good, sir."

Bay withdrew. When he got outside he went straight across to the garage and had a few words with the chauffeur, leaving the man under the impression he was going to be shot. Then he hailed a taxi and told the driver to take him to Montparnasse. "Old P.'s" reply should be through within an hour.

**S**EATED at a round, marble-topped table in a Montparnasse cafe, with a glass of vermouth in front of him, Bay relaxed. There was nothing more he could do until he received orders from "Old P."

He thought over the talk they had had at the club, and particularly about "Old P.'s" opinion that a woman might come in useful. Bay did not care for the idea. The history of Secret Service work was filled with examples of women causing trouble.

In the long run, however smart they might be, the majority got caught. There was the classic case of Mata Hari; one of the cleverest spies of either sex of the last two centuries. She had been shot in the end.

Men seemed to be able to get away with more. Maybe because in the very nature of things they attracted less attention.

On the other hand, when "Old P." dropped a hint it was tantamount to a command. He had said explicitly that in dealing with Latin types such as de Lena, women could be useful. How had he put it? Some ridiculous simile. Oh, yes—cheese.

His personal opinion was that de Lena was not the kind of man who would let himself be caught by a woman. Even if he was, how was a suitable girl to be found? Bay had thought of Juliet Sims, but dismissed the idea of using her.

Commandant de Lena was probably a murderer and certainly a crook. Bay put duty before sentiment, and this did not weigh unduly with him, but there was another reason why Juliet was unsuitable as "cheese."

Not only had de Lena seen them together, but he had been thwarted in his attempt to take the King's Messenger bag by Juliet's presence of mind. He probably thought they worked together; in any case he would be suspicious of her.

Bay had reached this point in his deliberations when he got an inspiration. What if Commandant de Lena were suspicious of Juliet? Suppose he believed she was part of the British Secret Service organisation in France? It should be possible to make use of that.

Of course, de Lena was not a pleasant person to be mixed up with, and if he got a wrong idea about the girl things might become uncomfortable for her. Bay hoped it would not be so far she had been most useful and helped him a lot. But squeamishness formed no part of a Secret Service man's outfit. The work must be done, and if some of it proved unpleasant, that was just too bad.

Bay made no definite plans for employing Juliet as he sat sipping his vermouth. He just thought of the idea in a general way and decided to wait till she returned to Paris. Time enough then to look into the matter. It would depend on how things shaped.

In any case, he would not be able to tell her much. "Old P." had said he did not want any new blood in the organisation, only outside help. And, of course, being in the Secret Service and being employed by the Secret Service were two very different matters.

At this moment Bay saw Monsieur Ricot coming into the Coupole.

The second time he went to the Coupole, Bay had found M. Ricot at the next table. An acquaintanceship had sprung up, and thenceforward if the two men found themselves in the cafe together they generally sat next to one another.



Bay had got to know Monsieur Ricot fairly well, and, when he was thoroughly satisfied about the little French stockbroker's integrity, had taken him into his confidence sufficiently to employ his services.

Monsieur Ricot proved to be a useful acquisition. He did what he was told without asking unnecessary questions, and thoroughly enjoyed the fun of it.

Having got rid of his hat and coat, M. Ricot looked round the cafe, saw Bay, and walked over to him. Bay pushed out the table next to his to make room for the Frenchman.

"You have eaten?" inquired M. Ricot.

"Not yet."

M. Ricot squeezed his way through the tables and sat down with a grunt. As he did so he put the evening paper he was carrying on the settee.

"Any news to-night?" Bay asked, picking up the paper.

"Not much. They have made an attempt upon the altitude record. It is not known who it was that tried. They sent no reply to our wireless and our aeroplanes were not able to get close to them. You will see the account in the stop press at the back."

Bay turned to the back of the paper. In the space reserved for late news, printed in the smoky black type, Bay read a jangle of London Stock Exchange quotations. Taking a pencil he decoded the message there and then, for it might contain an urgent order. Decoded, the message read as follows:—

Your report received. Ascertain full details stratosphere ships, base, range, armament.

"Very interesting," said Bay, handing back the paper.

"Is it not?" said Monsieur Ricot, folding up the paper and putting it in his pocket. Then he picked up the menu, and beckoned to a waiter.

NOTHING else was said during the evening other than such scraps of conversation as might naturally be exchanged between two men of different nationality, dining at neighboring tables. After finishing his dinner and drinking a cup of coffee, Monsieur Ricot got up.

"Au revoir, monsieur."

"Au revoir," said Bay.

Monsieur Ricot wriggled into his coat which a waiter held out for him, turned, bowed, and walked out of the restaurant.

Bay watched the retreating figure of the little stockbroker. He wondered how long it would be safe to keep open this particular channel of communication.

The method employed was extremely simple. Monsieur Ricot, in the course of his business, had often to telephone to a firm of London stockbrokers. When Bay had a message for "Old P," he used to code it in the guise of a stock order and send it along to Ricot.

The latter, on these occasions, had orders to wire to a particular member of the London stockbroking firm with which Bay dealt. This member had formerly been a naval officer, and had the key to the code.

The ex-naval officer passed on the message to the proper quarter. In this way it was the simplest possible matter for Bay and "Old P." to get in touch with each other, without running the vital risk of disclosing the identity of "Old P."

Monsieur Ricot himself did not possess the key to the code, but knew he was being used for some funny business. His conscience as a patriotic Frenchman had been set at rest by a personal interview with M. Duchanel, which Bay had arranged.

After this M. Ricot walked the streets feeling a person of importance. He took special pride in devising a means of communicating the messages he received from London to Bay. Typing the data himself into the stop press of an evening paper was his latest ruse.

What could be more natural than to pass your paper to a friend, or more becoming indeed to a member of the politest race in Europe!

#### CHAPTER 8.

THE word "can't" is seldom used by members of the particular calling to which Captain Stratton belonged. Bay had to remind himself of this more than once during the next two or three days.

"Old P.'s" orders were difficult to obey. How was he to discover the base of a new kind of aircraft which even aeroplanes could not follow?

After a night and day of fruitless conjecture Bay sent a further message to "Old P." through Monsieur Ricot.

"Require time for investigation. How long can I have?"

"Old P." replied: "Would like to know something before December 20th."

December 20 was the date of the threatened attack on Marseilles, Lyons, and Rouen. There was nearly a month to go yet. Bay decided not to risk making mistakes by hurrying matters.

Lady Heddingway's dinner party to the diplomatic world was fixed for Friday. Commandant de Lena had accepted the invitation sent to him. Juliet Sims, so Lady Heddingway told Bay, was due back in Paris that day, and would be at the party. He would leave things alone till then.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the party Lady Heddingway sent for her unofficial A.D.C. Bay found the ambassador's wife walking round a long dinner table, laid for fourteen people, putting cards on plates and picking them up again as if she was playing patience.

"Thank goodness you have come at last! Where have you been all day? Now take these cards and put them where everybody is going to sit. I shall go out of my mind in a minute."

Bay was well used to the last-minute turmoil that preceded an official dinner party. He asked Lady Heddingway to let him see the list of guests, and in a short time worked out a plan.

"Where are you going to sit yourself?" she asked, as Bay walked round the table rearranging the cards. "You had better be somewhere near me. We are starting with oysters, and if the Moroscon Ambassador sucks them off their shells with his tongue again I shall be sick."

"I have put myself here," Bay said, pointing to his card.

"Who have you got next to you?" Lady Heddingway came up to the table. "Oh—Ho! Juliet Sims! You can't take her into dinner. Two English people mustn't go in together. They would say we were being insular."

"I am not going to take her in to dinner. I thought Commandant de Lena might do that."

"Who is he? I remember. That Antiquarian you said you wanted asked."

"Bolivian. Commandant de Lena is the Military Attache at the Bolivian Legation."

"Military Attache! You don't mean to tell me that little country has got an army!"

"If you go in with Monsieur Duchanel and H.E. takes Madame Duchanel I think everything will be all right," Bay said with a smile.

"Very well. Really, I don't know what I should do without you, Bay. Are you very busy this afternoon? There is something else you can do for me."

"Anything you like, Lady Heddingway."

"We just had a wire from Juliet. She is arriving at St. Lazaire, travelling via Newhaven and Dieppe. I thought she would be sure to come Dover-Calais. Bertie has taken the car—the only one that goes—and I told him to send it on to the Gare du Nord to meet Juliet."

"Of course, she won't be there. The

poor girl will arrive at St. Lazaire and find no one to meet her. Would you be an angel and go?"

"Of course," Bay looked at his watch. "If she is coming the Newhaven-Dieppe route, I haven't much time."

As Bay was leaving the room Lady Heddingway called out: "You think I am sending you to meet Juliet on purpose, don't you?"

"I know you are."

"Well, you are right. Now run along and do your stuff like a man. She'll make a charming wife."

Bay turned in the doorway. I'll double the bet, if you like," he laughed.

HE spoke the truth when he offered to double the bet that he wouldn't marry Juliet Sims. Marriage was not in his head. He had too much on his mind even to think about the subject. But as regards Juliet Sims he certainly had definite plans.

He had decided, after all, to use her to further his plans.

On the way to the station he wondered what to say to her. It would not do to send her in to dinner with de Lena without any explanation; for she already knew that the Commandant was a suspect and had herself seen an example of his habits.

Also, though Bay was sure she would help if appealed to, she might take amiss an attempt to make use of her without being consulted first.

He reached the Gare St. Lazaire and took up his place by the platform barrier just as the boat train came in. One look at the faces of the first passengers that tumbled out of the nearest carriages told the story of the crossing. All were white and one or two so shaky that they had to be helped by their friends.

He was beginning to wonder if she had come by the train, when he saw her half-way down the platform. She was swinging along, carrying a rug and a dressing-bag. As she came through the barrier Bay stepped forward.

"Lady Heddingway sent me to meet you. Let me take those things."

"Thanks. I didn't expect this." She gave him her rug and dressing-bag.

"Had a good journey?" he asked, noticing how fresh and fit she looked.

"I enjoyed it, but some of them didn't."

"Rough in the Channel? You are a good sailor."

"I'm never seasick."

Bay noticed, more closely than he had done hitherto, that she had a well-rounded chin of the kind that rarely goes with a weak character. Not that he had ever thought her character weak, but he had not observed that the strength of it showed so clearly in her face before.

"Have you any other luggage?"

"I've one box registered."

"If you give me the ticket and your keys I'll send somebody from the Embassy to get it, and then you won't have to hang about."

"I'd rather take the box with me. How long shall we have to wait?"

"They may be half an hour getting the stuff into the Customs. If you like we'll go out and get some tea; everything ought to be ready by the time we come back."

"That's a good idea."

There are not many places in Paris where it is possible to get tea, as English people understand the word. Bay knew of none near the Gare St. Lazaire. The Ritz Hotel was about five minutes by taxi from the station, and as the Customs remained open until seven, he suggested they should go there.

"I'm not dressed for the Ritz," she protested.

"I don't think they'll mind that."

She laughed. He had a funny way of putting things; years of practice, of course!



**C**LEVER lighting, soft music, warm air tinged with the smell of expensive scent, quite good tea and a plate of crisp, hot, buttered toast, made Juliet feel very content. At the same time she wondered why Bay was taking so much trouble.

"I was awfully sorry I couldn't stay for our party in London," he said. "They sent me straight back with the bag the next morning."

"Did you find out anything about that man?"

"Yes, I did. I'll tell you about him. He's a 'twister'."

She leaned forward, her blue eyes wide open with interest. "Do tell me more. This sounds frightfully thrilling."

"I'll tell you all I can; you deserve to know after what you did. But this is for your ears, remember—not for anybody else's."

"I won't breathe a word—not even to Lady Heddington."

"For heaven's sake don't. She would have a fit if she knew the truth about de Lena. I've persuaded her to ask him to her dinner party to-night; she has been grumbling all day, as it is, about the extraordinary people she has to meet in the diplomatic world."

"What is there extraordinary about Commandant de Lena—besides the fact that he is a twister?"

"He is an ex-American gangster."

Bay watched his companion's face as he spoke. He had decided to tell her the truth, and see how she took it.

"How very interesting!" she said. "So he was trying to run you down in his car that time! That is one of their habits, isn't it?"

"They generally poke a machine-gun through the window and let loose a belt of slugs. That is what he would have done if he'd been in America."

"And then you wouldn't be sitting here now?"

"Probably not."

"Tell me more. How did you find all this out? And how does a man like that manage to get a job at the Bolivian Legation? What is he doing over here?"

"I found out in the way I told you I was going to. I passed on an account of what had happened, and a description of the Commandant, to the proper quarter, and they looked him up."

"The Secret Service?"

"S'sh!" Bay glanced behind him. They were surrounded by people, having tea. He nodded.

If he was going to use her he would have to take her into his confidence to some extent, and he might as well begin now.

"All Military Attaches are mixed up with Intelligence work," he explained in a low voice. "That is why they are posted to different countries. But they are supposed to work out in the open; anything that savoured of espionage would mean their instant recall."

"In the case of Commandant de Lena, as he made an attempt to tamper with my dispatches, I was justified in asking for a secret report about him."

"Do the French authorities know all this?"

"If by authorities you mean the police, they do not. Just a few people know—the ones that matter."

"I should have thought that if he was a gangster the police would have known."

"Not necessarily. There are different kinds of gangsters. Some never get their names in the dossiers of the police; they are too clever."

Bay, having seen how she took the news about Commandant de Lena's past, now resolved to put her to a further test. Even "outside help," as "Old F." called it, must be of the highest quality if it was to be used at all.

"I want you to treat everything I have

said as confidential and, assuming I can rely on you to do that, I'll tell you some more. This fellow, de Lena, has been brought over here to do some dirty work; his job at the Bolivian Legation is just a blind."

"Bump off people, and that sort of thing?"

"Probably! He won't try to kill anybody in the open, I imagine; it would attract too much attention."

"Why should he want to kill anybody? You know, I still haven't the slightest idea what it is all about."

"He might try to kill anybody who got in the way of the country he works for."

"What country? Not Bolivia?"

Bay again looked round. It was one of "Old F.'s" maxims that, if you wanted to have a private and confidential conversation, the best thing to do was to go to a public place.

"A country that has already made quite enough trouble in Europe as it is," he replied.

"You are sure he is in their pay?"

"No, I am not sure, but I want to find out."

"This is all most interesting," she said. "I hope you won't think I'm butting in, but if there is anything I can do, you know."

"There may be. Commandant de Lena is coming to the party to-night."

"So you told me. What is my role?"

"Sitting next to him at dinner."

"Oh, I see. You've arranged that? And that is why you came to the station and took me out to tea?"

"Yes. Why did you think I came?"

"Oh, I don't know," she laughed. "Maybe with the idea of meeting trouble half way."

She looked at him with the half-humorous, half-understanding twinkle in her eyes he was beginning to be afraid of.

## CHAPTER 3

**W**HILST Bay and Miss Sims lingered over tea, the Ritz afternoon clientele came and went.

"May I look at that handbag of yours?" Bay asked.

To her astonishment and no little annoyance, he picked the bag up, opened it, and peered inside.

"I did not tell you you could do that," she said.

"I know you didn't." He fastened the bag with a snap and passed it back.

"What were you looking for—love letters?"

"I couldn't very well do that unless I had lost my bet."

"Or even if you had! Being married to a woman doesn't give you the right to read her correspondence."

Bay grinned. "I thought you said that if I did lose my bet you wouldn't marry me!"

She was too annoyed by the liberty he had taken to reply to this.

"Have you a good memory for faces?" Bay asked.

"It would depend on the person and how we met the first time. I might not remember any ordinary individual whom I happened to have seen casually."

"You would know Commandant de Lena again?"

"Of course! Most women would remember that man's face. Why do you want to know?"

"Having arranged for him to take you in to dinner to-night, I naturally want to know if he is the kind of man you like."

"Certainly not! But he interests me, after what you have told me about him."

"That he is an ex-gangster, you mean, and employed on Secret Service work by a European Power?"

Bay made no attempt to lower his voice as he said this. He spoke loudly enough to be heard at the next table.

"There are people just behind you," Juliet said in an undertone.

"I know, but it doesn't matter. They

won't know what we are talking about. We must go back to the Gare St. Lazaire in a minute. Before we leave I want to be certain you understand about to-night. Do you know what I want you to do?"

"Not in the least, apart from sitting next Commandant de Lena."

"I want you to be nice to him, as nice as if he were the man you had made that bet with and not me."

"Vamp him, you mean?"

"In a light-hearted way, though I shouldn't let him take you for a drive in the Bols after dinner."

"Thanks! I thought perhaps you were going to suggest I should."

"I would if it would do any good. One must put one's country before one's individual feelings!"

"So I am doing this to-night for England!" said Juliet flippantly.

"Yes, you are!"

He answered so gravely that the smile left her face. It was beginning to dawn upon her that the game she had agreed to join in was a serious affair.

"You'll have to tell me exactly what you want, and I'll do my best," she said.

"I can't tell you that yet, for reasons I'll explain later. Now I think we ought to go." He pushed back his chair. "I'm just going to pay the bill. Will you wait for me by the entrance?"

**A**S Juliet walked away Bay beckoned to the head waiter. "How much?" he asked, taking a note from his pocket.

"Twenty francs, monsieur."

"Tell me something," Bay said in an undertone, as the man counted out his change. "Just behind there is an old lady sitting by herself. She is reading the Paris edition of the 'Daily Mail' and has a blue ribbon in her hat. Do you know who she is?"

The head waiter raised his eyes a fraction, took in the old lady at a glance, and bent again over the table.

"She is a Madame Montroc, Monsieur. She is staying in the hotel. Her husband was the proprietor of a big clinique in Switzerland. She is very rich."

"Is she Swiss?"

There are no keener judges of nationality in the world than the head waiters of big restaurants and hotels, and Bay knew it.

"She says that she is Swiss, Monsieur, but I do not think that she was born in Switzerland."

"Where was she born?"

"Perhaps in Poland—perhaps in Russia. I cannot tell. She speaks French and English perfectly, but there is something that makes me think there is Russian or Polish blood in her."

"How long has she been staying in the hotel?"

"For three weeks."

"Thanks, Jacques, good-night."

"Good-night, Capitaine. I hope to see you here again soon."

"You very likely will."

Juliet was waiting by the swing doors.

"So you think you've a good memory for faces!" Bay said, as they walked down the steps. "Do you know who was sitting at the next table to ours? She came in half way through tea; she wasn't there when we sat down."

"There was an old lady."

"You'd never seen her before?"

"Not that I know of, but she held a paper up in front of her a good deal of the time."

"I managed to see her face."

"I don't know how. You were sitting with your back to her."

"When I opened your bag, I took a look at her in the mirror."

"That was smart of you." She looked at her companion admiringly. Debonair and typically "army" in appearance, he was certainly no fool. "I've guessed who she is now—the old lady of the train."



"Quite right. Her name is Madame Montecro and she is staying at the Ritz. She seems to be rolling in money, and says she is Swiss; but the head waiter thinks she is either Polish or Russian."

Juliet waited until the taxi started. "You knew she was behind us all the time?"

"Yes. I noticed that the people who had been sitting there got up and someone else took their table."

"But you went on talking just the same. In fact, you talked quite loudly when you were telling me about Commandant de Lena. She may have overheard."

"I meant her to."

"Why? She is one of his people?"

"That is the reason I wanted her to over-hear what I said."

"He'll be on his guard this evening."

"He will be on his guard, anyway. He has seen us together and after the way you prevented him from taking my dispatch case, he has probably got his own ideas."

"I don't understand."

"YOU are going to be used as cheese," said Bay. "That is, if you don't mind?"

"I shan't mind anything if you will only explain what it is all about."

"When somebody is used as cheese, the cheese has to be put where the mouse can see it." Bay laughed as he saw his companion's bewilderment. "Thinking that out ought not to give you a headache. Don't you see, I want de Lena to know we are working together, then he will think you are worth bothering about."

"He'll think that in any case, surely?"

"I daresay he will."

The taxi pulled up in front of the Gare St. Lazaire. They got out, collected Juliet's registered luggage, and drove to the Embassy.

"See you later," was Bay's farewell, "and mind you look your best to-night."

"I'll try. But what happens if Commandant de Lena doesn't like cheese?"

"He does. I've got that on the best authority," Bay replied, thinking of "Old P." pronouncement on the Latin races.

Having taken Juliet to the Embassy, Bay decided to fill in the time till dinner by going across to Montparnasse. Monsieur Ricot might be at the Coupole, and it was possible he would have a message from "Old P."

Bay had not heard from "Old P." for three days, and had been unable to obtain any information to send back himself. "Old P." might be getting impatient, though he must realise that his order to ascertain the locality of the stratosphere ships' aerodrome was not easy to carry out.

On the face of it, it was a matter that should be done by the British agent working in the country concerned.

Monsieur Ricot was sitting at his usual table in a corner of the cafe. Bay saw him as soon as he walked in and, from the expression of elaborate unconcern upon the little stockbroker's face, guessed there was news from him.

He got a good deal of amusement out of his association with Monsieur Ricot, whose devices for passing on the information he received were often most droll.

"Bon jour, Capitaine," he said, as Bay came up. "There is a letter for you upon the board; it was brought by a messenger a few minutes ago."

In the Coupole, as in many other Paris cafes, a green baize board, intersected by pieces of tape, was kept for letters that came for clients. Bay crossed over to the board and found, as Monsieur Ricot had said, a letter addressed to himself. He took the letter back to the table.

"I have watched to see that no one but you should take it," said Monsieur Ricot in an undertone. He had, in fact, sent the letter to the Coupole by messenger-boy himself, timing the delivery so that it would arrive after he did.

Bay opened the envelope, and saw at once

that it contained a message from "Old P." He called for writing paper and ink and, under pretence of writing a reply, decoded the following:

Cancel previous instructions. All stratosphere ships are operating under orders from Paris. Locate signal station. Urgent. Bay read through the message a second time, crumpled up the original and decoded versions and put them in his pocket. "Old P." was asking for what he called "the meat."

He had now a definite task; a task that, unlike the first order, came within his province. If a signal station for communicating with the stratosphere had been established in Paris, it was certainly his job to find out where it was.

He drank an aperitif with Monsieur Ricot, thanked him for his services, and returned to the Embassy.

Different men think best under different conditions. Bay always found his bath a source of inspiration. That evening, as he held a sponge over his head and let a stream of hot water trickle down his back, he got a clue to the answer to the problem "Old P." had set.

He had dismissed from the beginning the possibility of communication by wireless between a ground station and the stratosphere. They would never use wireless; it was too easy to tap.

Ordinary visual signalling by flag or other means was unlikely on account of the great height to which the ships climbed in the stratosphere, though it was possible results in this way could be obtained by powerful telescopes.

Bay was pondering over this when it suddenly flashed through his mind how he himself had obtained his first glimpse of a stratosphere ship. There had been a glint in the sky, caused by the reflection of the sun upon a piece of bright metal in the airship.

Hellograph! That must be the method of communication. Now all that remained was to locate the roof on which the hellograph was set up.

#### CHAPTER 10.

WHEN Lady Heddingway gave an official dinner party she liked Bay to stand near her in the big drawing-room and prompt her about the different guests as their names were announced.

"It is so difficult to remember all the places they come from," she said to Juliet Sims, before they went to their rooms to dress. "I made the Danish Ambassador simply furious last week by asking him if it had been a good year for oranges. Silly man! Well, my dear, you ought to go and dress now. Make yourself look nice, won't you? I want these wops to see what a really pretty English girl looks like."

As Juliet left the room, Lord Heddingway looked up from his paper. "I have asked you not to use that expression, my dear."

"What expression?" Lady Heddingway asked.

"Wop! It is American slang for an Italian. The Due de Valla-Vecchi would be very much offended if he overheard you."

"He not likely to; he's as deaf as a post. Talking about giving offence, I'm rather nervous about Juliet. Do you think any of them will mind meeting her?"

"Why should they? She is a charming girl."

"Yes, yes, I know. But a mannequin . . . As regards your young friend this evening, I don't see that it is necessary to—er—mention her profession."

"It certainly won't be necessary. Half the women in the room will know her by sight. She is one of Ranelle's star models and they see her at every dress show they go to."

"H'm!" Lord Heddingway picked up his paper.

"Time you went to dress," said his wife.

He put down his paper and got out of his chair. As he was leaving the room he remembered a message he had been given.

"My dear, I almost forgot! The Duchaneis won't be able to come to-night. He asked me to tell you. He has to stay at the Ministry for a conference."

"How very tiresome! I did not know the French ever allowed anything to interfere with their meals. Where is that A.D.C. of mine? I must rearrange the whole table now."

Bay found Lady Heddingway alone in the big drawing-room when he came in.

"The Duchaneis can't come. I have had to rearrange all the cards. Have you ever known anything so annoying? People should give one proper notice if they can't come."

"May I see the list since you altered it?" Bay looked quickly down the order of going into dinner, and noticed that Juliet's name was still bracketed with Commandant de Lena's. That was the chief thing that mattered.

AT this moment the butler flung open the door. "The Nicaraguan Minister and Madame Auto de Pe," he bellowed, or at least that was what it sounded like.

Guests followed one another in quick succession.

"Commandant Alvear de Lena," the butler announced.

Bay watched the Commandant's entry. For an ex-gangster he had learnt how to adapt himself to diplomatic society remarkably quickly. He bent over Lady Heddingway's hand and kissed it (a habit she detested), bowed to the Ambassador, and then, catching sight of Bay, greeted him with true Spanish-American gusto.

"Ah, Capitaine, it is delightful to find you here. You had a good journey to England? And a safe return, I trust. You travel by the air? Yes, that way is always best."

Bay marvelled at the fellow. Not the faintest trace of American accent in his speech; never an idiom or expression that gave away those years in the gangs. Not many men could have made themselves so word perfect.

In his Savile-row tail-coat, a foreign decoration suspended round his neck, Commandant de Lena looked as spick and span a Military Attache as any country could desire.

There was one thing he could not change; those jet-black eyes gleamed out unforgettably above high Indian cheek-bones. Truly had "Old P." spoken when he said: "No man can disguise his eyes."

"Yes, Commandant, I agree with you. The air is the best way to-day," Bay said.

As he spoke he saw de Lena looking over his shoulder and the hint of a smile gather at the corners of his mouth. He turned round to see what the fellow was looking at. Juliet Sims stood in the doorway. She had evidently just come in, and had been at once waylaid by Major Haddon, whose many limitations did not include short sight.

She was wearing a dress of black velvet, so beautifully made that every detail of her superb figure was revealed as if by an artist's brush. No wonder Madame Ranelle had given her a job!

"That is surely the young lady who was with you in the train?" said Commandant de Lena.

"Yes, come and be reintroduced. She is to be your neighbor at dinner."

"I am a fortunate man."

"I thought you would be pleased. I myself arranged it!"

"Indeed, Capitaine!" Commandant de Lena's eyes met Bay's for an instant, just long enough for Bay to read their message. In duelling parlance the message would have been: "Any weapons you like!"



## CHAPTER 11

ON the morning after the dinner party Juliet walked from the Embassy to Ranelle's establishment in the Rue de la Paix. It was one of those clear crisp winter mornings which make life delightful in Paris in November, whilst across the Channel, as often as not, a raw dank mist is depressing the citizens of London.

Juliet herself felt buoyant and contented. She was delighted to be working in Paris, amused by the little personal comedy that was being played between herself and Bay Stratton, and genuinely thrilled by the possibilities of the new role he had hinted she might play.

Though as to that, if last night's dinner party was any indication, she would not have much to do. She had attended some dull parties, but never one to equal Lady Heddingway's dinner to the diplomatic world of Paris.

Owing to the Duchaneis falling at the last minute, and the reshuffling of places, she had found herself between the Lithuanian Charge d'Affaires, who spoke French unintelligibly, and English not at all, and Commandant de Lena, who had called her "Mademoiselle" throughout the meal and treated her as if she were fourteen.

By the end of the dinner she had begun to think Bay Stratton's information about the Commandant's past must be incorrect. She had not expected him to look like an ex-gangster, but she had hoped he would give indications here and there in his manner that he had been one. Not a bit of it!

Commandant de Lena had talked to Juliet throughout the meal in a soft, gentle voice of the difference between the climate, people and living conditions of France and Bolivia.

"My beloved little country," he called Bolivia, speaking of the great mountains covered with snow and the sky that was as blue as the turquoise that were still found in the valley of the Inca Kings.

"But nobody in Europe cares about Bolivia," the Commandant went on sadly. "They leave us to fight this dreadful war with Paraguay and laugh when we tell the League of Nations that the manhood of both countries is being wiped out."

He had talked in this strain all through dinner, rolling his dark eyes in every direction but her own, till Juliet had begun to wonder if he was afraid to look at her. "Perhaps he knows I'm cheese," she thought.

Anyway, she had nothing to report to Bay Stratton during the minute they had together in the drawing-room after dinner.

"He didn't say a thing," she said.

"Mustn't expect too much at first," Bay whispered. "Don't forget our date to-morrow. I'm looking forward to that."

"I'll be ready. About eight, you said?"

"Yes. Do you like frogs' legs?"

"I've never tried them."

"They're delicious—like chicken, only more tasty. I must move on now. I have to do everything at these shows—ring-master, performing bear, and clown!"

She did not see him to speak to again that night. Now she was on her way to work, with the promise of frogs' legs for dinner.

Mini and Cynara were already in the model room when Juliet arrived. Penelope arrived breathless and a little late.

An elderly dresser, with a face rather like a crow, came up to Juliet, holding out a jade green evening gown.

"I hate getting into that thing. I'm not a snake!" Juliet said, looking at the very narrow width of the gown.

"Ah, but mademoiselle will try. She forget it was made especially for her!" said the dresser.

Juliet flung off her wrapper and, after giving an imitation of a schoolboy winning

a sack race, managed to put on the dress.

Sixteen dresses were to be shown in all, and Juliet's first exhibit was numbered thirteen. She did not think about it until her turn came to go in and show the jade green gown. Then she noticed the number on the card. Green and thirteen. Not a very lucky combination!

If she could have done so she would have changed the card for one bearing one of the other numbers, but this would have upset the whole selling organisation, as the clients who came to view were expected to mark down on writing tablets which were put on their chairs the number of any particular exhibit that caught their fancy.

Juliet was used to hearing remarks about herself as she made her tour of the salon such as: "It is Juliet! The English girl. Is she not beautiful! So fair! And what a figure!"

She got paid to be stared at, and never took much notice of what was said. This morning, though, just as she had finished her round and was leaving, she heard a voice say clearly: "That is the one! Thirteen."

JULIET did not look round, but remembered that the exclamation came from the left-hand corner of the room, and, when she went in for the second time, glanced in that direction, wondering who it was who had been attracted by the green dress with the unlucky number.

Bay Stratton had twitted her with having a poor memory for faces, but this time she made no mistake. In the extreme left-hand corner of the room, accompanied by a middle-aged man wearing white spats and a monocle, there sat the old lady of the train adventure. Juliet did not intend to forget that face again.

As she was going out she took a look at Mme. Montroc's companion. He was a foreigner, and appeared to be about 50 years of age. In addition to the white spats and monocle, he wore a carnation in his coat. To Juliet's annoyance, when she looked in his direction he ogled her.

Had she not overheard the remark: "That is the one! Thirteen," she might have thought Mme. Montroc had come to the show by chance, and brought a companion with her. It would be a natural enough thing for a wealthy lady living at the Ritz to do. But by no possibility could Mme. Montroc have thought of buying the jade green gown.

Nothing further of interest happened during the morning's work. In the afternoon, just before closing time, Mme. Ranelle sent for Juliet.

"I've a job for you to-morrow. One of my customers has asked if I will send you to her house to show three of my frocks at a party she is giving."

"Did she ask for me particularly?"

"Yes," Mme. Ranelle looked at her notebook. "You showed a green evening gown this morning with the number 13. She made a special point of my sending you. You don't mind going out, do you?"

"Not at all, Mme. Ranelle. One of your clients, you say?"

"She has never actually bought anything here, but I know her name, of course," Mme. Ranelle looked at a card. "The Comtesse Regina Vincente. Her husband was here this morning. He came with a funny old party with white hair. He probably told his wife to get you for her party."

Juliet hesitated an instant. The proposition sounded fishy. The Comtesse had not come to the show herself. Her husband had been there with Mme. Montroc, who knew who Juliet was, and was herself mixed up with Commandant de Lena.

"I'll go," she said. "What is the number of the house, and what time do they want me there?"

Mme. Ranelle consulted her notebook again. "47 Avenue du Bois de Boulogne,

From 5 to 7. Probably a cocktail party. I suppose that husband of hers saw you at the show this morning and went back and persuaded his wife that it would be a good thing to have a dress display."

"It is not unusual at cocktail parties in Paris and is all good for trade. I'll send a dresser with you, so you won't be alone, and you are there merely to show my dresses. You are not obliged to go out into the conservatory to see the flowers. Anyway, you girls, nowadays, know how to look after yourselves."

Juliet smiled. "Yes, I've always been able to do that."

Mme. Ranelle looked at her English mannequin critically. Fifteen years' intimate acquaintance with London and Paris society had taught her about her fellow women.

"One day you'll forget all about your figure, marry a chicken farmer, live in the country wearing hob-nailed shoes, and wheel a pram," she said.

"You may be the perfect mannequin now, but you've got a domesticated nature. You can go now if you like. I've nothing more for you to do to-night. You can collect the gowns for to-morrow's show in the morning."

## CHAPTER 12

A CHICKEN farmer! thought Juliet, as she got ready to leave. Then she thought about her professional engagement for the following evening. No. 47 Avenue du Bois de Boulogne was in all conscience a good enough address.

If it had not been for that white-haired old lady, who had a habit of fainting in the restaurant cars of trains, she would not have given the matter another second's consideration. As it was, she felt fairly certain the whole thing was a put-up job.

Well, she was to dine with Bay Stratton that night and be introduced to frogs' legs. They would have other things to talk about as well.

Bay Stratton paced up and down the hall of the British Embassy, waiting for his guest. She was not late; it was he who was ahead of time.

"Heliograph!" he kept repeating to himself. That must be the method of communication. There were drawbacks, though, to the use of a heliograph for signalling.

"Old P." had said that the signal station in Paris should be located. This was an order. Bay wished he knew how it could be carried out.

Commandant de Lena would know where the signal station was, but it was not likely he would invite the agent of another power to come and see over the works. Already de Lena was upon his guard; he had shown that in his manner when sitting next to Juliet at dinner the night before.

Hands in pockets, head bent, Bay paced up and down the marble floor.

"Hullo! Where are these frogs' legs?"

Turning, he saw Juliet at the foot of the stairs. She was wearing a frock of dove-grey, as effective and simple as the skill of a dressmaker could devise. A short fur coat, obviously a Ranelle model, completed the ensemble.

She looked undeniably smart, Bay decided, but then she knew how to look smart and how to come into or leave a room. These things were part of her stock-in-trade.

"I am going to take you to the Rat d'Or," he said, when they were in the taxi. "It has only been opened about a month and is supposed to have the best cooking in Paris."

"I thought it was a famous place that had been going for years."

"You are thinking of the Rat Mort. This is the Rat d'Or—the Gold Rat—a different kind of place altogether. How did your show go?"

"A great success! Mme. Ranelle is up in the skies this evening; she has sold nearly all her models."



"I suppose that is all the better for you. Do you get a commission on results?"

"No, the saleswomen get that. All we do is to show the frocks."

She had not yet decided how much to tell Bay about the day's events. Her first idea had been to go to the house in the Bois de Boulogne without consulting him. If anything happened she would have something to talk about; if nothing occurred, then she would not have started a false hare.

There could be no harm, though, in getting a little advance information without disclosing her plans.

"Have you ever heard of a woman called Condessa Regina Vincente?" she asked.

"Yes, I have. She is one of the rich cosmopolitan set in Paris. Why do you ask?"

"Mme. Ranelle mentioned her name to-day. I think she gave a pretty big order."

"South American women don't care what they spend. Is she good-looking?"

"I did not see her."

The taxi pulled up outside the Rat d'Or. Bay got out, paid the man, and looked up and down the street. They had not been followed.

He took his companion to a table in an alcove.

TWO waiters came to the table, one carrying plates, the other a copper pot, covered by a lid. With considerable ceremony the waiter put a number of tiny bones, covered with a whitish flesh (like chicken, as Bay had said), upon one of the plates and set it in front of Juliet. "D'Auvergne," he said.

"What does that mean?" she asked Bay.

"The frogs come from D'Auvergne. That is the best district for frogs."

She looked at the pile of minute little bones heaped upon her plate. "They really are frogs, that used to live in ponds, and come out and hop about in the sunlight and goggle their eyes at people?" she asked.

"Oul, madame!" said the waiter, who had understood what she said.

"Then I can't eat them." She pushed away her plate.

"But madame—"

"Take them away, please."

Bay signed to the waiter to remove the frogs' legs, picked up the menu and ordered another dish. Except for this setback, the dinner, with a carafe of rose-tinted wine, was a great success.

When coffee came, Juliet sat back warm, well fed, and happy, puffing at the cigarette Bay lit for her.

"I like going out with you; you are so restful," she said.

Bay had nothing to say to this; it was not at all his ordinary reputation.

"I shouldn't feel like this if I were out with Commandant de Lena."

Bay knocked the ash sharply off the end of his cigarette. "I haven't suggested you should go out with him alone."

"If one does things at all, I suppose one should do them thoroughly."

Bay's eyes hardened. She had not noticed until that evening that they could. "Did de Lena say anything to you last night about going out with him?"

"Good heavens, no! He was the complete pattern of conventionality. Was he really once a gangster?"

"Yes."

During dinner Juliet had been thinking again over the events of the day and wondering whether to tell Bay about the dress show, Mme. Montroc, and the little fat man wearing spats and a carnation. The serious way he said "Yes" in reply to her question about de Lena decided her. He ought to be told.

"You remember the old lady of the restaurant car, whom we saw again at the Ritz?"

"Mme. Montroc?"

"She came into Ranelle's this morning."

"Did she say anything to you?"

"Not to me, but I think she spoke to the man who was with her about me, and he spoke to Mme. Ranelle."

"What was the man like?" Bay was alert now.

Juliet described Mme. Montroc's companion. "He is the husband of the woman I asked you about—the Condessa Regina Vincente."

"How does she come into it?"

"I have to go down to her house to-morrow evening to show some frocks."

"You must not go near the place," Bay said decidedly. "Not if that old Mme. Montroc has anything to do with it."

"I've already said I'll go."

"Well, you mustn't. Tell Mme. Ranelle to-morrow you don't feel well and get her to send one of the other girls."

She smiled. "You know, I believe you invent things. You tell me that Commandant de Lena is the agent for a foreign power and an ex-gangster and that that funny old white-haired lady is working with him. Yet I have sat next to him all through dinner, and he seemed harmless enough."

She was taking this line on purpose, in the hope of getting Bay to admit that he was a secret service man.

"I shall have to go to Condessa Regina Vincente's party," she went on. "You told me she is well known in Paris society. I have no excuse I can give Mme. Ranelle. After all, I am over here to earn my living. I said I'd be glad to do anything I could to help you, but I can't play about with my own job."

This line of argument decided Bay. It was time Juliet was initiated into the nature of her work. He decided to be frank.

# CHAPTER 13.

HALF an hour later Juliet's coffee was still untouched and quite cold.

"It is the most extraordinary story I have ever heard in my life," she said.

"It is a bit fantastic, isn't it. But remember Jules Verne wrote 'Round the World in Eighty Days,' and now they can go round in nine, or is it ten? I can't remember. We are living in a new age. I'll show you the bullet marks in the car to-morrow; it is locked up in H.E.'s garage."

He put the stratosphere bullet he had been displaying back in his pocket. "So you see why I don't want you to go to this place to-morrow night?"

"We'll see about that," was her enigmatic reply to that.

Bay realised that he had spoken out of turn; it was no business of his to dictate to Juliet about her work for Madame Ranelle.

"I'm a bit puzzled by that old Madame Montroc turning up at the dress show," he said. "She seems to follow us about quite openly."

Juliet was pleased by the word "us."

"She must realise we know about her," she said.

"I daresay she doesn't care. The game is being played in the open so far."

Juliet thought that if he went on talking in this strain she would soon be justified in considering herself a fully-fledged member of the British Secret Service.

"I'm glad you showed me that bullet. I was beginning to wonder what it was all about."

"I thought it was time you knew."

"I'm not absolutely clear even now. Why did they fire at you? They might have picked on someone else."

"They fired at me to show they weren't bluffing."

"Bluffing about what?"

Bay hesitated. The time had come when he must either take this girl completely into his confidence or restrict the use he made of her services. The more she knew the more valuable she could be.

"You have read in the papers about the different attempts that have been made to go up into the stratosphere?"

"I've read something. I thought they had succeeded."

"They have, but the general public doesn't know to what extent. I mean the public doesn't know that there are aircraft actually in existence, capable of manoeuvring at heights never reached before—that the stratosphere has been conquered, in fact."

"Now the position is this. We—that is to say, the Intelligence Departments of the British Army, Navy and Air Force—know that a foreign Power possesses a certain number of these stratosphere craft. We want now to discover what they can do and how they are directed."

"I have been given the job of finding these things out, particularly the second question. I have had a hint from a reliable source that stratosphere ships flying over Paris depend on a signal station established within the city. I want to find out where this signal station is. Do you understand?"

"I understand. And you want me to help you?"

"I certainly do."

"Will you tell me how I can help?"

"By keeping your ears and eyes open and your mouth tight shut."

"And now, tell me, must you go to this place to-morrow night?"

She nodded.

"Yes. Apart from anything else, it's my job."

"I shall come and fetch you."

"You needn't bother to do that. Madame Ranelle is sending a dresser with me."

"I'd rather come. I feel responsible for you. If it hadn't been for me you would not be going to the house. Not that I think there is any real risk in what you are doing. There is nothing furtive about a house in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. If they had wanted you to go out to some chateau in the country, that would be another matter."

"Would you have let me go out to a chateau?"

"Certainly not!" said Bay. "Why do you smile?"

"I was only thinking how nice it is to be taken care of."

"It is my duty to take care of anybody who is doing a job for my department."

"Of course." She looked demurely at her plate.

He paid the bill, got up, and helped his companion on with her coat. He had taken a lot of pretty women out to dinner and helped them on with their coats or wraps. Usually the gesture meant no more to him than throwing a blanket over a horse.

This evening, however, the act was vested with a certain solicitude; indeed it would not be exaggerating to say that Bay put the coat tenderly around her shoulders.

She said again, "It's nice to be taken care of," and her smile made Bay quite embarrassed.

During their return to the Embassy, she sat curled up in one corner of the taxi and Bay in the other—like a cobra and a mongoose, thought Juliet, who knew her Kipling.

WHEN he reached his room, Bay pulled a chair up to the fire, lit a pipe, and settled down to think. He had two things to puzzle out. The first was the motive behind the request for Juliet Sims to be sent to Condessa Regina Vincente's cocktail party; the second, the manner in which Madame Montroc was behaving.

Nothing could have been more deliberate than the way she had gone to Ranelle's with Condessa Regina Vincente's husband, or sat at the next table to theirs at the Ritz. Was de Lena using her as a red herring?



It was an old ruse to trail an obvious suspect in front of a rival's eyes in order to distract his attention from the real business in hand. Though, as to that, Ray had no idea what the "real business" was, so far as he or Juliet were concerned.

## CHAPTER 14

THE following afternoon Juliet, accompanied by her dresser, left Madame Ranelle at half-past four, taking with her the gowns she was to show at Condesa Regina Vincente's party.

When the car drew up outside No. 47 Avenue du Bois de Boulogne she took a good look at the exterior. There was nothing furtive about the house; it was one of those great mansions occupying an equivalent position in Paris to a private house in Park Lane.

At the top of the stairs the footman opened a door on the right and announced: "The young lady from Ranelle's."

A stout woman of forty, with heavy black hair, looked up from a writing desk and said: "Come in. Sit down there a minute, please. I'm glad you were able to come. My husband has been raving about you ever since yesterday. You needn't get alarmed, though; I haven't brought you here for his sake. Besides, he is quite harmless. Now have you some nice dresses to show my guests? Tell me what you have brought."

Juliet gave a list of the gowns Madame Ranelle had sent.

"But haven't you any of these new beach and swim suits? I particularly wanted my guests to see some of those."

"We are not showing beach suits at this time of year."

"No, I suppose not in November. Silly of me! But you see I have had a stage fixed up with palms and artificial sunlight and I am calling the show 'latest fashions from Cannes.' It is so hard to think of anything original these days."

"Dear me, how stupid I am! I'm talking to you in French and you are English. Adolf told me I was to ask for the English mannequin at Ranelle's, and that she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen in his life."

The Condesa Regina Vincente slightly reminded Juliet of Lady Heddington. She had the same inconsequential way of talking. She decided to ask the Condesa if she knew the Ambassador's wife.

"Do you know Lady Heddington?"

"The wife of your British Ambassador? Yes, I have met her. A charming woman! Why do you ask?"

Juliet's reason for asking had been to give herself an opportunity of saying that she was staying at the Embassy, and watch the effect the news had upon the Condesa.

Mannequins did not usually stay in Embassies, and if the Condesa were genuinely surprised it would indicate that she was not a party to any plans made by Commandant de Lena and Madame Montroc, who knew where Juliet was staying and would have told the Condesa if she was in their confidence.

"Because I am staying with her," Juliet replied.

"You are staying at the Embassy! I wish I had known that. Lady Heddington is coming to my party. You could have come together."

"I had to come straight from the shop on account of my dresses."

"Of course! I forgot that. And do you like your work? You modern girls are so enterprising."

"Yes, I find it very interesting." She was pretty nearly convinced now that the Condesa had nothing to do with any plans made by Commandant de Lena or Madame Montroc. She asked one more question.

"At what time do you want me to show the gowns?" she asked.

"At 5.30. Come with me and I will show you the little stage I have fixed up."

"This is the room where I am going to have the party." The Condesa opened a

pair of double doors leading into a drawing-room. "It's supposed to be the terrace of a cafe. At the end there is the stage and at the back there is a little room which you can use for changing. By the way, would you like my maid to help you?"

"I've brought a dresser, thank you."

"Madame Ranelle certainly does things in style. I suppose it is a good advertisement for her to show her dresses at a big afternoon party. Now if anybody wants to know about the dresses, perhaps to get one, can you tell them everything they want to know?"

"Yes, I have all the details. Each gown will have its own number, which I shall show as we do at Madame Ranelle's, and if your guests will make a note of the number of any dress they like I can tell them about it afterwards."

"Splendid! My only regret is that you have not brought a beach suit. You see how I have arranged the room. It is supposed to be the terrace of the bar at the bathing pool."

A number of small green tables had been set along the length of the room, arranged under palms in painted barrels. At one end a bar had been put up and at the other a stage for the dress display. Money was not spared by Condesa Regina Vincente when she gave a party.

"Now I must leave you as my guests will be arriving. I will see that some tea is sent up."

"WILL you want me after I have shown the gowns?" asked Juliet of the Condesa.

"Not unless any of my guests want to talk to you about them. But I hope you will stay on your own account. Could you not send your dresser back with the dresses and then you could go when Lady Heddington goes, as you are staying with her?"

"Thanks. Yes, I will do that."

Half an hour later the big drawing-room was filled with guests. Curtains had been drawn across the stage on which the gowns were to be shown. Juliet, waiting till it was time to begin, tiptoed to the curtains and peeped through.

She wanted to see if two people in particular had come. Her first glance answered half the question. At the very next table to the stage, tall, suave and well-dressed, sat Commandant de Lena.

Two tables beyond, Juliet saw Madame Montroc talking to a little wizened man with a nervous manner.

Keeping the curtains apart the fraction of an inch, Juliet looked to see if Lady Heddington had come. She did not see her and felt slightly worried for in that big house among all these strange people, the sight of the face of a fellow countrywoman would have been comforting.

She had just finished dressing when a knock sounded on the door.

"Come in," she called.

"Ah no! My wife says I am not to do that. She says if you are ready she will be very pleased if you will begin. I draw the curtain for you—yes."

Juliet went outside and found Adolf glistening under the light of the arc lamp. The little man amused her. He was evidently much elated at being given the job of drawing the curtains on the stage between the different dresses. He goggled his eyes.

"You look beautiful!" he exclaimed. "I have never seen anyone so beautiful before."

"I'm ready when you like."

With a gesture as if he were unveiling a statue, Adolf pulled the curtain cord.

Holding out the card bearing the number of the gown, Juliet walked slowly twice across the stage and then stood in the centre. Her eyes travelled out to the end of the room, then back along the line of tables.

Mme. Montroc looked up for a moment, then back at her plate on which she had

a chocolate éclair. Her demeanor was not of primary interest to Juliet; she wanted to see what Commandant de Lena would do.

How would he behave? Would he bow or would he make no sign? She was on duty so it would be quite natural for him to look at her without giving any greeting.

Commandant de Lena was talking to his companion when Juliet first looked in his direction. His companion touched him on the arm and pointed to the stage; he looked up, saw Juliet, and started.

A convincing start, too! No one could have done it better.

"Hullo!" he said. "I wasn't expecting this." His table was so near the stage that he could easily talk to her.

"I'm showing gowns for Madame Ranelle."

"I remember you told me you worked with her, but I did not know you came out to private houses."

"Only on special occasions!" She put emphasis on the word "special." There was nothing to be read in Commandant de Lena's eyes; she might as well have looked at two black slices in a hedgerow.

"I must persuade the wife of my Minister to give a party like this. It is something that everyone does not get a chance to see," he said.

At this moment Adolf, who was listening, drew the curtains so sharply that the rings clicked like castanets. Juliet went back to her room to change into another gown.

"Epatant!" exclaimed Adolf, as she came out wearing a startling frock of gold. "That man who sits near the stage and talks to you, I tell him to shut his mouth. If he makes the nuisance."

"It's all right; I know him."

"Oh! You know him! That is well. My wife says I not to let the gentleman talk to the mannequin. She says I be chaperon."

"Thanks, Conde. I'll call for help if I need it."

By a quarter past six she had shown the last of the gowns. She put on her own dress and told the dresser to pack the show gowns into their boxes.

"I'd like you to wait here," she added. "I expect I shall come back with you, but I'm not sure yet."

Conde Vincente was standing outside the dressing-room.

As Juliet came out he bowed. "Mademoiselle, my wife says I am to take you to have some tea."

"Thank you. Would you do something else for me first? A friend promised to come and fetch me; he may be waiting in the hall. Will you tell him I shan't be long now? And could you tell me if Lady Heddington is here?"

"I have not seen her; I do not think she has come. Now you sit down." He pulled a chair away from a table, then noticed that it was immediately opposite the one at which Commandant de Lena sat. "No, not that one. There is a draught; we find one further down the room."

"This table will be quite all right," said Juliet, sitting down.

"As you please." Conde Vincente looked across at Commandant de Lena, who had his head half turned. If de Lena had been a lion in a cage with the door ajar, the Conde could not have looked more mistrustfully at him. "I give your message and come back," he said.

"Now is de Lena's chance," thought Juliet, as the Conde left her. She wondered if he would say anything.

Though he appeared not to have noticed her, he must have been watching, for as soon as Conde Vincente left the room he got up and crossed over to her table.

"My congratulations, mademoiselle. The dresses you showed were superb. It is indeed an art to be able to wear them as you do."



# TROUBLE IN HIGH PLACES

"Thanks, Commandant. I did nothing but stand there; I didn't make the gown!"

"But you stood there. It was that that made them. Every woman could not have stood there, looking more beautiful each time she put on a new dress."

Juliet had spent enough time in Paris to have grown used to the flowery language of foreigners. She acknowledged the compliment with a smile.

"May I sit at your table as you are alone?"

She was about to say that she was only waiting while their host went to give a message to someone in the hall, when she thought better of it. She would not tell Commandant de Lena that Bay Stratton was coming to fetch her.

The Commandant took a gold cigarette case from his pocket, opened it and held it out.

She shook her head. "I'll have some tea first."

She saw the Conde Vincente coming in. He would be sure to say something about Bay waiting down in the hall.

"Excuse me one moment, I want to tell our host that I have found someone to give me tea. That is, if it's not bothering you."

"A privilege and a very great pleasure, mademoiselle!" He bowed with exaggerated respect.

Juliet went up to Conde Vincente. "You must not trouble about me any more; you have so many people to look after. I have found someone I know."

"You know that man?"

"Yes. Did you give my message?"

"I give it. The man say that he will wait."

"Thank you so much, Conde."

**J**ULIET did not want to waste any more time on Adolf. Assuring him once more that she had everything she needed, she returned to her table. Commandant de Lena got up as she approached.

"Your tea has come," he pointed to a tray, then sat down again, picked up the cigarette he had just lit and looked at her.

"Will you come to the Ritz bar and have a cocktail when you leave here?"

"My dresser is waiting to go back with me."

"Then you will not come?" There was a twinkle in his black eyes. Of amusement? Of derision? Juliet was not sure, but she made up her mind in an instant.

"I don't mind going to the Ritz," she said.

She wondered how she could slip past Bay Stratton in the hall. He would certainly not let her go off alone with de Lena if she saw them leaving. She got an idea. "I'll go and tell my dresser not to wait for me."

"You will come back?" de Lena asked, half-mockingly.

"I'll come back," she replied and meant it.

The chance she had been offered was good. Captain Stratton should not have a monopoly of adventures. The Ritz was a safe enough place to go to with any man. Suddenly she remembered that the Ritz was where Madame Montrose was staying. Well, she had said she would go.

She found her dresser sitting in the room where she had changed. The gowns had been packed and were stacked on the table in their cardboard boxes.

"I came to tell you not to wait," Juliet said. "I am going straight home from here. There is something you can do for me as you go out. A gentleman is waiting for me in the hall—an English gentleman. I want you to tell him that I have already left. Do you understand?"

"That mademoiselle has already left?" said the dresser meaningly.

"Yes, Marie, and be sure that he believes what you say. I don't want to find him still there when I come down."

"I understand, mademoiselle."

Juliet rejoined Commandant de Lena. "That will be all right," she said.

He looked at her approvingly.

"So you are not afraid to come out alone with a man who has been a gangster? You need not say anything. I know that you know all about me. Your people are very clever. That Captain Stratton—he is a genius in his own line."

"Is Captain Stratton in the British Secret Service?" she asked, affecting a great surprise.

Commandant de Lena laughed. "Mademoiselle, if you do not know the answer to that question, how should I?"

In the hall below, Bay Stratton received Juliet's message from her dresser.

"She has gone! But she sent me down a message ten minutes ago to say that she would not be long."

"Yes, monsieur, she left by a side door so as not to incommode the party." The dresser began to improvise wildly, and successfully, as it happened. "It was like this, monsieur. Mademoiselle had just finished her display here when the message came that an American client of Madame Ranelle, who will only buy gowns that are modelled on Miss Juliet, was waiting at the moment in the shop."

"The client is returning to America tomorrow morning. She is a good client, and Madame Ranelle was anxious to oblige her. So she telephoned to Miss Juliet to come back as soon as possible. Miss Juliet left by the side door so as not..."

"Yes, yes!" said Bay impatiently.

"Thanks very much."

He did not disbelieve the dresser's story, for Marie was a good natural actress. It was the sudden telephone message that worried him. Was that authentic?

He had doubts—very grave doubts. The last thing in the world he had intended was to allow Juliet to leave this house alone.

He walked up to a footman. "Have you a telephone?"

"Yes, monsieur." The man pointed to a box standing in a corner of the hall.

**B**AY went into the box, opened the directory, and asked for Ranelle's number.

"Is that Elysees 545? Hello! Hello! Elysees 545? Madame Ranelle's? Can I speak to Mademoiselle Juliet? She is not in! You are sure! Will you go and look? It is important."

The receiver was tight against Bay's ear and his lips close to the mouthpiece as Juliet and Commandant de Lena passed through the hall. The commandant saw Bay through the glass and smiled, but said nothing to his companion, knowing that Bay himself had not seen them.

Madame Ranelle's porter came back to the telephone to announce.

"No, monsieur. Mademoiselle Juliet is not here."

Bay hung up the receiver and went back into the hall. He opened his pocket-book, took out a card, and gave it to a footman.

"Will you take that at once to the Conde Vincente and ask if I can see him?"

The footman looked at the card, saw the words "British Embassy" in the corner, and bowed. Bay waited, getting up and sitting down again at intervals of thirty seconds. Then he saw Conde Vincente coming down the stairs. He hurried up to him.

"Conde, the young lady who asked you to come down and give me a message has left."

Conde Vincente showed the palms of his hands. "I know, monsieur. She left very suddenly."

"Did she go alone?"

Conde Vincente beckoned to one of the footmen, for it was a question he himself wanted answered.

"The young lady who came from Madame

Ranelle—have you seen her leave?" he asked.

"Yes, monsieur. She went away with a gentleman in a car a few minutes ago."

"Impossible!" Bay said. "I have been in the hall the whole time."

"Monsieur was in the telephone box when the young lady left."

Conde Vincente smiled mockingly. It was a consolation, having been made a fool of, to find someone else who had met the same fate.

"What was the gentleman like who left with mademoiselle?" Bay asked the footman.

The footman looked at Conde Vincente for permission before answering.

"Of medium height and dark. He had..." the footman tapped his finger against his cheek to indicate side whiskers.

**B**AY restrained himself from taking Conde Vincente by the collar. "I believe it was at monsieur's suggestion that Madame Ranelle was asked to send this young lady to the house? Monsieur was sitting with a Madame Montrose watching a dress show?"

"That is so, monsieur," said the Conde, not much liking the look in Bay's eyes. "And did monsieur also invite Commandant de Lena?"

"I do not know him."

"How does monsieur know Madame Montrose?"

"I do not see why that should interest you," said Conde Vincente, his face flushed with annoyance. "But as you ask, she happens to be a friend of my wife."

Bay realised he would get no further information. He was in a weak position standing in the hall of a house to which he had not been invited.

"Thank you, monsieur. I will go," he said.

Conde Vincente bowed. From the Englishman's manner, he thought he was slightly inebriated. He walked to the door with Bay and opened it.

"Au revoir, monsieur."

Bay did not answer, but signalled to a taxi.

"British Embassy," he told the driver, getting in and slamming the door.

"What a bear!" thought Conde Vincente, as he watched the taxi drive away. "His head is sore. It is no wonder! She told him to wait for her and then drive away with another man. Ah, the women! One is foolish to concern oneself with them."

Bay jumped from the taxi as it drew up in front of the Embassy. He flung the driver a note and rushed up the steps. He found Lady Heddingway in the hall. She was dressed as if she had just come in.

"Have you seen Juliet Sims?" Bay asked.

Lady Heddingway observed that her unofficial A.D.C. was agitated.

"She has gone to some dress show, I believe. I didn't see her before she went out, but she left word she might be in late. I nearly went to a private dress show myself at Condessa Regina Vincente's—maybe it was the same one—but just as I was starting, Bertie insisted on my going out with him."

"I wish to goodness you had gone! Is H.E. in his room?"

"Yes, he is playing cribbage with Major Haddon. What's the matter? Has somebody declared war? You look quite hot and bothered."

"I am bothered." Bay flung his coat on a chair. "Will you excuse me, Lady Heddingway?"

He burst into the room where Lord Heddingway was playing cribbage with Major Haddon.

**W**ELL," said Heddingway, when he and Bay were alone. "What's up? Somebody taken another pot at you?"



"Commandant de Lena has started work, Chief."

"He has! What's his line this time?"

"Kidnapping."

"Whom has he kidnapped?"

"One of your guests—Miss Sims."

"Great Scott! I am sorry you dragged her into the business, Stratton. It makes it very awkward for me."

"It was Old P's suggestion, Chief. He said I ought to get a girl to help me."

"But, good heavens, man. Paris is full of girls! Well, what do you want me to do?"

"If she is not back here by half-past seven, the police ought to be told."

"I thought you did not want to bring the police into it."

"I did not, Chief, as far as I was concerned. But we can't leave the girl in that man's hands."

"I don't see what we have got to go to the police about. It is no crime to give a girl a lift after a party. I'll get my wife to ring up the Bolivian Legation, if you like."

"She can say that Miss Sims is staying with us and that she understands she left a house in the Bois de Boulogne with the Bolivian Military Attache, and, as she has not come in yet, she wants to know if she will be back for dinner."

"I don't know what more I can do unless the girl really has disappeared. You're probably worrying yourself over nothing. Normal people don't vanish in big European cities."

"They do in America, Chief," said Bay.

"Well, leave it to me. I'm sure everything will be all right." Of course, if anything has gone wrong I shall notify the police at once. While Miss Sims is staying in my house, she is still on British soil.

"I don't think she is going to count for much in future," Bay said grimly.

"Maybe not. By the way, have you found out anything more about these stratosphere ships?"

"Not yet. Old P. thinks they have a signal station somewhere in Paris and wants me to discover where it is."

"If you could find that out," said Lord Reddingway, taking up a pencil and beginning to draw a pig. "It would be interesting."

"It certainly would," Bay agreed.

Much the same idea had occurred to Juliet Sims. As they crossed the road to Commandant de Lena's car she wondered how she was going to set about the job.

DE LENA had wrapped an enormous muffler round his neck in the hall. With the brim of his hat turned down, the collar of his overcoat turned up, and a great muffler nearly covering his mouth, Juliet decided that he really did look like a gangster.

But she was not scared of him. They were going to drive down a main thoroughfare corresponding to Piccadilly to a well-known hotel in the heart of the town. What harm could he do her?

They crossed the road walking towards a Hispano Suiza. She was about to exclaim: "What a lovely car!" when de Lena opened the door of another car standing in front of the Hispano.

It was not a very nice car; in fact, it looked more like a taxi without any dividing partition than a private vehicle. As if he had read her thoughts, de Lena said:

"Bolivia is only a little country. She cannot afford to pay high salaries to diplomats, but it is not a bad little car. You will see she goes all right."

"Looks more like a taxi," she remarked.

"She was a taxi. I bought her from a dealer second-hand. In the streets of a city a car that has been a taxi is convenient. She is so easy to turn."

Commandant de Lena opened the door on the opposite side to the driver's seat, and waited for Juliet to take one of the

back seats. Her first act on getting in was to try to turn the handle that opened the window, but it would not move.

"It is jammed," said de Lena.

No means of putting her head out of the window if she wanted to! Juliet saw a policeman standing across the road and as nearly as possible got out of the car. Only pertinacity, natural courage and a certain feminine obstinacy made her sit still.

De Lena banged the door on his side, pressed the self-starter, and set the engine going, then leaned forward and released the hand-brake.

A moment later he pulled out from the line of cars and started up the Avenue towards the Ronde Point.

Juliet sat well forward in her corner. She had her right hand on the handle of the door; her eyes never left de Lena. She tried the door gently to see if it would open. He might have shut it with a secret lock.

The door opened easily enough. Though she opened no more than a chink to open and thought he would be too pre-occupied driving to see, de Lena noticed her action.

"Preparing to jump out?" he said.

"Just seeing if I could if I wanted to," she replied, speaking in the light bantering tone he used.

DE LENA took his eyes off the road for an instant and looked at her. There was a faint smile on his lips, but a moment later he was again giving his whole attention to the wheel. Driving in the fast-moving Paris traffic was a whole-time job. They were going straight down the Champs Elysees.

Juliet felt reassured. Once at the Ritz she would be as safe as in the British Embassy, for she certainly had no intention of going to any parties in private rooms! Her attention was attracted by de Lena giving a little shiver and pulling the big muffler more closely round his throat.

"It is cold to-night," he said.

Juliet thought the atmosphere in the car was getting rather stuffy, and a moment before had again tried to open the window without success.

"I'm not cold," she said.

"That is because you were born in a country where no one ever feels the cold. The English are a hardy people. Just one little coal fire in a big room in the middle of winter; and then they say they feel too hot if they sit near it."

"In Bolivia we have the sun and in America central heat. But in Bolivia you do not see the complexion the girls have in England. I think that is the most beautiful thing about English girls—their complexion."

He talked on—softly, almost droningly. It seemed to Juliet that his voice was very much pleasanter than his face. She had noticed that before. She looked through the window in front to see where they were. She could see a mass of lights ahead. They were coming into the Place de la Concorde. They would reach the Ritz in two or three minutes now.

She looked again at the lights to make sure of their position; they looked funny—not clear as they usually did. She suddenly felt frightened without knowing why. Her head felt funny and there was no doubt now that the lights were blurred. She looked again at her companion.

He was sitting well over the wheel, his head nearly buried in his muffler. The lights in front were just a blur now. She stretched out her fingers for the door handle. She could not find it; her fingers seemed to have lost their sense of touch. Real fear now seized her.

"Stop the car! Stop the—" and then her head fell forward.

De Lena looked at his passenger, pushed her limp body back with his left hand, swung the car up a side turning, got out, and unwrapped the muffler from his neck.

As he did so a big limousine drove up and came to a standstill beside his car.

De Lena looked quickly up and down the road, then picked up the girl in his arms, put her in the limousine, and signed to the man to drive on, leaving his own car where it was.

#### CHAPTER 17.

THE curious old-fashioned car, in which Commandant de Lena had driven Juliet Sims away from No. 47, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, was the first definite clue obtained by the Paris police as to what had happened.

The police were called in at nine o'clock the same evening. When Juliet failed to return in time for dinner Lady Heddingway telephoned to the Bolivian Legation and was told that Commandant de Lena had not returned.

The disappearance of Juliet shook Bay Stratton with the suddenness of a blow between the eyes. To suit his own ends he had used the services of a decent, hard-working English girl for work which he had known perfectly well was unsavory and unsafe. Now the damage was done and it remained to be seen whether repair was possible.

"What is it that you have found, Inspector," he asked as he came out from the Embassy at eleven that night with a Surete official who had called on him.

"The car in which Commandant de Lena and the young lady left No. 47 Avenue du Bois de Boulogne."

A few minutes' walk brought them to the place where the car had been left. A police officer was guarding it.

The inspector looked at the car and nodded to himself with gusto. It was "the case" that always interested police officers. Bay thought; they did not really care if people lived or died.

"You have seen a car like that before, Monsieur?"

"It looks like an old-fashioned taxi."

"Monsieur is right. We have not ourselves come upon any of that kind for some time; all those we did find we destroyed. There was at one time a fleet of them, owned by the same man. He is working as a convict in the swamps of French Guiana now. He should have gone to the guillotine, but we could not obtain sufficient evidence."

"Evidence of what?" Bay asked sharply. He did not want to hear a dissertation on the proprietor of a fleet of obsolete taxicabs; he wanted to know what had happened to Juliet Sims. "Do you mean to say that this is the car that Commandant de Lena was driving?"

"That is the car, Monsieur; we are certain of that. The interesting question is how the commandant managed to obtain it. As I was telling Monsieur, we thought they had all been destroyed."

"What has that car got to do with the disappearance of the girl?"

Looking extremely knowing, the inspector walked up to the door on the driver's side.

"If monsieur will sit in that back seat I will show him."

Bay climbed into the seat on which Juliet had sat. The inspector sat at the wheel.

"Monsieur will notice that the window does not open," he said.

Bay tried the window, as Juliet had done, and found that he could not open it.

"Monsieur will also notice that both doors are padded with felt. The window in front cannot be opened and no air gets in through the roof."

"Gassed!" Bay exclaimed, horrified.

"Yes, Monsieur. Here is the contrivance." The inspector touched a knob on the left of the light switch. "When that bolt is pulled out a non-smelling gas is released from a cylinder beneath the passenger's feet. Within two minutes the passenger becomes unconscious. The driver



protects himself by a pad concealed in a muffler worn against the mouth and nostrils.

"There were several of these taxis during the last year of the war, when Paris was filled with Allied officers, many of whom were in the habit of carrying considerable sums of money. It took us some time to discover how it was they were being drugged and robbed."

"One day one of our men was examining a taxi in which a victim was known to have driven, and quite by chance, while trying the lights, he pulled out a bolt that released a sleep-producing gas. After that we were able to proceed."

"We made a lightning raid on every taxi rank in Paris and also stopped all in transit. Within a few hours we had the ones we wanted in the yard at headquarters."

"But one or two escaped you, Inspector?"

"Evidently, Monsieur." The inspector looked at the bogus taxi with positive affection.

"What are you going to do now?"

"We are making a house-to-house search of this street, Monsieur. The young lady is either in one of these buildings or she was transferred to another car. The latter is more probable. Has Monsieur any engagement this evening?"

"None except to find Miss Sims."

"Then it would be as well if Monsieur would accompany me to headquarters to see the Sub-Prefect. A solution will be easier if we know the motive behind this young lady's disappearance. Monsieur, perhaps, can enlighten us."

Bay nodded.

"I will certainly see the Sub-Prefect," he said. "I'm afraid there is not much I can tell him, though. It is a case of finding Commandant de Lena, isn't it?"

"If he is in France he will be in our hands by mid-day to-morrow," the inspector said.

# CHAPTER 18.

WHEN Juliet recovered consciousness she began to sneeze violently. A white-haired old lady, who had been bending over her, holding a piece of burning brown paper under her nostrils, crumpled up the brown paper and threw it in the grate as she saw the girl open her eyes.

"You'll feel sick for a bit, but it will pass off," said the old lady matter-of-factly.

As her brain cleared Juliet recognised the features of Madame Montroc. She did not as yet realise what had happened; she remembered having been in a car with Commandant de Lena and seeing the lights of the Place de la Concorde.

Those lights were the last things she could remember. Now here was Madame Montroc. The old lady's face seen close was a good deal less benign than it looked from a distance.

Juliet realised she would have done better to have let Bay Stratton take her home after the party. Commandant de Lena must have succeeded in drugging her, though she could not imagine how he had done it.

She had one hope.

Her disappearance could not remain unnoticed for long. She knew that Bay Stratton had come to the house to fetch her. When she did not turn up he would make inquiries and discover that she had left with de Lena. Then he would get busy.

Madame Montroc sat down in one of the armchairs, folding her hands in her lap. Juliet tried to get up from the sofa, but found that she could not. A thin steel chain had been fastened round her waist. The sofa itself was clamped to the floor.

Madame Montroc grinned as she saw the girl struggle. "I am only a poor old lady, you know," she said.

"I wonder what you really are?" Juliet looked at the tight lines round the woman's mouth.

"You will have to find out for yourself. I am not allowed to tell you that. Here is Commandant de Lena. That is his car stopping outside. When he comes in I shall leave you with him. I will give you one little piece of advice. Do whatever he asks you to."

"If you do that he will be nice to you; if you do not, he will be rather nasty, I am afraid."

Juliet heard the sound of steps outside the room. As the door opened Juliet's round, firm jaw, which Bay Stratton had noticed in the restaurant where they went to eat frogs' legs, set hard.

"Now isn't that just too bad!" Commandant de Lena exclaimed, looking at the girl chained to the sofa. "All right, Auntie; let her free."

Mme. Montroc crossed to the mantelpiece, picked up a thin Yale key, bent over Juliet, and unfastened the chain.

"You are such an athletic-looking young lady, I did not like to leave Auntie alone with you. She is over seventy. You wouldn't have thought it, would you? Have you had anything to eat?"

"I don't want anything."

"Better have some dinner," Commandant de Lena looked at Mme. Montroc, who went to the door. "Get her something nice, Auntie. I am afraid you will have to stay here all night. But I promise to get you to Mme. Ranelle's in time for work to-morrow if you are sensible."

"I don't know why I am here at all!" Juliet exclaimed. "And I don't suppose it is any use to ask you."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I came to tell you why you are here. I'll tell you where you are, too."

"That will be interesting," said Juliet, stretching her limbs gingerly to test how cramped they were.

"Have you ever motored from Paris to Calais?"

"Yes. I did so last year coming back from my holiday in the south."

"Well, about ten kilometres outside Paris, on the Chantilly road, you may have noticed a large country house standing well back in its own grounds. It is the first chateau you pass."

Chateau! Juliet remembered now. Bay Stratton had said he would not let her go out to a chateau. She was surprised at de Lena telling her her whereabouts so frankly.

"It does not in the least matter you knowing," he went on, as though reading her thoughts. "We shan't be here after to-night. That is the whole secret of doing these things successfully. Keep moving! Never stay in one place! But I suppose you don't know why I have brought you here, do you?"

"Not in the least!"

COMMANDANT DE LENA lit a cigarette. His manner was so bland that it half fascinated Juliet. There was an undeniable thrill in being in the hands of a gangster—as long as his manners remained nice.

"I'll tell you everything. But you must have some food first. I'm going to. I'm terribly hungry. It will only be a picnic. I'm afraid. You see, there is no cook here. There's nobody but us in the house, so I told Auntie to bring a hamper along from the Ritz. I hope they have packed up something good."

Juliet decided to eat. She was hungry, and these people were not likely to poison her as they could have killed her before now if they had wanted to. She wondered very much how the whole thing had been done. No handkerchief had been put over her face, nor had she been pricked by a hypodermic needle.

"How did you get me here?" she asked de Lena in a conversational sort of tone.

"Ah! That really doesn't matter now. Champagne?" He filled a glass and brought it to her. "I'll tell you why we have brought you here. We want to know something. You are a friend of Captain Stratton's."

He is on one side and Auntie and I are on the other.

"We need not play cat's cradle over facts. What we want to know—and the sooner you tell us, the sooner you will be able to go—is from whom Captain Stratton is getting his orders in London?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Quite," said Commandant de Lena, cutting himself a slice of chicken. "But don't you think if you thought very, very hard you might get an idea?"

"Not if I thought all night."

De Lena looked at Madame Montroc and shrugged his shoulders. The lines round the old lady's mouth gathered more tightly. She looked at Juliet in a way that made the latter remember the words about the Commandant's ability to be nasty as well as nice.

"I have told you where you are," he went on. "You are in an unoccupied chateau several hundred yards from the main road."

"I know that. Can I have some chicken?" She held out her plate.

COMMANDANT DE LENA cut two slices from the breast.

"What do you think you are going to gain by holding out on me?" he asked.

"Time."

"That won't be any use to you. I have a chain of hide-outs in France and I can move you from one to another indefinitely."

"I daresay, but you will have to stay under cover yourself. You can't go back to Paris unless I do."

"Why not?"

"You were the last person I was seen with, and the police will want you to tell them where I am."

Commandant de Lena laughed—a sort of cold chuckle deep in his throat. Juliet did not like the sound of it.

"So that is what you are betting on! It is a bad bet, and I'll prove it to you. At ten o'clock to-morrow morning Mme. Montroc will connect you with the public telephone exchange. You can ask for the number of the Bolivian Legation. Mme. Montroc will be listening in, and if you ask for any other number she will immediately disconnect you."

"Also, if you try to call for help she will disconnect you, and will certainly get you away from here before that help can arrive. So the position is this. At ten o'clock to-morrow morning you can, if you wish, ring up the Bolivian Legation and ask to speak to me."

"Then I shall come to the line. To imitate someone else's voice on the telephone is very difficult."

"If you hear my voice and I am speaking from my office at the Bolivian Legation in the heart of Paris, will that convince you that I am not in the hands of the police?"

"You might be hiding in the Legation?"

"It would not be a very good place to hide, as everyone knows it is where I live. Now listen to me, and remember I am not bluffing. The police can't do a thing to me!"

Juliet had to admit to herself that de Lena did not look as if he was bluffing as he spoke.

She studied his face. The sallow features and ink-black eyes told her nothing. There was only one reason she could think of why he should have no fear of the police. If her disappearance was not reported, the police would know nothing about it. But surely it would be reported.

Bay Stratton was bound to do that, and even if something had happened to him, there was Lady Heddington and Mme. Ranelle. They would start to make inquiries when she did not turn up.

Thinking of Mme. Ranelle reminded Juliet she was due to report for work at ten o'clock next morning.

"You said you would get me to Ranelle's in time for work to-morrow," said Juliet with spirit.



"If you were sensible, I said." There was a peculiar smile on de Lena's face.

"What do you mean by 'sensible'? I can't tell you things I don't know."

"I think you do know. Try to remember. It is not much to ask you to tell me the name of your chief in London."

She wondered if it would help her if she told the absolute truth. She could do that without disloyalty, for de Lena already knew about herself and Bay, and that was all there was to tell.

She was helping nobody by remaining where she was. It would be much better to get away on her own initiative than take up Bay Stratton's time trying to rescue her.

Also, Commandant de Lena appeared to have an exaggerated idea of her importance in the scheme of things. He had shown this by asking her to tell him the name of the head of the British Secret Service.

"If I tell you the truth, you won't believe me," she said.

"That will depend upon what you call the truth. What I want to discover is the source from which Captain Stratton gets his information. He knew nothing about me until he went to London. He had discovered a good deal when he came back."

"Who is the man in London who knows these things? You have got somebody. He is probably the cleverest man in Europe. There is not a secret service organisation belonging to any country that wouldn't give half a million to know his name."

"I don't know, and, naturally, I wouldn't tell you if I did."

"I think that you do know and that you will tell me." De Lena's tone changed. Juliet could feel the threat in his manner. He saw the look in her eyes and forced a smile.

"You are banking on being rescued. You still think the police will help you. I don't want to hurry you. We will leave things till to-morrow. Perhaps you will change your mind after you have rung me up at the Legation."

"I shall not."

For an instant his lip curled. His face looked cold and cruel. It would mean nothing to him to kill her, and she knew it. Then he forced himself to smile again.

"We shall see! I must go now. I am afraid you will have to stay here alone to-night, as Mme. Montroc cannot be away too long from the Ritz. It would cause comment. We cannot all disappear."

"She will come back in the morning to arrange for you to telephone. Through that door you will find a bedroom and a bath. This is a self-contained suite, and I shall lock you in. The windows are all closed by shutters on the outside."

"I will say good-night, and wish you pleasant dreams. But—de Lena paused—"I sincerely hope you will think things over while you are alone. I may be a gangster, but I should hate to have to hurt you. Good night."

De Lena held open the door for Mme. Montroc, then went out and closed it after him, and Juliet heard the key turn. She listened till the sound of their footsteps died away, and soon afterwards heard a car being driven away. Then there was silence in the chateau, a silence so complete that it was frightening.

## CHAPTER 19.

IT was just two hours later that Bay Stratton was taken into the private room of the sub-prefect at the Surete. He had specially asked for a private interview.

"Please sit down, monsieur," said the sub-prefect. "I can understand why you wished to see me, but rest assured that my men will not relax night or day until this mystery has been solved. In the

meanwhile, anything you can tell me about the man in whose company the missing lady was last seen will be of assistance."

"I understand that you know something about Commandant de Lena. Our alien department can only tell me that he has come to Paris as the military representative of Bolivia."

"That is his role officially. Unofficially, as you doubtless know, monsieur, Commandant de Lena has various other interests."

"Such as, monsieur?"

Bay did not answer at once. He had referred to de Lena's other interests purposely in order to see how much the Surete did know about his private life. He had no authority to tell them things they did not know. Members of the Secret Service must never talk unnecessarily.

"I fancy Commandant de Lena has certain business interests," he said vaguely.

The sub-prefect consulted a file. "We have no information to that effect, monsieur. Commandant de Lena arrived in Paris as the accredited military attache to Bolivia on June 5. There is nothing else in our records."

"Nothing about his last post?"

"No, monsieur. He came direct from Bolivia, we understand."

"I am afraid there is nothing I can tell you then," Bay said.

Bay's answer was true. There was nothing he could do until he had got in touch with Old P. And even then there was little chance it would make any difference.

Old P's slogan was "Agents must look after themselves." There must be no international complications when an agent disappeared. In the present crisis he must either rescue Juliet himself, or rely on the Paris police. It would be futile to appeal to the British Government.

THE police offered the surest chance. They would do their best for the sake of their own prestige. In the meanwhile, it was not pleasant to think that Juliet was in de Lena's hands.

"Will you be able to find Commandant de Lena?" Bay asked.

"If he is in France he will be arrested within 24 hours," the sub-prefect answered. "We shall require an explanation from him as to how he came to be in possession of the taxi my inspector took you to see. Members of the diplomatic corps are welcome to our country, but they must not break our laws, monsieur."

Bay fancied that a hint was included for him in this remark.

"Very well, monsieur. I will leave the matter in your most capable hands for to-night. You will telephone to me if you have any news?"

"Immediately, monsieur."

On reaching the Embassy, Bay was told that the Ambassador wanted to see him. He went to Lord Heddington's private room.

"What news?" Lord Heddington asked. Bay gave an account of what had happened, describing the abandoned taxi.

"The sub-prefect says that de Lena will be found within 24 hours if he is still in France."

"I should hope so, indeed," said His Excellency. "What about the girl? Do the police think she will be all right?"

"They don't know any more than we do."

"My wife is very much upset. Most awkward for her—as the girl was staying in our house. I shall take this matter up very thoroughly to-morrow. What are you doing about it yourself?"

"You mean as regards Old P., Chief? I shall send a code cable in the morning reporting what has happened."

"Haven't you done so already?"

"No. He would bite my head off if I disturbed him in the middle of the night to tell him an agent was missing. There are a good many of us working in different

places, and one going adrift would not be considered of much importance."

"Do you mean to say you have had that girl put on the accredited list of British agents?"

"She is not accredited yet, chief. She has no regular status or pay, but she has been helping me certainly."

"You would have done better to leave her out of it. She was quite happy doing the job she had, and she was safe."

"I know she was, chief." Bay looked so miserable that Lord Heddington felt sorry for him.

"Never mind, Stratton. I expect everything will turn out all right."

"I shan't worry so much once the police have got de Lena, chief. While he is free I cannot help feeling anxious. He is a really dangerous man."

"He's going to prison for this, if I have to threaten to ask for my passport to get him there," said Lord Heddington.

The Ambassador looked quite fierce.

AT that moment the telephone rang on Lord Heddington's desk. He put the receiver to his ear.

"What is it? I said I wasn't to be disturbed. Who? Spell it. S. T. R. Oh, the call is for you, Stratton. My secretary says it is urgent, and that is why he rang through to my room as he knew you were here."

Bay took the receiver, and Lord Heddington noted his excitement. Bay listened on the telephone a moment, then sat back abruptly, and put his hand over the mouthpiece.

"It is not the police; it is de Lena himself," he said.

Lord Heddington was becoming inured to surprises.

"What does he want? A card for the Royal Garden Party?"

"Do you mind if I talk to him here? This may settle everything."

"Do anything you like," said Lord Heddington, taking up his pencil.

"I am listening, Commandant de Lena," Bay spoke into the phone.

"I rang you up to tell you that Miss Sims is all right. I thought you might be anxious, Captain Stratton. She has eaten a good supper and has got a comfortable bed. To-morrow I hope she will return to you; I am only waiting for her to tell me something."

"She can't tell you anything, Commandant de Lena. You have made a big mistake."

"And so have you, Captain Stratton. You have made a report about me to the police."

"What did you think I would do?"

"I thought you were too intelligent to do that."

Commandant de Lena spoke in the cold silky voice that made Juliet shudder. Bay Stratton's alarm increased. He knew what American kidnappers did when people reported them to the police.

"I had no other course! Miss Sims was staying at the British Embassy and her disappearance had to be reported."

"You need not have said that she was with me when she disappeared. You need not have gone to the police at all. You should have known that I was certain to ring you up."

Lord Heddington, who was trying to listen to the conversation—of which he could only hear half—and draw a pig at the same time, put the animal's eye where its mouth should have been.

"What the devil is he talking about?" he asked sharply. "Tell the fellow to bring the girl back at once."

Bay put his hand over the mouthpiece and spoke to his chief.

"De Lena says he will return Miss Sims to-morrow if we will stop police proceedings."

"I never heard such impertinence in my life!" Lord Heddington shouted.



"He may kill her if we don't," Bay spoke very quietly and with deadly seriousness. Lord Heddingway had only to look at Bay's face to realise that he believed what he said. His Excellency was a man of quick decision. Ambassadors have to be.

"Very well," he said.  
Bay took up the receiver again.  
"We will ask the police to drop the matter at once on your undertaking that Miss Sims returns to the British Embassy at nine-thirty to-morrow morning."

"At twelve o'clock. Nine-thirty is a little early."

"I said nine-thirty."  
"My dear Captain Stratton, don't let us quarrel over a trifling matter of time. Come and see me yourself at nine-thirty to-morrow morning. I will be in my office at the Legation. And if I am not able to satisfy you that Miss Sims is perfectly all right you can blow my brains out. Good-night."

Bay heard the click of the receiver being hung up on the other end of the line. He put down the phone, took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

Lord Heddingway had gathered from the latter part of the conversation how matters had been arranged. He was flushed with indignation, and had torn a hole in the paper with his pencil.

"I suppose that was the best thing to do," he said.

"The only thing! That type always do what they say. Thank you, Chief."

"You had better have a whisky and soda and go to bed," the Ambassador said.

Later Lord Heddingway told his wife as much of what had happened as he considered good for her to know.

"Never seen Bay Stratton so upset before," he said. "I believe he must be in love with the girl."

"Of course he is," said Lady Heddingway, with infuriating certainty.

#### CHAPTER 20.

**B**AY slept little. He was wide awake at daybreak. At nine-thirty he was to go to see Commandant de Lena, and he wanted to get in touch with Old P. He needed instructions. De Lena would be certain to bargain. What would he want in exchange for returning Juliet Sims?

Would Old P. consent to bargaining? It was most unlikely. Probably he would say that if the girl had been fool enough to get caught she must look after her own affairs. This would have been Bay's view had the person concerned been anyone except Juliet.

Having drunk his tea and lit a cigarette, he took a writing pad and pencil from the table by his bed and tried to think out what to say to Old P. After considerable thought, Bay wrote out the following message:

"Juliet Sims, guest at Embassy, kidnapped by De Lena. Anticipate offer release girl on terms. Police intervention fatal. What orders?"

"That will give Old P. something to think about," he thought, as he coded the message. The words "guest at Embassy" were an inspiration. Old P. would have to sit up and take notice of that.

At eight o'clock Bay dressed and went down to breakfast. He found Major Haddon already at table, and he saw that the Major was reading an English newspaper. He continued to read his paper as Bay sat down, and neither said good-morning nor looked up.

Bay put a kipper on a plate and began to remove the backbone. The major sniffed and turned over his paper testily.

At that moment Lord Heddingway came in. Major Haddon had a respect amounting to reverence for persons of high rank in the Army, Navy or Diplomatic Corps. He called them "Sir" at every opportunity and agreed with all they said.

"Morning, Haddon; morning, Stratton. Beautiful day again."

"Glorious, sir," Major Haddon agreed, though outside an east wind was blowing keenly.

Bay finished his kipper, gulped a mouthful of tea, and got up. It was a good moment to get away.

"Come and see me as soon as you get back," Lord Heddingway called out as Bay stood in the door. Major Haddon glowered. He was a staff officer, first grade, and felt he had been slighted.

Before leaving the Embassy, Bay rang up M. Ricot and gave the coded message for London. He asked how long he would have to wait for an answer. The stockbroker said that there would be no delay at his end and if there was none in London a reply might come within an hour.

Within the next hour Bay knew he was likely to be with Commandant de Lena at the Bolivian Legation. It might be useful to have Old P.'s answer while he was there. Thinking this, he told M. Ricot to send the answer direct to the Embassy instead of giving it to him at the Coupole.

The little stockbroker thought the plan imprudent, but as Bay insisted he agreed. Bay then told his valet to ring him up at the Bolivian Legation and let him know if any message came for him.

Finally, before leaving his room, he filled the cartridge clip of his Browning with seven rounds, pressed the clip in the gun, loaded one bullet, pulled back the safety catch, and put the Browning in his pocket. If he needed the gun it would be no use having the safety catch down.

At nine-thirty he rang the bell of the Bolivian Legation. An oily-looking, dark-skinned butler, who looked like a professional poisoner, opened the door. He seemed to be expecting Bay, and took him at once to a room on the left-hand side of the hall.

Nobody was in the room. A telephone and a tray of papers stood on the desk; there was a filing cabinet in one corner; an armchair in another corner, and a round-backed swivel chair at the desk.

Bay sat on the edge of the armchair and felt the Browning, which was in the right-hand pocket of his coat. Out of the window he saw two police agents in uniform watching the house. Evidently the Sub-Prefect of Police was willing to leave Commandant de Lena at large, but not to lose sight of him.

A moment later the Commandant came in. He wished Bay good morning, but did not offer his hand.

He sat down in the swivel chair at the desk, and his first act was to light a cigarette. Bay had already noticed that de Lena was an incessant smoker; the result of nerves at constant high tension, he thought.

Having got the cigarette alight, de Lena turned to his visitor.

"So the gloves are off, Captain Stratton?"

"They have never been on, have they?"

"One has tried to observe appearances. Won't you please smoke—one of your own cigarettes—I don't suppose you would care for mine? So this is how you fulfil your promises!" He looked out of the window at the two police officers on the opposite side of the road.

**I** COULD not ask the police not to watch you," Bay explained. "I could only get my Ambassador to prevent them from arresting you. It was not easy to do that. You have broken the laws."

Commandant de Lena turned his black eyes on Bay. "In our service, Captain Stratton, there are no laws."

Bay knew that well enough.

"As you say, Commandant, in secret service work there are no laws. If anything happens to Miss Sims, I should not need much inducement to kill you myself."

De Lena laughed. "A lot of people have said they will do that. I suppose

you have your hand on a gun in your pocket at this moment."

"You are right," Bay noticed that both de Lena's hands were on the table.

"You want to know my terms for returning the girl to the British Embassy?"

Bay nodded.

"That is easy. I want her to give me a little information. She has so far refused to do so, because she does not wish to be disloyal to you. If you gave her permission she would speak."

"There is nothing Miss Sims can tell you that I cannot."

"Quite! But you would never tell me and Miss Sims might. . . if she thought it did not matter."

"Your suggestion is that though I am not willing to betray secrets myself, I should connive at someone else doing so? It is a stupid suggestion for a man of your ability to make, Commandant. Also, I tell you again what I told you last night; you have had your trouble for nothing. Miss Sims does not know anything. That is the truth."

De Lena looked into Bay's eyes for a full half-minute. "I believe you are telling me the truth," he said at last.

"There would be no point in not doing so."

"Then what are we going to do?" He took out his cigarette case again, and lit another cigarette from the one he was smoking.

"I think it is for you to answer that question. You have carried out a completely pointless kidnapping. You have drawn down on yourself the attention of the police. And you are only sitting there you are now through the good offices of the British Embassy."

"I know what I should do if I were in your position. I should clear out of this country and go back to Bolivia, or Chicago, if you like that city better."

"Detroit," said Commandant de Lena. "Do you know I think that is a grand idea. There is only one drawback. I was going to suggest the same thing to you. Why don't you go back to London, Captain Stratton?"

"I stay where I am put."

"You refuse to leave Paris, Captain Stratton?"

**B**AY got to his feet. "I refuse to listen to impertinent requests, Commandant de Lena."

"Well, I don't know what we are going to do, I am sure," said de Lena blandly.

"I'll tell you what we are going to do," Bay said. "We are going to see this thing out. You shall do your worst, and I will do mine. Have you ever heard of the Isle du Diable, Commandant?"

"The name seems familiar."

"It should be familiar to you! It is one of the islands in the penal colony of French Guiana, where France sends dangerous criminals. The type of car that you patronise is not looked favourably upon by the police. The last individual who was caught driving one went out in a convict ship to French Guiana."

"You will be sent to join him."

Bay watched Commandant de Lena's face to see the effect of his words, but the man only smiled.

"You are not very convincing, Captain Stratton. You have got too kind a face. Come, be frank with me! You don't want that very attractive girl to die. I think you are rather fond of her. If she is killed—"

"I don't know for certain that she is alive now," Bay said.

Commandant de Lena looked at his watch. His coolness, though he knew his visitor had a loaded gun in his pocket, had more effect on Bay than any words. He was so sure that nothing would be done to him.

"If you can wait a few minutes you shall talk to her yourself. She promised to ring me up at 10 o'clock."



Bay had been prepared for some kind of surprise, but had not anticipated that he would be given the opportunity to talk to Juliet on the telephone. Looking at his watch, he saw they had a few minutes to wait till 10 o'clock. He decided to make use of this time to get the situation clear.

"We had better understand one another, Commandant. You will put me in communication with Miss Sims at your own risk. If the slightest harm has happened to her since she got into your hands you will go out to French Guiana in a convict ship."

"The first question I shall ask her will concern her welfare. I don't want to hand you over to the police, for I give you credit for meaning what you say about her fate in that event. I want to save Miss Sims' life. That is the sole reason I have come to see you."

"I have told you how you can do that, Captain Stratton."

"By throwing up my job. The terms are impossible. I am, however, willing to bargain with you. Is there any other concession you would accept?"

"There is another, but you would not agree to it."

"Let me hear what it is."

"If you give me an answer to the question I have asked the girl. That will be sufficient."

"What is the question?"

"I want to know the name of the head of the British Secret Service."

"Is that all?" Bay said, dryly.

"I knew it would be no use to ask you, but you told me to tell you what I wanted, so I have."

"And you are keeping Miss Sims imprisoned hoping to find that out?"

"That was my idea, but from what you say, and she herself says, I believe now that she could not tell me even if she wanted to."

"Yet, in spite of that, you are keeping her. You know I shan't tell you, whatever you do. The whole affair seems rather pointless to me, Commandant."

"I think it is early to say that." De Lena put his hand into the pocket where he kept his cigarette case. He had done so several times, lighting cigarette after cigarette ever since Bay came into the room. Bay watched him, his mind on the matters that had just been discussed.

The next few seconds were the most electric he had as yet experienced in the course of his career. He was pondering over the deadlock that had arisen as Commandant de Lena reached for his cigarette case. Then he saw the Commandant's hand come out of his pocket.

Next instant he was looking down the barrel of an automatic. He had the presence of mind not to move his own hand towards his gun. De Lena's face had changed. It was white and tight set. He looked what he was—a killer.

"Take your gun out of your pocket, holding it by the barrel and put it on the table," de Lena ordered, and Bay did as he was told. He had no choice.

De Lena reached out his left hand and drew Bay's automatic towards him. He kept his eyes on Bay, but dropped the point of his own automatic as soon as he had hold of Bay's gun.

"Tell me the time by your watch," de Lena ordered.

Bay looked at his wrist watch. "One minute to ten."

"You have one minute to live, Captain Stratton."

In crises of this nature thoughts flash quickly through the brain. Bay wondered how Commandant de Lena hoped to escape after killing him. Two police officers were standing within fifty yards of the window.

The commandant spoke again.

"You should not have come here armed and you should not have talked about convict camps. I am a bad man to

threaten. There is a silence on this gun. My car is at the back."

"I suppose police are watching the back as well. Their orders are to follow me, but not to make an arrest. They will enjoy following my car. It is slightly faster than that taxi."

Bay looked at his wrist watch again. "Your minute is up," he said.

A look of admiration came into de Lena's eyes. "You have got guts, Captain Stratton."

"Well, what are you waiting for? Haven't you?"

"I am waiting for that telephone to ring."

The fellow was as smooth and sleek as a snake. Bay guessed his devilish idea.

"I am going to give you a chance to say good-bye to the girl before I shoot you. I would give you another chance if I thought it would be any use."

Guts or no, few men brought face to face with death will refuse to listen to a way by which they can save their lives.

"What is the other chance?" Bay asked.

"That you repeat down the telephone the exact words I tell you. Will you do that?"

"It depends on the words."

At that moment the telephone rang sharply. So acute was the tension that even Commandant de Lena jumped. He got control again in an instant.

"Pick up the receiver," he ordered. "And repeat exactly what I tell you."

#### CHAPTER 21

"MISS SIMS will ask for me," de Lena went on, as Bay took up the receiver. "Say 'Hullo!' When she speaks put your hand over the mouthpiece and I will tell you what to do next. It will come as a surprise to her to hear your voice, but you are to say nothing—except what I tell you to. This is the only warning I shall give; if you disobey me, I shall shoot you."

The telephone bell rang again. "Go ahead," said de Lena, sitting forward in his chair.

Bay put the receiver to his ear. "Hullo!" he called, then waited.

Hearing no sound at the other end of the line, he again said, "Hullo!"

"What is the matter? Has no one answered?" de Lena asked.

"Not yet, Hullo! Yes," Bay put his hand quickly over the mouth of the receiver and turned to de Lena. "It is not Miss Sims at all. Someone is asking for me."

"Give me the receiver. Don't try anything while I am talking. I can speak on the telephone and keep my eyes on somebody at the same time very easily." He spoke into the phone.

"Hullo! Who is speaking? The British Embassy? Wait a minute."

He put the receiver down upon the table, so that the mouthpiece rested on a blotting-pad, and used his right hand to keep Bay covered.

"The British Embassy are asking for you, Captain Stratton. I will find out what they want, but do not move while I am talking. Miss Sims is sure to ring up presently, and I know you would like to speak to her."

He picked up the receiver again. "Captain Stratton is here, but he is engaged at the moment. Is there any message I can give him? What is that you say? Wait one moment, please."

He put the receiver back again on the blotting-pad.

"A telegram from London has come for you. The man says his orders are to give it to you personally. He will not open it and read it out. He wants to know if he shall bring the telegram to you here? So you told them at the Embassy where you were going before you left!"

Bay guessed the telegram would contain the answer to his cable to Old P. He had told his valet where he was going and that

he was to let him know if anything came. The man was merely obeying instructions.

It would be useless to tell de Lena not to ask that the telegram should be brought round.

The best chance was that his valet would insist on delivering the telegram personally, and would refuse to give it to the butler at the door. He would have to gamble on this.

"Very well," he said. "Tell my man to bring the message here."

"If he refuses perhaps you will explain to him yourself that it is what you wish him to do."

"I'll explain nothing. I have told you already that you can shoot me. Why don't you get on with the job?"

"First one thing and then another keeps happening to prevent me! This telegram that has come for you may be interesting. I should like to know what is in it before I order you a wreath."

"You can order me a whole flower shop if you like, Commandant de Lena, but flowers won't help you to decipher telegrams in code."

He had no sooner used the word "code" than he realised he deserved to have his tongue torn out.

De Lena noticed the slip instantly.

"Dear me—in code! How very interesting!" Keeping his eyes on Bay, he lifted the receiver. "Are you there? Captain Stratton would like the telegram brought round here . . . as quickly as possible . . . yes . . . yes . . . he is here. No, he cannot come to the phone; he is engaged at the moment. Very well . . . you will bring the telegram round at once. Thank you . . ."

He hung up the receiver.

"There! Isn't that splendid?"

Bay said nothing. He knew he had made an idiotic blunder. It had been imprudent in the first instance to arrange that he should be rung up at the Bolivian Legation if anything came for him.

Now he had jeopardised the most vital part of the machinery of the British Secret Service. Intercepted messages might lead to the discovery of channels of communication and channels could be traced to their source.

The click of a latch made Bay turn round. The oily-looking butler stood in the doorway. Commandant de Lena looked at Bay almost affably.

"I have every convenience, you see. Under my foot there is an electric bell. My old friend Pedro always stands outside the door. So, even supposing I had been obliged to fire at you and my gun had jammed, I had only to press my toe upon the carpet to bring Pedro in. Not that my gun would have jammed, Captain Stratton! We don't let things like that happen, do we, Pedro?"

"No," said the butler, curtsy.

"Pedro was with me in Detroit; he is an excellent fellow. One of the few men I ever met who are really dependable." De Lena turned to the butler. "Pedro, a messenger is on his way from the British Embassy with a telegram for Captain Stratton. When he comes let him in and bring the telegram up at once. Bring it up yourself—you understand?"

"Very well," said Pedro.

"And, Pedro, don't be unnecessarily rough about it. A tap on the head will be quite enough. We don't want the Legation full of bodies."

BAY had an idea de Lena did not want to kill him in that room if he could avoid it. It was understandable. Why take risks when things were going so well?

"We don't want the Legation full of bodies," de Lena had said to that murky-looking butler.

So the messenger from the British Embassy was to be let into the house, stunned, and relieved of the telegram he had brought! Then Commandant de Lena



would try to decipher the telegram! And then, what?

At last the telephone rang again. De Lena put his cigarette down on an ash-tray, but the hand that held the automatic did not move.

"I expect that is Miss Sims." He picked up the receiver, his eyes never leaving Bay's eyes for an instant. Putting the receiver down on the blotting-pad, he said to Bay: "In case you think you will get a chance to knock me on the head, I will remind you again that it is not necessary to look at a telephone when speaking to somebody."

Then he lifted the receiver again.

"Good morning, Miss Sims. I hope you slept well. I have a surprise for you. You will be able to talk to Captain Stratton! Yes, he is here at the Legation. He came round because he was anxious to know what had happened to you."

"I have told him you are all right, but perhaps you would like to tell him so yourself? He will believe you if he doesn't believe me. Very well, I'll go and find him and get him to speak to you."

He put the receiver down again.

"Now, Captain Stratton, I will tell you exactly what to say. When you speak to the girl you are to tell her that you are very sorry about what has happened, but that there is nothing you can do. Remind her that people in the Secret Service have to look after themselves. If they get into trouble they cannot hope for help from outside."

"Very well," Stratton said, reaching out his hand for the receiver.

"One minute!" de Lena signed to him to stand back. "Miss Sims may get excited when she hears your voice and try to tell you where she is. I have already warned her that she will be cut off if she does, but perhaps I'd better tell her again. I should like you to be able to finish your conversation."

He picked up the receiver.

"Hullo! So sorry for the delay! Captain Stratton is coming to speak to you now. You won't forget what I said about not telling anybody where you are. It'll be no use—it won't really—you will be cut off before you have finished and taken to another place. So do not try to say anything. That's a good girl! Here is Captain Stratton. He's going to talk to you now."

Bay took the receiver from de Lena; he had made up his mind what to say.

"Hullo—Miss Sims?"

"Is that Captain Stratton?"

"Are you all right?" He put as much feeling into the question as if they had just been married.

"I am not dead, but I'm not what you would call 'all right' exactly."

"I know! Commandant de Lena has told me what has happened. Now, listen carefully to what I am going to say. You will have to stay where you are for the present. I hope it will not be for long, but there is nothing anyone can do. You are not being ill-treated, are you?"

"I have been chained to a sofa."

"What! A sofa! Are you hurt?"

"No, but all the same—"

"I am most awfully sorry. I wish—"

Bay looked up and saw de Lena looking at him. "I wish there was something I could do."

"Aren't you going to do anything?"

"The fact of the matter is, I—we—can't do anything at the moment. There are a lot of details that have to be discussed. You see, the whole thing is a Secret Service matter, and the Government can't take any official cognisance of it."

"Do you mean to say the British Government can't take any cognisance, or whatever you call it, of an English girl being kidnapped in the streets of Paris?"

"It is difficult to explain things over the telephone," Bay felt the point of de Lena's gun pressed more firmly against his back. "Try to be patient, and everything will be all right."

"Are you going to leave me here?"

"I've got to!"

"Well, that is one way to win your bet."

"I don't care a damn about my bet," Bay

shouted. "I'd come and get you out of that

place at this very minute if I could, but I

can't. I don't even know where you are."

"Chateau—Chantilly. Road—ten kilo-

metres Paris—" and then the call was sud-

denly cut off.

# CHAPTER 22

**B**AY called "Hullo!" five or six times. When he got no reply he turned to de Lena. "I have been cut off."

De Lena flicked the ash from his cigarette. "She tried to tell you where she was, I suppose?"

"She said something about a chateau. That was all I heard." He was not going to admit that he had got any more of the message.

"It does not matter. She will be moved within an hour." De Lena put his head on one side. "I think I heard the front door open. The messenger with your telegram, I expect. Won't you sit down?"

Bay had made up his mind to take a chance. The telephone talk with Juliet had decided him.

Now it was a question of waiting for an opportunity. Since pulling that gun from the inside of his coat de Lena had never once taken his eyes off him. If only something would happen to distract his attention. The risk was desperate in any case. Unless the fraction of a second's grace could be obtained there was no hope at all.

"Why did you make me tell Miss Sims no attempt would be made to rescue her? Telling her that cannot assist you."

"On the contrary, Captain Stratton, it may assist me very considerably."

"I suppose you think that if she considers she has been let down by the people she is working for, she may turn against them."

"Nobody likes being left in the lurch, and women especially resent such treatment. I do not want trouble, Captain Stratton. All my life I have preferred to settle things pleasantly whenever possible."

"There is nothing that you and I can settle pleasantly, Commandant de Lena."

"You know best. Come in, Pedro," he added as the door opened. "Have you got Captain Stratton's telegram?"

"Yes."

"You were not too rough?"

"I've put a rope round him."

"Good! Give me the telegram and keep an eye on Captain Stratton."

Bay looked from de Lena to the butler, who drew an automatic to cover him.

De Lena looked at the cipher telegram for a full ten minutes, then took up a pencil and started jotting down various combinations of letters.

"Interesting job trying to work out a cipher," he said. "I often wonder why people go to the trouble of inventing them. Don't you remember in the war every naval code became known sooner or later? Once one word has been discovered, the whole structure collapses."

De Lena bent over the telegram again, and taking his pencil and pad tried another combination. After a few minutes he looked up again, and appeared as nearly joyful as his saturnine face permitted.

"I thought so! Here it is! Almost a new word in modern language! STRATOSPHERE. That gives me eight letters, Captain Stratton. To be able to pick out eight letters from a cipher alphabet of twenty-six is a good start."

"I have now only to proceed on the lines of working out a cross-word puzzle, and I shall get the result. It may take some little time. Make yourself comfortable. As long as you sit still you will be quite all right."

When de Lena mentioned the word stratosphere, Bay knew the cipher was done

for. Why had Old P. used it? Perhaps he had been obliged to. Now the only hope was that there was nothing very vital in the message.

Two hours passed. They were two terribly long hours for Bay, but throughout them Pedro kept guard. At length de Lena looked up.

"I will now read you the message, Captain Stratton."

Vitality important expose stratosphere threat. Further reports confirm my original opinion whole thing bluff. Unless allied Governments convinced they will concede demands end of month. Your further report awaited. Cannot assist individual agents.—P.

"What do you think of that? Would you care to work the cipher out for yourself? Maybe I have done it wrong."

Bay nodded, and de Lena handed him the telegram, a pencil, and a pad. Bay worked out three or four words and found they tallied with de Lena's version. The message was correctly deciphered. There was no point in denying this. De Lena knew he had the code. Bay put the telegram back on the table.

"Good," de Lena smiled. "And now, just one more thing. I know your cipher, but I do not know your personal prefix letter. Without that, any message I write myself will be suspect. You write the message for me. Tell the truth. Say that the stratosphere ships are not bluff. If you will do that I can promise you your freedom the day we are granted the things that we have asked for."

"I should have to wait till then?"

"Yes, in case you might send a second message."

"You won't be able to stay in Paris whether you kill me, or whether you don't."

"I shall not stay in Paris. You have made it—how do you say—too hot for me. Pedro and I will leave—in an hour or two. We have already made our arrangements."

The outlook was not bright. "The commandant was not likely to be fussy about 'bodies' once he had decided to leave the country."

"My personal prefix letter will be no good to you," Bay said, "unless you know the address to which to send the reply."

"I shall naturally want that as well."

Old P's address! The name of the head of the British Secret Service. The one thing that the enemies of England were anxious above all things to find out!

"It is impossible for me to give you the information."

"Impossible!"

**C**OMMANDANT DE LENA spoke softly. He looked at Pedro, standing against the wall, the automatic still in his hand. Bay knew that de Lena was hesitating, still hoping to get the information he required. But he had said the only thing he could say. Now there was nothing for it but to face the consequences.

"I shall draft out the telegram I want sent," said de Lena. "I shall show it to you and ask you to add the prefix letter and address." He took up his pencil and began to write. "This will take me about five minutes. If you want to write a letter to anybody, or say your prayers, you can. Pedro will take care of you while I am busy."

Bay looked out of the window. The two police officers were still standing on the other side of the street. Foot passengers were hurrying along the pavement, cars passing. Life went on outside. He did not want to die, but he was going to. He realised that now.

The lines of his face set hard as he saw a shaft of late winter sunlight across the road. Suddenly a glint of excitement came into his eyes—for a second only—then died away.

He turned and looked at the automatic in Pedro's hand. Not a muscle of his face moved as he looked down the barrel.



Bay was a good poker player, as has been said. It was hard to tell when he had the cards. Neither Commandant de Lena nor Pedro had noticed that momentary excited look.

## CHAPTER 23.

**J**ULIET SIMS did not sleep badly, all things considered. She awoke about seven on the morning of Bay's visit to the Bolivian Legation. The sight of the telephone directory on the mantelpiece reminded her of Commandant de Lena's invitation to ring him up at ten o'clock.

She intended to do this, but in the meanwhile there were three hours to fill in. As a matter of form, she tried the telephone, but, as she expected, the instrument was dead. De Lena had explained that the switch was operated from the hall.

She did not believe his statement that neither the British Embassy nor Bay Stratton would try to help her. She was sure Bay would not let her down. But it was possible that a false trail had been laid.

The situation might well become serious, and she did not pretend to herself that she was not frightened. She fully believed that Mme. Montroc had not exaggerated when she had said that de Lena could become nasty if people did not do what he wanted.

Very nasty, Juliet had no doubt. He was not at the best of times the type of companion she would choose to be left alone with.

The chateau being unoccupied, only cold water was running in the bathroom. Juliet made the best toilet she could, and then took a walk round her domain. All the windows were closed by shutters which she could find no means of opening.

She had no idea what floor she was on, but when she kept perfectly still she could faintly hear the sound of cars, so the main road could not be far off.

She supposed that Mme. Montroc would come along this road presently to enable her to telephone to the Bolivian Legation and to take her to a fresh hiding place if necessary. She decided it might be a good idea to make it necessary for Mme. Montroc to move her to another place. There was always a chance of escaping in transit.

She wondered how she would be moved. Madame Montroc had spoken of her chauffeur the night before. He would assist, no doubt. The old lady looked too frail to take even a self-willed dog for a walk.

Time dragged on. At last, at ten minutes to ten, she heard a car pull up on the gravel drive. The clang of the front door followed; then steps upon the stairs.

A moment later she heard the key of her own door turn and a stocky little man, with a broken nose wearing a chocolate-colored chauffeur's livery, walked into the room. The man's broken nose fascinated Juliet. She felt sure he must be a retired prize-fighter.

Madame Montroc followed behind the chauffeur, who looked Juliet over, saw the steel chain that had been fastened round her waist, and said to the mistress: "Shall I tie her up again?"

"She was left like that on purpose for the night. She could not possibly get out. What do you want to tie her up for? Can't you handle a girl unless she is chained?"

"Sure, I can handle her!" said the broken-nosed one. "You ain't going to get rough, are you, missy?"

"I suppose you don't expect me to kiss you?" snapped Juliet.

The stocky little man displayed three broken teeth. He looked as though every part of him had been battered at one time or another. "That's an idea!" he chuckled. "When this job is finished I'll take you for a nice walk."

"Behave yourself, Nips," Mme. Montroc snapped.

"I allus does, don't I?" Nips looked quite aggrieved.

"Are you an Englishman?" Juliet asked him.

"Don't I look it?"

"Yes, you are working for a Pole and a South American!"

"I got to work for somebody!" he protested. "Breaking stones on Dartmoor is all they'd give me to do if I went back home."

Mme. Montroc interrupted any further exchange of confidences.

"You won't get round him because he happens to be English," she told Juliet.

"Nips has had a hard life. Now have you made up your mind? If you will tell us what we want to know, Commandant de Lena has given me permission to take you straight to Ranelle's."

"I DO not know anything," replied Juliet. "Believe that or not, as you like."

"Of course, I don't believe you. You think you will be rescued?"

"I hope so, I must say."

"The police are doing absolutely nothing. They don't know where you are and they don't care. You think I am lying?"

"I'm sure you are."

"The last person who was seen with you was Commandant de Lena. You left Condesa Regina Vincente's house with him. He told you last night that if you rang up the Bolivian Legation this morning you would be able to speak to him at his office."

"There is the telephone directory and there is the telephone. You can satisfy yourself that the number is not faked by talking to the exchange before you ask for it. When you find that Commandant de Lena is at the place he said he would be, perhaps you will believe what he told you. Do you want to ring up?"

"Very well!"

"The only condition imposed will be the one you were warned about. I shall listen in from the main switch downstairs. If you ask the exchange for help or try to tell anybody where you are, I shall immediately cut you off. My car is outside and you will be taken away before anybody can get here. You understand?"

"Everything is perfectly clear."

Juliet opened the telephone directory. She turned over the leaves till she came to the number of the Bolivian Legation, then lifted the receiver, listened for the exchange to reply, and put through her call.

"Number engaged," the operator answered, but Juliet could tell from the voice that she was talking to a bona fide telephone exchange. The knowledge heartened her; it was comforting to be in contact with the outside world if only for a moment.

After a minute or two she put through the call again. This time Commandant de Lena came to the line at once; his voice was unmistakable. She heard him say "Good morning, Miss Sims. I hope you slept well. I have a surprise for you. You will be able to speak to Captain Stratton."

This astounded her. What on earth was Bay Stratton doing at the Bolivian Legation? She had thought he would be out searching Paris for her.

She kept the receiver to her ear, waiting for Bay to come to the line. He took some time over it, she thought.

At length she heard his voice. "Hallo, Miss Sims. Are you all right?" The voice was as easily recognisable as Commandant de Lena's, but there was something in the tone she did not understand. It was not natural. Such a funny question to ask, too—"Are you all right?" She answered the question and waited to hear what he would say next.

Nips, sitting at her elbow, observed the different changes of expression that came

over her face. Thinking she was still talking to Commandant de Lena, he decided that the Commandant was being personal, for never in the course of his own by no means placid life had Nips seen a woman's face register the emotions of surprise, dismay and anger in such rapid sequence.

When, after asking, "Are you going to leave me here?" and on hearing the reply, she said: "Well, that is one way to win your bet," Nips thought that whatever the bet had been, if he had won, he would be chary of picking up the money. A spitfire! That's what she was.

But a woman in a rage appealed to Nip's sardonic sense of humor. As he listened to the telephone conversation, the cart ruts on his face twisted into a grin.

"Chateau—Chantilly Road—ten kilometres Paris," Juliet said, then turned defiantly to Nips. She saw the silly grin on his face and—maddened that he, too, should laugh at her—hit him like lightning over the head with the vulcanite butt of the hand telephone.

Nips, having allowed his mind to wander from his work, was not ready for the blow, and, old boxer though he was, failed to move his head and take it on the shoulder. The butt of a hand telephone is a heavy thing. His eyes rolled skywards, his backbone became like putty, his body sagged, and he rolled from his chair on to the floor.

Juliet bent over him to make sure she had really knocked him out. There was, she realised at once, no doubt of it. Indeed, she was by no means sure she had not killed him. She did not greatly care.

She heard the sound of steps on the stairs. That would be old Madame Montroc clambering up, after cutting off the telephone, because Juliet had said where she was. She stepped behind the door.

As Madame Montroc came in, she leaped upon her, pinioned her arms from behind, bundled her across the room, and forced her face downwards on the sofa. Then she fastened the steel chain round her waist and stood back.

"I suppose they will know where to find you," she said, as she closed the door.

She went downstairs, let herself out of the front door, climbed into the car, tried the gears, pressed the self-starter and set off back to Paris.

## CHAPTER 24.

**J**ULIET'S first intention had been to drive straight to the British Embassy, but as she drew into Paris she began to think over the telephone conversation she had had with Bay Stratton.

She remembered she had thought right at the start that there was something not quite natural about the tone of his voice. Constrained, she would have described it. Why should he have spoken in a constrained voice?

Again, it was rather extraordinary that he should be in the same room as Commandant de Lena. A faint suspicion started in her mind.

Even if it were true, as he had said, that the British Government could give no help to members of the Secret Service who got into trouble, it was odd that he had not offered one word of personal sympathy.

He could at least have said how sorry he was and how much he hoped everything would be all right. Instead, he had talked in a formal voice she had never heard him use before. Then inspiration came to her.

When he had said: "I don't care a damn about the bet," he had been natural for a moment. Natural and evidently angry. Why should he have been angry, unless he had been talking under pressure and her taunt had been unjust?

This ex-gangster had not hesitated to kidnap her. Supposing he had kidnapped Bay Stratton, too, and locked him up in the Legation!



The Bolivian Legation was not a lonely chateau in the country. She was not afraid to go there. In the Place de l'Opera she stopped her car and asked the way.

When she arrived she saw two policemen standing opposite the house. She pulled the car up, leaned out of the window, and said to one of the police:

"I am going into the Bolivian Legation. If I don't come out again in a few minutes will you ring the bell and ask for me?"

The policeman, noticing her English accent, merely said, "Bien, Madame." Nothing the English say or do surprises the French police.

Juliet ran up the steps of the Legation and rang the bell. It was her hurrying figure that Bay Stratton had seen when he looked out of the window, and those of the two policemen starting to cross the road. No wonder a glint of excitement came into his eyes!

**I**N the meanwhile de Lena bent over his desk, transcribing the cipher telegram he intended to transmit in reply to Old P's message. He chuckled inwardly as he worded the telegram.

A telegram to the head of the British Secret Service from their principal Paris agent, worded in their own cipher, was not likely to be ignored. De Lena made the message as strong as he dared.

The threatened attack by stratosphere ships was no bluff, he wrote. If France wished to avoid terrible suffering among her civilian population she must grant the concessions demanded. England would be wise to advise her to do so.

The Commandant had nearly finished coding the message when he heard the front door bell ring. He looked up quickly at Pedro, who was standing with his back to the wall watching Bay as a chameleon watches a leucist.

"Who is on duty to answer the door?" "Nobody. Jacques and Miguel have gone out. You did not tell me you had any special work on hand this morning."

Commandant de Lena put down his pencil and picked up his gun. "Go and answer the door yourself, then. I'll watch the captain while you are away. Do not let anybody in and allow no disturbance. I don't want anything to happen that will make those two policemen outside come over." He glanced out of the window. "Hullo! They seem to have gone!" he exclaimed.

The two policemen had left their post. They were half-way across the road, following Juliet, and, like herself, hidden from de Lena's view by a cornice.

De Lena glared at Bay. "Did you signal to those policemen while I was at work?"

"They have probably gone to lunch," replied Bay. "Your man can tell you I have not moved; he has been watching me the whole time. How long are we going to stay here? I should like some lunch myself."

"You will get something in your stomach, but it won't be food," snarled de Lena. "All right, Pedro. Go and do as I told you. Send whoever is at the door away and then come back. We must finish up this matter one way or another and then get away ourselves. I've an idea Paris won't be a healthy city for us to-night."

"As for you," de Lena said to Bay when they were alone, "you can give me your answer now. Are you going to tell me the prefix letter and the address I want?" "What guarantee have I that you won't kill me, anyway, when you've got what you want?"

"You will have to take my word for it," Bay smiled. He was listening intently for any sound from the hall. At all cost he must keep de Lena talking.

"What are you going to do with Miss Sims?"

"She will be well looked after, too. Now we have talked enough." Commandant de Lena's face set. He looked as he had looked when he had covered Bay with his automatic the first time—a man who would not hesitate to kill. "What are you going to do, Captain Stratton?"

Bay knew de Lena meant to shoot if he did not answer as he wanted. He had never enjoyed ten seconds less than the ones that followed, as each sat looking into the other's eyes across the table. Suddenly a woman's face cried out:

"Mind my foot!"

The cry startled Bay, but having seen what he had through the window, he was not thrown as completely off his guard as the Commandant.

De Lena jumped for the door. He had recognised that voice. Bay Stratton took his chance, flung himself at the man as he passed, pinioned his arms, and brought him down. A handy bit of brickwork jutted out from the fireplace a few inches away.

Bay knew the old police trick; he allowed de Lena to rise slightly, then banged him back as hard as he could so that his head hit the stone. After making sure that de Lena was unconscious, Bay picked up his automatic and opened the door.

He opened the door carefully because Pedro was outside, and he also had a gun, but a glance showed Bay how Pedro was occupied. He was shoving at the front door with his shoulder and kicking at a woman's foot, jammed between the door and the post.

Bay was taking no chances. He fired at the butler's back, and hit him squarely between the shoulders. Pedro let go the handle of the door and fell. Juliet pitched forward into the hall as the door gave, and stumbled over the butler's body.

It was pretty quick work, all things considered, and the only thing that could have marred it would have been if the two French policemen, who had followed on Juliet's heels, had opened fire on the survivors. They were clearly half-mad with excitement.

The sight of Juliet hopping across the hall, clapping her foot, probably saved everybody's life.

"Mademoiselle has injured herself?" the more sympathetic of the two policemen asked, taking her arm to steady her.

"He jammed my foot in the door!" She pointed to the prostrate butler.

"The camel!" The policemen glared at Pedro.

"There is another one inside; you had better go and look after him," Bay said.

"What is Monsieur doing in the house? I see that he is armed."

"I needed to be. You can have it; it's not mine." He handed over de Lena's automatic.

Juliet sat down on a settee, still holding her foot.

"I seem to have arrived at a good moment," she said.

#### CHAPTER 25.

**W**HILE one of the policemen was relieving Bay of de Lena's automatic, the other examined Pedro, who lay face downwards on the ground.

"He is dead," the policeman said, after turning Pedro over and looking at his eyes. The policeman, standing by him, took a handcuff chain from his pocket.

"Hold out your hands," he ordered. One did not call a murderer "Monsieur."

"Wait a minute. Before you handcuff me you had better know who I am. Here is my card."

The policeman read the card.  
Captain Bay Stratton,  
British Embassy,  
Paris.

"You are from the British Embassy?" "Yes. Will you please telephone at once to the British Ambassador and say that I am under arrest."

The first policeman looked at his colleague, who was searching through Pedro's pockets. It was a serious matter to arrest a diplomat.

"Monsieur may telephone himself," he grunted. "I will go to find the other man." "I will come with you. The telephone is in the room where I left him . . . in there."

The policeman opened the door at which Bay pointed, and went in, followed by Bay, but there was no sign of de Lena. "Ah! The window!" the policeman exclaimed.

Bay saw the window had been opened. There was blood upon the sill. Commandant de Lena must have swiftly recovered consciousness, dragged himself to the window, clambered out, and made off while the front of the house was unguarded.

"He is dangerous?" the policeman asked.

"Very." Bay took the receiver off the telephone and asked for the British Embassy. On giving his name he was at once put through to Lord Heddington.

"Hullo, Chief! Bay Stratton speaking. I'm at the Bolivian Legation. I've just shot the butler, but de Lena has got away."

"Shot the butler! Why did you do that?"

"I had to. Listen, Chief; this is important. Can you get through to Duchanel? Tell him where I am and ask for someone to be sent from the Surete at once. Juliet Sims is with me. We will both stay here till the man from the Surete arrives."

"You have found Miss Sims! Was she at the Bolivian Legation all the time?"

"No; she has only just arrived. I should not be telephoning to you now if she hadn't. Can you get through to Duchanel at once? Things are in a bit of a mess here. A message ought to be broadcast at once to all railway stations, air ports, and frontier ports to watch for de Lena. It is a bad business that he has got away."

Bay hung up the receiver. He remembered that Juliet was still in the hall. How had she managed to escape from the place to which she had been taken? A chateau on the Chantilly road, she had said. And what had made her come to the Bolivian Legation? She had certainly saved his life. That much Bay Stratton did know.

**H**E went out into the hall. Juliet was leaning against the wall.

"Come in and sit down," Bay said. "I have rung up the Ambassador. We shall have to stay here till somebody from the Surete comes. Everything will be all right as soon as I have explained things. How did you get away? You telephoned from a chateau, or some place, out at Chantilly?"

She sat down in the chair that Commandant de Lena had sat in, and looked at the collection of cigarette stubs in the ash tray on the desk.

"Seems to have been quite a party here?" she suggested.

"There was a party, but tell me about yourself. Where is Madame Montroc? I suppose she was mixed up in this?"

"Mixed up is right. She is chained to a sofa at the moment. Or, at any rate, she was, when I left her."

"The sofa you were chained to?"

"The same. The one you were going to leave me on!"

She was frowning.

"I can explain all that, but first I want to hear what happened to you."

Juliet described events up till the time she had rung up the Bolivian Legation.

"When Commandant de Lena said you were going to speak to me, I couldn't believe my ears. I heard your voice, and when you said you weren't going to do anything to help me, I went quite mad."

"There was a little man with a broken nose sitting by me while I was telephoning. He was watching to see I didn't do anything I ought not to. After you said you were going to leave me where I was, I looked at him and saw he was grinning. That was too much!"



"I banged him over the head with the butt of the telephone; then, when old Madame Montreux came in, I fixed her up. It did not need much strength to do that. Then I took their car and drove back to Paris."

"But what made you come here?"

Juliet smiled. "You'll think it funny, but it was what you said about that bet. You said you didn't care a damn about it! I thought it odd and then I remembered that everything else you had said had been in a different sort of voice, as though someone was telling you what to say."

"But when you said 'I don't care a damn about the bet,' you sounded really angry. So putting things together, and knowing you were speaking from the Bolivian Legation, I thought you might be in the same sort of fix I was in."

"So you came here alone?"

"There was no time to collect an army. I saw two policemen outside and told them to keep an eye on me." She smiled ravishingly at the policemen, who were standing behind Bay listening but understanding nothing.

With the instinctive flair of their race, both had scented a romance behind the dramatic sequence of events which had occurred that morning. The young lady was undoubtedly very beautiful, and she had come alone to this house to the rescue of Monsieur, who seemed to have been in the hands of criminals of a very dangerous type.

Obviously one did not carry two automatics in holsters under the coat if one was a good citizen.

**T**WENTY minutes after Bay had rung up the British Embassy an officer from the Surete reached the Bolivian Legation. To Bay's relief he saw that the Surete officer was the sub-prefect whom he had interviewed at headquarters. This official already knew the earlier details of the case.

"It is the Mademoiselle who was lost?" the sub-prefect said as he came in and saw Juliet.

"Yes, but de Lena has escaped."

"Orders have been given, and he will be in our hands by nightfall. The one in the hall who is dead—who is he?"

"Officially he was the butler here."

"He had two automatics—one under each arm. This Monsieur . . ." one of the uniformed police began, but the sub-prefect held up his hand.

"Monsieur will tell me what happened himself. Please seat yourself, Captain Stratton, and Mademoiselle will please be seated also. She must be fatigued."

"I am—a little!" Juliet admitted.

"And now, Captain Stratton, will you be good enough to begin your narrative? We at the Surete have been perplexed. The last order we received was at ten o'clock last night when we were instructed to take no further steps to discover the whereabouts of the missing young lady. The order came from a quarter that cannot be ignored and we were obliged to comply with it."

"Who told the police not to bother about me?" Juliet asked.

"If you will be patient I will explain." Bay turned to the sub-prefect. "What you say is correct, Monsieur. The order you received was issued at the request of the British Embassy. Circumstances arose which made it advisable—imperative indeed—for us to take that course."

"I do not know if Monsieur is familiar with the type of crime known as kidnapping in America. The perpetrators of this class of crime have a habit of warning those concerned that if the police are called in they will kill their victim."

With this as a prelude, Bay gave a full account of the events that had led to the present situation, motioning Juliet, when he had finished, to tell her story. The sub-prefect heard them to the end, and then spoke:

"Monsieur naturally did not want to do anything to endanger Mademoiselle's life."

"As far as I can make out he has done nothing but endanger it from the day we met," Juliet said.

Bay was annoyed.

"If you had done as I told you and waited at Condessa Regina Vincente's house till I fetched you none of this would have happened. You disobeyed me and got yourself in a mess and everybody else as well."

At this she looked at him with rather more respect. The sub-prefect held up his hand.

"Mademoiselle—Monsieur—I beg you to compose yourselves. This is a serious affair. A man has been killed. It may be that two men have been killed; a telephone is a heavy weapon. You hit this man with force, Mademoiselle?"

"I hit him as hard as I could."

"I must send at once to the chateau to find out how things are. In any event the matter must be investigated. Monsieur, I will ask you to return to the British Embassy and to take Mademoiselle. I will communicate with you as soon as I have news."

"Let's go," Bay said to Juliet.

She got up. Just as she reached the door she stopped and looked in the corner of de Lena's room. "He has some quiet tastes, apparently. That is a violin, isn't it?" She pointed to a black case on the floor.

"Nero had a violin," Bay reminded her.

She walked over to the case and tried to open it but, finding herself unable to do this, caught hold of the handle. "It is heavy."

Bay at once suspected a machine-gun. He asked the sub-prefect if the case could be broken open. The latter agreed, and one of the policemen forced the catch with a jack-knife.

Inside the case a rifle lay packed in two parts. Bay put the parts together, set the rifle to his shoulder, and took aim at the railings opposite. Then he put down the rifle and asked the sub-prefect if he could speak to him alone.

The result of the private conversation was that when Bay and Juliet left the Bolivian Legation the rifle in its violin case went with them.

"Why are you bringing it?" she asked.

"I think that it is the rifle they used when they fired at me from the stratosphere," he replied. "At any rate, it is the same make; it has telescopic sights."

"What are telescopic sights?"

"You wouldn't understand if I told you." "Well, I found the thing, anyway," she said sharply. "Do you think we shall get to the Embassy alive?"

"Why shouldn't we?"

"One never knows when one goes out with you!"

#### CHAPTER 28.

"**P**ERHAPS I'd better explain," said Bay. "You're entitled to that. You have earned your footing in our line of work during the last twenty-four hours if ever anyone did."

"Thank you," replied Juliet.

"The situation is this. The people in London don't believe there is anything in this threat to attack cities from the stratosphere. They think it is all bluff, and that it would be impossible to hit anything accurately from fifteen miles up in the air. They are not certain, however, and they want me to obtain details to prove the matter one way or the other."

"Won't that microscopic rifle prove it?"

"Telescopic, my dear! It may, though, an isolated direct hit with a rifle is not proof of power to inflict serious damage on a great city. I wish I knew what the range of that rifle is, but to find that out I should have to get on the top of a mountain. It is impossible to gauge the range of a telescope sighted rifle without a proper field of fire."

The taxi turned into the Champs Elysees.

"Whereabouts were you when you were hit that time?"

"I can show you the exact spot if you like."

"I wish you would. Ask the taxi man to stop at the place."

When they came to the traffic lights before the Ronde Pointe, Bay tapped on the glass and told the driver to pull into the side.

"I was just about here," he told Juliet. "A little further out in the road perhaps."

Juliet got out, and looked up at the houses on either side.

"The shot could not have been fired from a roof top in the Champs Elysees," Bay went on. "The trajectory of the bullet shows that. If you will imagine this taxi was the car I was in, the bullet pierced the roof here, just above the driver's head, and finished up near the back axle. It must have been fired from a considerable height to have struck at that angle."

Juliet again looked carefully at the roofs of all the surrounding houses. There was a newspaper kiosk near the place where their taxi had stopped.

"Take a look at that kiosk," she said.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"You wait!" She said something to the taxi driver which Bay did not hear. "Let's get in," she said.

The taxi started off at once. "He's going the wrong way," Bay opened the window as the driver turned to the left.

"He knows where he is going. Leave this to me."

"I must bet back to the Embassy."

"What's the use? You don't know what to say in your telegram when you do get back. Come for a drive with me and maybe it will help you."

**T**HE taxi turned towards one of the bridges crossing the Seine. Bay sat back nonplussed. Only Juliet's air of confidence made him amenable to what seemed an entirely pointless joy ride. Somehow she gave him the feeling that she knew what she was doing.

"Here we are," she said, as the taxi stopped.

"Where?"

"At the foot of the Eiffel Tower. Now we are going to the top."

Bay brought his hand down with a bang on his knee. "For heaven's sake! Just fancy my never thinking of that!"

"It is rather surprising. Bring the rifle and we will make quite sure."

Bay carried the violin case to the lift. As has been said before, nothing that the English do in Paris surprises the French, and to see an Englishman taking a violin to the top of the Eiffel Tower did not perturb the lift attendant.

At the top Bay gave the man ten francs to leave Juliet and himself alone for a bit. The attendant found this more comprehensible, though it was exceedingly cold at that height. Muttering to himself that the English were veritably bizarre, he went away.

Bay quickly unpacked the rifle and put it together.

"Now you see the reason why I pointed out the kiosk," said Juliet. "Can you focus the telescopic sights, or whatever you call them, on the kiosk? Are they powerful enough?"



Bay manipulated various adjustments. "Powerful enough," he exclaimed. "I should say they are. I can read the head lines on the news placards outside the kiosk."

"So that anybody up here would not have found it difficult to hit a car that had come to a standstill by the kiosk?"

"If they had the correct range they could not have missed. Lucky for me I was in a closed car, and they had to fire at the roof."

"Lucky for everybody!" was Juliet's smiling reply to that.

WHEN they got back to the Embassy, Bay went straight to Lord Heddingway. He gave the Ambassador a full account of everything that had happened during the day, including the discovery of the telescopic-sighted rifle. He also assembled the rifle and showed how it worked.

"The holes in the car made by the bullet are just in the place they would be if the shot had been fired from the top of the Eiffel Tower," he said.

"Then in your opinion the threat to attack cities from the stratosphere is bluff?"

"It is not my opinion, Chief. It is Old P's opinion. He has taken that view all along. He does not say that it will never be possible to attack the ground from the stratosphere."

"He believes, as most of us do, that the wars of the future will be fought out in the upper air; but at present, in his opinion, no nation possesses weapons that can be used effectively from so great a height."

"That girl seems to have behaved remarkably well."

"She has behaved well, Chief."

"What are you going to do about this, Stratton? Are you going over to London to see your department?"

"I shall send Old P. a cable and I'll send the rifle over by aeroplane, but they won't need me. I was going to ask you if I could have a day's leave to-morrow?"

"Certainly. Are you going to play golf?"

"Not to-morrow, Chief."

Bay dined alone that night at a restaurant he occasionally went to when he wanted to be quiet. He did not see Juliet again that evening. When they arrived at the Embassy she had admitted that she was tired and had gone straight to bed.

As he ate his dinner in a quiet corner of the restaurant Bay was thinking about her. Was it possible that he really was in love with her? A man who never has been deeply in love does not readily recognise the emotion when it comes to him.

The next question he asked himself was whether he wanted to marry the girl. For youth, marriage is a desirable and glorious adventure, but it did not seem so to Bay Stratton, who had reached the age of thirty-eight. He knew too much about women; or, to be exact, he thought he knew too much about them.

As Lady Heddingway had seen, and Juliet had seen, as indeed, all had seen who knew him at all, the stream of life was carrying Bay Stratton gently but surely to the placid stagnant waters of bachelorhood.

Of course, it would be a risk to marry the girl. She was in every sense of the word a high-spirited girl. Would any man be able to manage her? He doubted it.

He looked thoughtfully at his glass of Beaujolais. Then drank some of it and sat back. Suffering snakes! Why had he been such a fool as to make that bet!

If he asked Juliet to marry him, and she said "No," it would be a terribly expensive

question. He finished his dinner and went home to bed still undecided. In the morning he awoke feeling more courageous. Juliet read through the note that came with her morning coffee.

"Dear Juliet,—I feel sure you ought to have a holiday after your trying experiences. I have got the day off and wonder if you would care to motor out into the country and have lunch? Do say you will. —Bay Stratton."

SHE decided that as she had missed one day at the shop she might as well miss two. She scribbled an answer to say that she would like to go out motoring, and would be in the hall at eleven o'clock.

Bay dressed with the greatest care, and sent his valet out to get a bunch of parma violets.

At eleven o'clock he was in the hall, parma violets in his hand, cheque book in his pocket. Juliet came down the stairs, and at the sight of her Bay began to develop an inferiority complex.

She did not look as though she wanted to marry anybody at the moment. Why should she? She was young and lovely and could always have a good time.

"I can't see her mending my socks," Bay thought ruefully.

He presented the violets.

"How sweet of you! Do you think violets are lucky?"

"The last lot were."

"I suppose that is the way to look at it. We might not be here at all, might we? Is there any news of Mme. Montroc and that funny little man I hit with a telephone?"

"They are both at the police station. They haven't found de Lena yet."

"That need not stop us from going for a drive."

Bay opened the door of his car.

"I want to tell you that I think the way you got out of that place without any help, and everything you did yesterday, was simply splendid," he said.

"Thanks." She settled down in the front seat.

"You undoubtedly saved my life!"

"It was worth saving, wasn't it?"

Bay wondered what she meant? When they were at the top of the Eiffel Tower she had said it was lucky for everybody he had not been killed by that rifle shot. Was she teasing him about his bet? Well, he had not forfeited the money yet.

"That depends," he said, pressing the self-starter.

When he had put his cheque book in his pocket before he left the Embassy he had done so in order to be prepared for any possible emergency.

Comfortably off though he was, five thousand pounds was far too large a sum of money to pay for a caprice. He was not yet positive that he wanted to marry her, and he was almost certain she would refuse him if he did ask her.

Dangerous topics, such as matrimony, were mutually avoided during lunch. Juliet's manner was most impersonal, so much so that Bay wondered if he had fallen in her estimation as a result of their adventure. After all, he had told her over the telephone that he could not do anything to help her when she had been in difficulties. Vanity made him refer to this.

"I'm glad you were in the room when I was telling that fellow from the Surete what happened," he said.

"I had already guessed."

"You mean you knew I was not telling the truth when I said I should not be able to help you?"

"I hoped you weren't!"

"Of course I wasn't! At the moment, with de Lena pressing a gun in my ribs, it was the only thing I could say."

"You were very sensible." She took an almond from a dish of fruit.

"What made you guess it was a put-up job?" he asked.

"Something you said."

He observed a twinkle in her eyes.

"Tell me?"

"About the bet. You said: 'I don't care a damn about the bet.' It was the only time during the whole conversation that you spoke naturally."

"Yes, I remember. Well, naturally your life was more important to me than some silly bet I had made."

"I think it is worth more than five pounds myself!"

"That is what I am going to get if you lose, isn't it? You wouldn't have lost, you know."

"Wouldn't have!"

"Won't, I mean. We have only known each other two weeks and there are fifty more weeks to go."

She cracked the almond between her teeth. "So you really think I'll win?"

"Not I mean yes. . . I . . . Well—"

Juliet took another almond. She appeared to be amused.

"You have forgotten what I told you. Don't you remember I said it was the woman who married the man; not the man who married the woman?"

"I remember you said that any average girl could make any man she wanted marry her. That was what started us off."

"I still haven't a doubt of it."

Her sureness was irritating. Why should she suppose she could do as she liked with him? He had known many other pretty women, some of whom he knew would have liked to marry him. Why should this girl think she had him at her mercy?

## CHAPTER 27.

"I AM sure any man who got you for a wife would be lucky," Bay conceded after a pause.

Juliet looked at him quizzically. "How long has it taken you to find that out?" for something when two people go through a pretty tough time together and come out all right. We couldn't have anything worse to face if we did get married."

"We might."

Bay collected himself, feeling that he had got on dangerous ground.

"No use talking about dangers that don't exist," he said.

"That is not very polite of you."

"I did not mean it that way. I meant . . ." He stopped again, at a loss for words.

"You have tried to say what you mean several times to-day without success. I suppose what you are trying to say is that you would like to marry me if you had the nerve to ask, but you have dabbled in so many affairs that you haven't any nerve left at all as far as women are concerned. You are afraid if you got yourself a wife she would play you up and I daresay you are right."

"What makes you think that?"

"One has only got to look at your face. You are sure of all women and certain of no particular one. You are a philanderer. You don't understand the meaning of love."

"Indeed!"

"I have known hundreds of men like you."

"Hundreds!"

"Well, dozens! Occasionally they're amusing, but generally rather a nuisance."

"I haven't been a nuisance!" he protested.

"You haven't had the chance."

Nobody had ever spoken to Bay like this before, and the effect was surprising.



"You are wrong!" he protested. "It has never entered my head to make a nuisance of myself, or whatever you call it, to you. I made a bet with you and I was prepared to let the outcome of that bet be the beginning and end of our time together."

"I wonder?"

"If you disbelieve me, I am sorry for you. It shows you have a funny way of looking at things."

As that she laughed so loudly that the people at the next table turned round.

"You are perfectly sweet!" she said.

Bay put a walnut between a pair of crackers and smashed it out flat. He could have stood banter from any other woman, but not from Juliet Sims. It was like rubbing salt in a cut to have to listen to her. She was more or less telling him that he was not good enough for her. If she went on much longer he might even begin to believe it.

"Well, I made my bet and it stands," he said.

**S**HE opened her cigarette case with great deliberation.

"That is why I have come out with you to-day. I think we have played this game long enough. I want to settle things up. Here you are." She took a piece of paper from her case and passed it across the table.

Bay saw a cheque for five pounds, made out to himself and signed Juliet Sims. He blinked.

"I say . . ."

"I am going back to England at the end of the week and I'm not in the least likely to see you again."

Bay gripped the table with both hands. "You . . . you are not going to marry somebody else?"

She did not answer, but looked pensively at her plate.

"You can't! I won't let you."

"You can't stop me!" she said softly.

"Yes, I can! I'll marry you myself."

"Is that a proposal?" She met his eyes levelly; she was giving him every chance.

"Yes, it is. Will you marry me? There!"

"Just because you think you are losing me? That's not my idea of love!"

Bay put his hand in his pocket and pulled out his cheque book.

"You have spoken out of turn for once. Look at that!" He opened the book and showed her a cheque for five thousand pounds, already signed. "I came out to-day meaning to ask you to marry me. There's the proof!"

She examined the cheque. "It isn't made out to anybody."

Bay took the cheque from her, removed the top of his fountain pen, and wrote her name. Then he handed back the cheque.

"You've got a nerve!"

She examined the document again. "I shall need it!" said Bay, watching her face.

She waved the cheque to and fro in the air to let it dry.

"You'll have to marry me now," he said.

"I certainly shall if I want the money," she laughed, glancing once again at the two words he had written, Juliet Stratton!

"I rather like the sound of it, don't you?"

"Shall we get married to-morrow? I think the Ambassador could arrange a special licence for us."

Juliet counted on the table with her fingers. "Fourteen days after we first met."

"But what a lot of excitement we've crowded into them. Almost enough for fourteen years. Of course, we'll live in England," he went on after a moment.

"You're not going to chuck your job?"

"They're not too fond of married men in the Secret Service—not in certain branches, anyway."

Juliet smiled. "That is the first time you have actually admitted to me that you are a Secret Service man. I don't want you to resign, though. I should hate to think I had interfered with your career."

"I have had enough of it, I guess! It is not very pleasant work. Novels and films make it out to be glorious and exciting, but you know the truth. You've seen the other side."

"I am glad I have. I feel I have done something."

"You have probably averted a European war," Bay said seriously.

**T**HEIR eyes met; each could read something that is almost as important as love on such occasions—confidence in one another.

"We can talk about plans later," Bay went on. "What we must decide now is where we are going to spend our honeymoon. Not in Paris, I suggest."

"No. I have had enough of Paris for a bit. Could we go to England? There is something rather comforting about England. People don't fire at one from the tops of towers and take one for rides in asphyxiating taxis, and lock one up in deserted chateaux."

"Yes, we'll go to England," he agreed. "I ought to see my people over there at once to arrange for someone to take my place in Paris. Is there any particular place in England you would like to go to?"

"I would like to go to Brighton and be taken on the pier!"

"You are the most extraordinary girl! I give you your choice of Europe for a honeymoon and you pick on Brighton in mid-winter. There'll probably be waves washing over the pier."

"I hope there will! I love a rough English winter sea; the waves look so clean and strong."

Looking at the girl he had asked to be his wife, Bay realised her qualities afresh. The firm line of her jaw, the steady eyes, fine figure and splendid physique. She herself was clean and strong in every detail. She would make a fine mate.

"I am a desperately lucky man," he said.

"I've got nothing to grumble about! I wanted you the first time I saw you."

"That is just what Lady Heddingway said."

"How interfering of her! She told you, did she?"

"She said she thought you took an interest in me. Tell me what made you do that?"

"Because I thought you had something in you that did not show on the surface. Something real!"

"And then?" he asked, smiling.

"I thought I would like to see if I could bring it out. That's why I made that bet with you. I didn't want the money."

Bay believed her, in spite of the fact that five thousand pounds was not a bad little sum. In any case, he was certain she would not have taken the money except in the way she had.

On returning to the Embassy, Bay found a cable from Old P. telling him to return to London by the next available aeroplane. Naturally he had to obey.

Lord Heddingway said it would be a good thing as he did not think that if he rang up the entire French Cabinet he could arrange for Juliet and Bay to be married at less than forty-eight hours' notice.

Before leaving, Bay made her promise she would not leave the Embassy grounds until he came back.

On reaching London, he went straight to Old P.'s club and sat down to dinner with the redoubtable old gentleman at their usual table. Old P. talked about his pigs till the port came; then when the

wine steward had left and they had the room to themselves he said:

"You've done well, Stratton. Finding that rifle was a great coup. They nearly bluffed us with the thing."

"I didn't find it, sir."

"Who did?"

"The bit of 'cheese' you told me to use."

"Did she begad! Well, women often succeed where men fail. Still, I don't care about having them in the department—not officially, though they're all right outside. How much does this girl know? I suppose you had to tell her something."

"She knows as much as I do."

"The devil she does! Was that discreet?"

"I did not tell her much. She found it out for herself by putting two and two together. It was her idea about the Eiffel Tower."

"Smart girl! How did you find her?"

"She was with me from the start. She was the girl in the train I told you about, the one who saved my dispatches."

"Yes—yes." Old P. sipped his port with enjoyment. "Pretty, I suppose?"

"I think so, sir."

"You think so—eh! Well, what are you going to do about it—marry her?"

"I certainly am!"

Old P. took another sip of port. "You know, Stratton, there are aspects about my job that would break any ordinary man's heart. Take your own case! One of the best men I have got and in a place where I need a good man. Paris has always been our most ticklish post."

Bay saw that Old P. was really upset. He was sorry, but it could not be helped. England was at peace and he was entitled to lead his own life. He tried to make a joke of the matter.

"It was your fault, Chief; you suggested 'cheese'."

"Yes, but, man, I did not mean you to eat the stuff yourself! Have some more port!" He refilled their glasses. "Anyway, here's luck to you both!"

**J**ULIET and Bay were to receive one more congratulation before they left for their honeymoon at Brighton. They were at Le Bourget waiting for the aeroplane to take them home, when an official came up to Bay and asked him his name.

"You are wanted in the wireless telephone room, Captain Stratton," the man said.

Bay hurried across to the room used for transmitting directional and other messages to aeroplanes arriving at or leaving the airport.

"Here you are, sir." The radio operator handed him a set of ear muffs. "Someone has been calling for you for a quarter of an hour. We told him you had just arrived, but he won't land. He wants to speak to you from the air."

"Captain Stratton!"

Bay started. The voice coming from someone in an aeroplane above was as clear as if the speaker was in a ground telephone-box. Bay knew that voice. Few who heard it once forgot the silky tone.

"Yes, Commandant de Lena."

"I just want to offer my congratulations to yourself and Miss Sims. I hear you were married this morning!"

"How did you hear that?"

"Oh, we keep in touch, you know; we keep in touch. I must be going now! So long. I'll be seeing you again one day."

Far up in the sky Commandant de Lena dipped his high-speed aeroplane in a salute, then turned and headed for the frontier. . . .

#### THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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